

Early Vancouver

Volume Two

By: Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.

2011 Edition (Originally Published 1933)

Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1932.

Supplemental to volume one collected in 1931.

About the 2011 Edition

The 2011 edition is a transcription of the original work collected and published by Major Matthews. Handwritten marginalia and corrections Matthews made to his text over the years have been incorporated and some typographical errors have been corrected, but no other editorial work has been undertaken. The edition and its online presentation was produced by the City of Vancouver Archives to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the City's founding. The project was made possible by funding from the Vancouver Historical Society.

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MATTHEWS OF NEWTOWN AND KITSILANO

Arms:- Gules on a pile ermine between two swords erect proper pomelled and hilted or, a rose of the first barbed and seeded proper. Crest:- On a wreath argent and gules in front of a rising sun or, a maple leaf proper

Item # EarlyVan_v2_001

EARLY VANCOUVER

Volume 2

1932

Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, B.C.

Collected during 1932. Supplemental to Volume 1 collected in 1931.

J.S. Matthews, Vancouver, 1933



Item # EarlyVan_v2_002

INDIAN VILLAGES AND LANDMARKS. BURRARD INLET AND HOWE SOUND, BEFORE THE WHITEMAN CAME TO ULKSEN (POINT GREY).

The populous Indian communities of the Musqueam and Squamish tribes, resident before the advent of the whitemans upon the shores of English Bay and Burrard Inlet and adjacent waters, had numerous appellations in their own tongue for localities within their territories, a practice no less necessitous to residents in a land clothed with forest as are the names of streets in a city to us.

These Indian place names, once so numerous, have fallen into almost complete disuse; one only, the Indian village of Musqueam on the North Arm of the Fraser River, first mentioned by Simon Fraser in his Journal of the exploratory expedition down the Fraser in August 1808, as "Misquame," survives to be used by English speaking people as the designation of a place within the limits of the city of Vancouver. The names Kitsilano and Capilano are creations, founded on Indian names.

Excepting the more elderly Indians, survivors of pre-railway days, now numbering probably ten or a dozen only, together with two or three white pioneers, all knowledge of the sixty or more place names in and about Vancouver Harbour, appears to have been lost. A few of the younger Indians are aware of one or two names; even among the older Indians none can give a complete list. The following list was prepared by the City Archivist, Major J.S. Matthews, after diligent enquiry among a large number of Indians over a period of months. The proper spelling was not known by any person, Indian or white, and as recorded here, was adopted after many conferences with the more elderly Indians in company with Andrew Paull (Qoitchetahl), secretary of the Squamish Indian Council of Chiefs. Professor Chas. Hill-Tout and Rev. C.M. Tate also lent their aid. Acknowledgements are also made to F.J.C. Ball, Esq., Indian Agent, Vancouver; August Kitsilano, Chief Matthias Capilano, Haxten, Yahmas, Queyahchulk, Ayatak and Chillahminst.

In commenting upon the effort, Chief Matthias Joe Capilano said, "That was a part of our history which had been lost; we have it now." A resolution of thanks to Major Matthews was passed by the Squamish Indian Council.

The preservation of these Indian names is largely due to a suggestion that the archivist be requested to furnish a list of pioneers of very early days to be guests of the city at the opening of the Burrard Bridge. The archivist included the name of August Jack—otherwise August Kitsilano—born under the bridge about 1878, and in conversations with this Indian, a man of splendid character and commanding stature but not of chief's rank, was told one or two of the old Indian names, and this led to the completion of the list at the end of nine months endeavour.

J.S. Matthews
Kitsilano Beach
17 March 1933

LOCATION AND SPELLING, INDIAN VILLAGES AND LANDMARKS, BURRARD INLET AND ENGLISH BAY, BEFORE THE WHITEMAN CAME.

As adopted by the Chiefs of the Squamish Indian Council.

COPY OF RESOLUTION.

Meeting of the Squamish Indian Council held at office of Indian Agent, 206-6 Rogers Bldg., Vancouver, B.C. on Friday, January 13, 1933, Present F.J.C. Ball, President of the Council, Secretary, Andrew Paull, Councillors Matthias Joe, George William, Gus Band, Moses Joseph, Jimmie Jimmie, Henry Jack.

Absentees: Edward Joseph, Denny Paull, Frank Baker.

RESOLUTION.

Moved by Councillor Gus Band

Seconded by Councillor Matthias Joe

That the manuscript submitted by Major J.S. Matthews, archivist, giving the Indian names of certain places around the City of Vancouver, be approved by the Squamish Indian Council on behalf of the Squamish Tribe and that the spelling of the names be considered satisfactory as it is impossible to express them in English, especially in view of the fact that even among the Indians themselves, there is a variation in the pronunciation of some of the names.

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.

I hereby certify that I was present and presided at a meeting of the Squamish Indian Council at which the foregoing resolution was unanimously passed and carried.

Frederick J.C. Ball
Indian Agent

CHIEFS AND RESERVES.

Chief Matthias Joe, Capilano. Chief George Williams, Kowtain. Chief Gus Band, Cheakamus. Chief Moses Joseph, North Vancouver. Chief Jimmie Jimmie, Skowishun. Chief Henry Jack, Skaimain. Chief Edward Joseph, Poquiosin, Chief Denny Paull, Seymour Creek. Chief Frank Baker, Cheakamus. (Three vacant chiefships also exist.)

NOMENCLATURE, INDIAN VILLAGES AND LANDMARKS, BURRARD INLET AND ENGLISH BAY, BEFORE THE WHITEMANS CAME TO ULKSEN.

As adopted by the Chiefs of the Squamish Indian Council, 13 January 1933.

Musqueam	existing village
Mahly	existing village
Che-ahtun	a boulder, legendary
Ky-ooham	a boulder, legendary
Homulsom	a boulder, legendary
Huphapailth	"place of cedar trees"
Kullakan	a boulder, legendary
Chitchulayuk	a boulder, legendary
Tsa-atstum	"a cool place"
Pookcha	"floating sandbar"
Kokohpai	"crabtree," a bay
Eyalmu	"good camping ground"
E-eyalmu	"another good camping ground"
Simsahmuls	"tool sharpening stone"
Skwayoos	Kitsilano Beach
Snauq	a former village
Aunmaytsut	"commit suicide"
Kiwahusks	"two points opposite"
Skwachice	"deep hole in water"
Smamchuze	a former cove
Ay-ayulshun	another "soft under feet"
Staitwouk	"mud for white pipe clay"
Slahkayulsh	"He is standing up"
Chants	a boulder and cave, legendary
Sahunz	a boulder, legendary
Chaythoos	"high bank"
Ahka-chu	"a little lake"

Whoi-Whoi	"masks"
Paapee-ak	Brockton Point
Squtsahs	"an island"
Chulwhahulch	"dry passage"
Puckahls	"white rocks"
Lucklucky	"beautiful grove"
Kumkumlye	"maple trees"
Chetchailmun	a group of boulders
Hupapai	"place of cedars"
Steetsemah	a former village or camp
Chaychilwhuk	derived from "near"
Whawhewhy	"little place of masks"
Kwahulcha	Lynn Creek
Uth-kyme	"snake slough"
Sahix	"a point or cape"
Estahltohk	"large pretty house"
Ustlawn	"head of bay"
Tlathmahulk	"saltwater creek"
Homulchesun	a former village
Swywee	a lagoon
Chutaum	a point
Smullaqua	"tragedy," a bay
Stuckale	"bad smell"
<u>Skaywitsut</u>	"go around point"
Chulks	"stone in sling"
Kee-khaalsum	"gnawing"
Stoaktux	"rocks all cut up"
Chahai	"sizzling noise"
Tumbth	"paint" for face
Ulksen	"knoll" or "nose"
Eyesyche	"sheltered waters"
Kwy-yowka	Steveston
Whykitsen	Terra Nova Cannery

CERTIFIED AS CORRECT.

Qoitchetahl
(Andrew Paull)
Secretary
SQUAMISH INDIAN COUNCIL

13 January 1933
Frederick J.C. Ball
Indian Agent
President

Chiefs Approve Spelling Given Ancient Names

*Council Thanks Major
Matthews for Com-
pilation.*

SQUAMISH Indian Council, comprising the ten chiefs of the Squamish tribe, has given unanimous approval to the spelling and location of sixty-five Indian names of villages and landmarks which existed on Burrard peninsula before the arrival of the white man.

The names have been compiled and mapped by Major J. S. Matthews, city archivist. A resolution of thanks was adopted by the chiefs at their council meeting in the department of Indian affairs office, Rogers Building.

Chief Matthias Capilano paid the compiler a compliment when he remarked: "It is a story of our history which had been lost and is now largely recovered."

Major Matthews has been six months in the preparation of the map and dictionary. He visited and interviewed many aged Indians and white pioneers and searched early maps and old manuscripts.

Approved by Resolution of
Squamish Indian Council
January 13-1933
Doitchetahl
(Andrew Paull)
secretary

Approved by Resolution of
Squamish Indian Council
January 13-1933

Doitchetahl
(Andrew Paull)
secretary

Item # EarlyVan_v2_004

11 DECEMBER 1932 - REVISED SPELLING (8 DECEMBER 1932) AS APPROVED BY ANDREW QOITCHETAHL (ANDREW PAULL), SECRETARY, SQUAMISH INDIAN COUNCIL.

Musqueam
Mahly
Homulsom
Che-ahtun
Ky-ooham
Huphapailth
Kullakan
Chitchulayhuk (Point Grey)
Tsa-atslum
Ulksen (Point Grey district)
Pookcha
Kokohpai
Eyalmo
E-eyalmo
Simsahmuls
Skwayoos
Snauq
Aunmaytsut
Kiwahusks
Skwachice
Smamchuze
Ayayulshun
Ayulshun
Staitwouk
Slakayulsh
Chants
Sahunz
Chaythoos
Ahka-chua
Whoi-who
Pah-pee-ak
Squtsahs
Chulwhahulch
Puckahls
Lucklucky
Kumkumlye
Chetchailmun
Huphahpai
Steetsemah
Chaychilwhuk
Whawhewhy
Kwahulcha
Uthkyme
Sahix
Ustlawn

Tlathmahulk
 Homulchesun
 Swywee
 Chutaum
 Smullaqua
 Stuckale
 Skaywitsut
 Chulks
 Kee-khaalsum
 Stoaktux
 Chakhai
 Eye-syche
 Tumbth
 Supplementary.
 Oakwumugh "a village"
 Slail-wit-tuth Indian River
 Kwy-yowka Steveston
 Whykitsen Terra Nova Cannery

certified as corrected and the rest OK and respectfully submitted
 Qoitchitail

Dec. 15 now says spell it Qoichetahl
 JSM

INDIAN VILLAGES AND LANDMARKS.

ULKSEN.

All of the promontory of Point Grey from its western extremity in an easterly direction for miles along the English Bay shore, as also the North Arm of the Fraser River.

Hill-Tout: "Ulk-sen, meaning point, radical for 'nose' – Point Grey."

Andrew Paull: "Ul-K-son, knoll. Point Grey."

Dick Isaacs (Que-yah-chulk): "Ulk-son, 'far away,' 'protruding.'"

Frank Charlie (Ay-at-ak), Musqueam: "All Point Grey west of Marpole and False Creek; all belong to Musqueam Indian. All Ulksen belong to Musqueam, not Squamish. Squamish live away over mountains" (West Vancouver). "Musqueam go False Creek sandbars to fish long before Squamish move down Burrard Inlet and English Bay. Squamish just come down to camp summer time, come down Squamish to work in Hastings Mill. 'Old Chief' Capilano home at Mahly; he have another home at Homulcheson. Mahly belong Musqueam, not Squamish. Capilano River Musqueam, not Squamish" (territory). "Squamish and Musqueam always good friends; also Sechelt; only those crazy fellows from north want to fight; they fight about anything or nothing." 6 November 1932 at Musqueam.

Tim Moody (Yahmas), North Vancouver: "Ulk-son." Spreading his hands over entire map from Point Grey to Kitsilano Beach, over land and water and shoreline, he said, "Ulkson all same Vancouver. Old Indian up Squamish, I say I go Skaywitsut, I go Point Atkinson. I say I go Ulkson, I go anyplace," and swept his wrinkled hand over the Point Grey-Kitsilano shoreline. "Sen" means cape or promontory. "Ulkson any place Musqueam to Snauc." [NOTE ADDED LATER: Yahmas, last Flathead Indian, died about 22 December 1936.]

Rev. C.M. Tate, Indian Missionary: "It should be Sulksen, but frequently they leave the 's' off."

August Jack (Haatsa-lano): "The old people used to talk a great deal about the coming of the whiteman; I was young, and did not pay attention, but one thing I am sure they said that there were whitemen up at Squamish before Mr. Vancouver came to English Bay. The Squamish Indians did not understand the language of the Sechelts, but could make themselves understood. The Indians at Powell River had still another language to the Sechelts."

MUSQUEAM.

The site of this ancient village on the Musqueam Indian Reserve which adjoins the west side of the Point Grey Golf Club property, D.L. 314, is given by Frank Charlie (Ayatak), a very old Indian who says, "My grandfather tell me he see first white man come down Fraser; just one man," as: a slightly elevated piece of river shore on the east side of a small sluggish creek which enters the Fraser River almost directly south of Camosun street produced. It is the only Indian place name within the boundaries of the present city of Greater Vancouver which has survived the advent of the white man. It is first mentioned spelt "Misquiam" by Simon Fraser in his Journal of his exploratory expedition to the Pacific Coast, August 1808. It is a "River" Indian village.

Ayatak, or Frank Charlie, or Frank Capilano, of Musqueam, an aged Indian who can neither read nor write, who says he is "about 80," told me, 9 November 1932, that his grandfather was "Old Chief" Capilano, and that his grandfather had told him that when he was "a big boy he saw the first white man come down Fraser River. Him just so high, 'bout five feet, just one man come, come from east, my grandfather tell me, Old Capilano live be about one hundred, then die. His first home at Mahly; then he go Capilano River. Chief Lah-wa" (who succeeded Capilano as chief) "my uncle. Musqueam here." "Here" being about 200-300 yards east of the present double towered Indian Church, and say, 100 yards east of creek.

Rev. C.M. Tate: "Leave the spelling as it is, you cannot change it now, but I should have spelt it Muthsqueam."

Andrew Paull, Secretary, Squamish Indian Council of Chiefs: "Don't know literal meaning, if it has any."

MAHLY.

Hill-Tout: "Mah-lee."

Paull: "Mahly."

Dick Isaacs: "Mah-lee."

Frank Charlie: "Mah-lee."

Tate: "Mahly."

Paull: "If it has any literal meaning, I don't know it."

The little creek which runs west of Musqueam runs east of Mahly and separates them. Frank Charlie says, "Mahlee about middle Musqueam Indian Reserve, Chinaman's garden there now, oil from motor car make no good now, water dirty. Mahly belong Musqueam Indian, not Squamish. Mahly was 'Old Chief' Capilano home one time. Old Capilano my grandfather; he Squamish Indian, he marry Musqueam woman, afterwards go Capilano to live. Chief Lah-wa his son. All English Bay and Burrard Inlet belong Musqueam. Squamish live way over mountains; just come English Bay to camp, get food. They come down Squamish work Hastings Mill. Capilano River Musqueam land. Squamish man marry Musqueam girl, by and by give him place down Mahly; way down by beach, not up river by Musqueam. My name Ayatak."

CHE-AH-TUN.

Frank Charlie: "Big rock, little way east of Homulsom. God send him same time send Homulsom; turn into stone. I never see Cheatun, him on beach somewhere long there, my mother tell me."

KY-OOH-AM.

Frank Charlie (Ayatak): "A stone on beach west of Che-ah-tun; it is a dog; God send him same time as others, all same dog's howl." Ayatak opened mouth and howled "ky-oooh-am." "I never see him; my father tell me."

Mrs. Frank Charlie nodded approval; she is a grandmother.

HOMULSOM.

A large dome shaped rock on the North Arm shoreline of Point Grey. Hill-Tout: Humul-som. August Kitsilano: Humulsome. Paull: Homme-mul-sum. Tate: "I think Paull is nearest correct in sound." Hom-ul-son, says Tim Moody (Yahmas) and adds, "Two miles west of Mahly, big rock standing in water, at high tide in water, at low tide dry, about Point-No-Point." Dick Isaacs (Queyahchulk): "East of Kullakan, means 'nice place and good things.'" "Hum-la-som," says Frank Charlie, who has lived all his life close by at Musqueam, and adds, "Big rock there on beach, God make him before he make Indian, little round rock just by; little rock is bowl or basin in which Hum-la-som wash face. Indian wash face with hands, so. God send eight men there to start Indian peoples, then turn them into big rock Hum-la-som, high dome shape, 'bout five feet high."

KULLAKAN.

Hill-Tout: "Kulla-khan."

Paull: "Khul-khan, refers to a fence, or something which looked like a fence or served as one."

Rev. C.M. Tate: "Sounds like 'a fence' to me," from Indian word kul-ha-haan, a fence.

Dick Isaacs: "Big stone in water on beach at Point Grey, nice beach at low water."

Frank Charlie, Musqueam: "Big stones, creek there."

The location is on the south shore of Point Grey east of Chit-chul-ay-uk (Point Grey).

Rev. C.M. Tate: "In time of war they might have put up a barricade on the beach to obstruct the northern raiders; in England we would call it 'defence.'"

Andrew Paull: "There is a legend that the big rocks at Kullakan were playing ball when petrified."

Dick Isaacs: "Name is derived from Indian word for fence; something there must have had the appearance of a fence."

HUPHAPAILTH.

Hill Tout: "Whap-wha-pailthp, 'place of cedars,' Point Grey."

Paull: "Khup-khup-way-ilth. 'Little place of cedars.' An area of land of undefined boundaries on the south shore of Point Grey approximately between Homulsom and Kullakan where the growth of cedars is prolific. In addition to being a most useful timber for canoes and house building, the Indian people also made undergarments from cedar, and the soft downy lining of infants' cradles."

Frank Charlie, Musqueam: "Not know Huphapailth, know Hupha, lots cedars, lots cedar trees all along high bank, high up, low down, no particular place."

August Kitsilano: "Used to be an old log chute down the cliff there."

See also Hup-hah-pai, or Cedar Cove, on Burrard Inlet.

Rev. C.M. Tate: "'Ilp' signifies 'a tree,' any kind of tree. 'Uckhpai' means 'the cedars.'" (Hill-Tout: "Hapai.")

CHIT-CHUL-AY-UK.

August Jack Kitsilano: "Big rock there once a man. He hear that great man was coming. Indian start to prepare to strike great man. He get ready to make big wind blow great man away. While he was working to make the big wind the great man comes. When the great man comes he says, 'What are you working at?' Indian says, 'Great Man coming, I blow him away, making great big wind to blow great man away.' Didn't know he was talking to the great man himself. The great man told the Indian he would have to stay

there forever, so that to the last generation it should be known that he had tried to strike a great man. Then he turned him into stone and he been there ever since.”

“It is the biggest rock on the Point Grey shore.”

The true significance of all these Indian legends is a somewhat crude system of morality veiled in allegory. The actual purpose of the legend is to teach the folly of jealousy.

Rev. C.M. Tate: “The first two syllables should be ‘Tzit-zil’; the latter part ‘uk’ means ‘head’ of something, probably the headline of Point Grey; similarly, ‘Chilliwayuk’ (Chilliwick) means ‘through to the head.’”

Paull: “Chit-chul-ay-uk. At big rock.”

Tim Moody: “Chit-chil-ey-uk. Right at point of Point Grey, extreme point of Point Grey, wind all time, one man standing in water just like Siwash Rock.”

Frank Charlie, Musqueam: “Chit-chil-ay-ok. Big rock, right in water, perhaps six feet high, five feet wide, just below wireless station masts.”

POOK-CHA.

Paull, 10 January 1933: “Pookcha derives its name from a low hummock or lump on the sand flats at the northwestern extremity of Spanish Banks, which rises out of the water soon after the tide commences to ebb. Its literal meaning is ‘a back (as of a whale) floating up above the surface,’ which, as the water recedes, Pookcha presents the appearance of. Or Pouk-cha.”

Dick Isaacs: “Pook-cha. Place west of Jericho, where it gets dry when the tide goes out; Spanish Banks.”

Tim Moody: “Pook-cha. Where Spanish Banks goes away out, i.e. western and widest part of Spanish Banks.”

Tate: “Pook-cha.”

August Kitsilano: “Pook-cha. Great bar of sand at Spanish Banks.”

TSA-ATSLUM.

Paull: “Tsa-atslum, or Tsa-tsa-thumb. A point on the Spanish Banks shoreline almost due north of the main University buildings, near a ravine crossed by a bridge, approximately directly below the cable hut, where a cool water spring comes out of the ground. ‘Cold place,’ sand caving in bank there.”

Frank Charlie, Musqueam: “‘Cool place,’ hot day cool breezes comes.”

Tim Moody: “Little hole in cliff on Spanish Banks shore, the place where ravine is; where cable station is. Call it ‘Tsaats-lum.’”

Hill-Tout: “Tlay-at-lum.”

August Kitsilano: “Sats-summ.”

Tate: “Don’t know word or place.”

The B.C. Telephone Company abandoned their cable hut on the beach approximately 1920-1925, and built a little stucco hut on Marine Drive above. Previously the poles ran down the cliff to the hut on the shore. They did not move the location of cables under sea. Just buried the cable, as far as Marine Drive, up the cliff.

KO-KOH-PAI.

Ko – koh (long) – pai, as in pie, or by. Part of Locarno Beach.

“Ko-koh-pie,” says Tim Moody, “at Spanish Banks. Long ago Indian go there catch smelts, no creek, little spring of water come out of cliff. Means crab apples; crab apple trees used to grow there.”

“Ko-koh-pates,” says August Kitsilano, “nice little bay, lots of sand, near boundary of University land. A little creek comes down the hill and empties onto Spanish Banks near boundary of U.B.C.”

Jim Franks: "Where the street car comes down the hill." (Sasamat Street.)

EYALMU.

(See E-eyalmu.) A former park-like Indian camping ground, west of E-eyalmo, approximately the western end of Jericho Beach, and at the foot of Imperial Street.

August Kitsilano: "Yalmoo, where the air station is."

Tate: "I like Yalmo, or Eyalmo, better than Eyalmu."

E-EYALMU.

A splendid Indian camping ground at the eastern end of Jericho Beach, almost exactly where the Jericho Country Club house stands, but to the west of it.

Paull: "Aee-al-mough, 'good camping ground.'"

Hill-Tout: "EE-al-mough is Jericho."

Dick Isaacs: A-yal-mouch. "Jericho."

Jim Franks (Chil-lah-minst): "Little cove at Jericho. Ay-yal-mough."

Tate: "I like E-eyalmo best."

August Kitsilano: "Aye-yal-mough, or Ayalmoo."

Frank Charlie and his wife: "Say Ee-yal, not Ay-yal."

This cove is shown on the survey by Corp. Geo. Turner of the Admiralty Reserve, February and March 1863. Survey posts of brass with imprint of crown on top were found at corners of this reserve early in the 20th century. Turner's original field notes are in the Court House, Vancouver. He marked across them, "berry bushes."

Early Admiralty charts show "logging camp" with logging roads leading therefrom on east side of cove; "Indian village" on west side.

August Kitsilano: "My stepfather was Jericho Charlie; he used to work for Jerry Rogers out at Jericho" (Jerry's Cove). "Jericho Charlie had a big canoe, and would carry a ton or more, and I remember how he used to go out from Hastings Mill to Jericho with the canoe loaded with hay and oats for the horses and oxen working at Jerry Rogers's logging camp at Jericho."

SIM-SAH-MULS.

Accent on "sah."

Tim Moody: "Sim-sah-muls."

Dick Isaacs: "Sim-sah-muls; by old English Bay Cannery."

August Kitsilano: "It means 'tool sharpening rock'; it means the beach or place on the Kitsilano shoreline where formerly a creek emptied into English Bay just west of the foot of Bayswater Street, close to the old English Bay Cannery." (See *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931.)

"Along the beach from about the foot of Balsam Street to the foot of Trutch, one layer of sandstone overlies, and another layer underlies, a layer of soft shale. This sandstone," says Professor S.J. Schofield, a professor of Geology at the University of British Columbia, "is peculiar, in that its grains are angular, showing that it has not moved much; most sandstone grains are globular."

On being shown an oblong piece 2" x 1" x 5" of sandstone found eight feet beneath the surface in the great Fraser Midden, Marpole, one side smooth from abrasive use, probably, centuries and centuries ago, "Yes, that's it, that's the kind, would be very suitable for sharpening Indian implements of bone or stone."

A large clam shell midden formerly existed "a few feet, say 100-200 feet," west of Bayswater Street, north of Point Grey Road. Formerly there was a little beach there, and the cliff diminished in height to almost nothing at all as it reached it. (See Mrs. J.H. Calland in *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931.)

SKWA-YOOS.

Chillahminst, 2 March 1933: "Oh, I remember, make canoe on hill above Skwayoos. Loggers just take out fir, leave cedar, my father make canoe up hill, I go see him, meet oxen come down logging trail, I little boy, frightened, run away from oxen fast. My father have iron chisel made out Hudson's Bay file, stone hammer; make canoe up hill, then bring canoe down, go Point Grey, hook sturgeon; great big sturgeon, twelve feet, that thick," (about four inches) "very heavy, tow him to beach, turn canoe over, take stakes" (cross pieces) "out, slide sturgeon in canoe; turn canoe over again."

"My father tell me he see first ship up Squamish. Logging road, Skwa-yoos, oh, two log road come up Skwayoos, one come one way, 'nother other way, little swamp up top hill, logging road go 'round swamp."

Hill-Tout: "Sk-wai-us."

August Kitsilano: "Skwy-use."

Tim Moody: "Skwy-yoos."

Paull: "Skwa-yoos, no particular meaning; just a name."

Rev. C.M. Tate: "'Yoos' ending is more like it. 'Yoos' is flesh, a short way the modern Indian says Slave is Squeus, that is 'flesh of a slave,' or 'slave.'"

"Skwy-us," says Jim Franks, "I was born there."

Prior to 1880, an Indian hut stood on the Kitsilano Beach at the foot of Yew Street. It was owned by Charlie, and presumably was the only hut. August Kitsilano, who says his stepfather was "Jericho Charlie," says that Sam Greer bought it, and there was afterwards a lawsuit over the payment for it, which Charlie won. (See *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach*, Matthews.)

Jim Franks, Indian name Chil-lah-minst, 20 November 1932: "I was born at Skwa-yoos, right here, down by the corner there, foot Yew Street, behind bathhouse, where the beach turns" (west). "My father was Chil-lah-minst, come down Squamish with people to get smelts, about this time, fall, lots smelts here Skwa-yoos. My father have little hut down there at corner. Squamish peoples come down here to English Bay to get food, go back Squamish for winter. My father Chil-lah-minst too, make canoe all life, chisel, chisel, chisel, big stone for hammer; make canoe down Skwa-yoos."

Note: assuming that Jim Franks, Indian of North Vancouver Reserve was, as he says, about 16 years old when, on the day of the Great Fire in Vancouver, 13 June 1886, he was working in the Hastings Sawmill, then he must have been born on Kitsilano Beach about 1870. He claims to be older than 62 or 64, but does not look it. He says he remembers August Jack (August Kitsilano) as "a little boy"; August Jack is his nephew, August's mother being Jim's sister. August is 54 or 55.

Robert Preston was interested in preempting land at Kitsilano in October 1871, but did not complete it; Samuel Preston his brother preempted it in April 1873, but never received [the] deed. Mrs. J.Z. Hall, daughter of Sam Greer, told me she had been told there were several "houses" located on the site of her father's pioneer home. Sam Greer bought the "improvements" of the Indians from them in November 1884. Sam Greer's home was burned down by the Canadian Pacific Railway after and during the celebrated lawsuit. Presumably, the "several houses" were Indian huts. (See *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach*.)

Mrs. J.Z. Hall narrates that her father shot a wolf one night in their garden, and speaks of the myriads of smelt. William Hunt also mentions how prolific they were. The writer recalls, even in 1918, raking them ashore with a garden rake; they seem all gone now. (See *Early Vancouver*, 1931.)

Jas. A. Smith, moving picture censor, shot ducks in the lagoon at the back of the beach in 1888. The last muskrats caught in the swamp about Creelman Avenue were caught by the Matthews boys in 1913 just before the sand from False Creek was pumped in to fill, at Maple Street and carline, to a depth of thirteen

feet. Coon were in to Indian Reserve at this time. William Hunt speaks of an old “elk yard” near Whyte and Arbutus streets.

SNAUQ.

An Indian village formerly standing on the Kitsilano Indian Reserve. The principal part stood directly beneath the Burrard Street Bridge. It had a large community house, several individual houses, an orchard, and a graveyard near the foot of Fir Street. There were also one or more houses a few yards east of Ogden Street on the reserve, and some fruit trees. Jemmet's survey (in possession of Andrew Paull) of Indian reserves, 1880, shows a trail from village to Skwa-yoos passing east and west about McNicholl Avenue.

Hill-Tout: “Snauc.”

Paull: “Sna-uk.”

Tate: “On Vancouver Island, ‘pipe clay’ is called Stauq; it would be easy for the Squamish to change it to Snauc; I don't know what it means.”

August Kitsilano: “I was born at Snauc; see Vancouver burn from there when I was a little boy. When grandfather Haatsa-la-nough from Squamish River go to Chaythoos in Stanley Park his brother Chip-kaay-am go to Snauc; he first man settled there. Indians used to catch fish in big traps where Granville Island is now. The big bar was twenty or more acres in extent, dry at low tide, and the Indians had from time very long ago had fish corral there built of two converging fences in the water, made of brush fastened to hurdles, sharp stakes driven in mud to guide the flounders and smelts to the narrow part where they were trapped. The brush fence was built of vine maple; the small fine nets were made from the fibres of the stinging nettle.

“After my father died, my father Hay-tulk, we move from Snauc. I got no schooling, cannot read or write, had to look after my mother, a widow, sometimes I go to Gastown to search in ruins for nails. When we went to Gastown we went by canoe to Royal City Planing Mills at south end of Carrall Street, and cross to Burrard Inlet on rough sort of trail. I don't remember a trail from Smam-chuze” (foot of Howe Street), “what would be the use of struggling through the bush when it was so easy to paddle.” (Note: generally speaking, no Indian would walk if he could paddle.) “Musqueams used to come to Snauc long ago, before Chip-kaay-am come, but they never settle there. Chip-kaay-am, old Chief George, first settle at Snauc. My mother afterwards marry Jericho Charlie.”

The Indians moved away from Snauc in 1911, and the remains of those buried in the graveyard close to the boundary of the reserve, opposite about 1600 block First Avenue, were exhumed and taken to Squamish. The orchards went to ruin, the fences fell down, and the houses destroyed; a few hops continued to grow until 1930 when they were destroyed by the building of the new Burrard Bridge opening 1 July 1932.

Mrs. H.A. Benbow (see *Fight for Kitsilano Beach*) says she witnessed the last Indian burial, supposed to have been in July 1907. The Rat Portage Sawmill closed down for the services.

Rev. C.M. Tate: “The population about 1880 was about fifty. There is no ‘K’ in Haatsa-lah-nough. ‘Lanough’ or ‘lanoch’ means ‘the place of’ or ‘the property of’; let's see, the whole word would mean ‘the place of the lakes.’ ‘Haatsa’ is lake or swamp. The proper way to spell it is Haats-sah-lan-ough; the terminal is pronounced as in English ‘cough.’

Hill-Tout: “The suffix ‘lanough’ means ‘man’; i.e. Ka-lanough, the first man.”

Frank Charlie (Ayatak) of Musqueam: “The fishing on the bar” (Granville Island) “was done with hurdle nets made of twisted vine maple and sharp stakes so made as to form a hurdle, and the stakes driven in the mud so as to form a corral with the widest opening at the western end, gradually tapering down to narrowness in the eastern. The hurdles ran for hundreds of feet in the water. The fish came in with the tide, entered the wide mouth of the corral, and were caught when the tide receded.”

Mrs. J.Z. Hall, née Greer, of Greer's Beach (see *Early Vancouver*, 1931) speaks of the "noises and howls" of the Indians at their ceremonies and potlaches which she heard as she walked home from Gastown to Greer's Beach over the C.P.R. trestle bridge.

J.S. Matthews: In 1902 or 1903, I used to cross from the old cannery about the foot of Burrard Street—Burrard Street was just a stream rutted trail down to the shore—by Indian canoe to the Indian Reserve, and my children would play with the Indian children, usually on a Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning.

Mrs. (Captain) Percy Nye: "In 1891 False Creek was so quiet on a Sunday that we could hear the Indians singing at their services on the reserve as far as our place at English Bay; we used to sit on the shore and listen."

Note: residents of Vancouver who arrived as recently as the first decade of the 20th century, but particularly those about 1900-1902, can recall the enormous number of waterfowl and fish available for food on False Creek. Ducks rose in clouds as recently as 1900 from False Creek, and in that year, 1900, the big salmon year, hundreds of thousands of salmon were caught on the Fraser River, could not be canned, drifted ashore on the beaches of English Bay, and absolutely prevented bathing for a few days. In the early years of the 20th century, salmon still swam up the creek as far as Cedar and Third Avenue, were in the swamp around Laburnum Street, and smelts could be raked up Kitsilano Beach with a stick. William Hunt gives an interesting account of catching them with his hand, half a dozen at a time. (See *Early Vancouver*, 1931.)

Chil-lah-minst (Jim Franks), conversation, 10 December 1932, in my kitchen over a cup of tea:

"My father's name Chil-lah-minst, my grandfather Chil-lah-minst, too. My father make canoe all his life, he make canoe several places; one place down Skwa-yoos, foot Yew Street, Kitsilano Beach. Make canoe all his life, just canoe, his trade; when he get old I be Chil-lah-minst, I do work, take my father's name, just same you do. One time logger take out fir tree, leave cedar, cedar not much good for logger, but logging road make easy get cedar tree out to Skwa-yoos beach for make canoe. My father all time chisel, chisel, chisel, big round stone in hand for hammer, make canoe, then burn him out with pitch. I Jim first, when I get married North Vancouver priest give me name Franks.

"Chief Chip-kaay-am of Snaug very good man, very kind, very good; that's why him family make him chief." Note: see Rev. C.M. Tate, who speaks so highly of "Old Chief George."

Query: Do you know who the Indians Swillamcan, Kanachuck, Mrs. Salpcan, who sold their "improvements" on Kitsilano Beach were? Who were they?

"Will-ahm-can is Chief Jimmy Jimmy's father; not sure but I think Kanachuck brother to Chief Chip-kaay-am; may be Mrs. Salpcan was his wife, don't know. We leave Skwa-yoos, go Hastings Sawmill to work. People at Snaug sell 'improvements' to Greer for I think \$100.

"Jericho Charlie my uncle, Frank Charlie (Ayatak) of Musqueam my cousin. Jericho Charlie die long time ago, fell off C.P.R. trestle bridge across False Creek; he live Jericho, just by slough, on bar in front of Jerry Roger's logging camp there. Jericho Charlie may have had a place at Skwa-yoos, I don't know." (August Kitsilano says, "Yes, he did.") "Frank Charlie (Ayatak) live Musqueam now."

KITSILANO.

For the name Kitsilano, see elsewhere, and the "Legend of Haatsa-lah-nough."

AUN-MAYT-SUT.

The exact location not quite identified, but either the foot of Ash Street, or the foot of Cambie Street South, or both, on False Creek. Two moderately large creeks came out at each of these points, the largest at the foot of Ash. There was a third still farther east, just east of Cambie.

The manager's house, manager of the Leamy and Kyle Sawmill, the first Mill on False Creek, was built at the foot of Ash Street on a little clearing on the eastern bank, and by its appearance in 1900 when the writer first saw it, it had long been occupied; perhaps it was chosen by the manager on account of its having been an old Indian settlement.

On the day of the Great Fire, 1886, the men clearing the C.P.R. roundhouse site were driven by the fire into the waters of False Creek, and were rescued by Indians in canoes from the direction of Aun-mayt-sut; they were in camp on the shore opposite the fire, about Cambie or Ash Street.

Paull says, "The word means 'commit suicide,' probably someone killed himself there."

Tate says, "'Kysit,' to kill oneself." Paull corrects this to 'Qoitsut' or 'Qoi-it-sut,' meaning 'commit suicide,' and adds Mr. Tate's pronunciation may be affected by long association with the Fraser Valley and Vancouver Island Indians.

KI-WAH-USKS.

Main Street or formerly Westminster Avenue.

Paull: "Place of narrow passage; literally, 'two points exactly opposite.' 'Usks' as in 'tusks.'"

August Kitsilano: "He-whaasks."

Tim Moody: "He-wha-usks."

At least as early as 1880, a bridge, the False Creek bridge, crossed at this narrow point; to the east was the great shallow mud flat extending as far as Grandview; now almost entirely railroad yards. The lagoon was dry at low tide save for the water channels carrying away fresh water from streams.

Two protruding points of land jutted out into False Creek. The southern one was on an angle north-northeast, and the highest ground ran in that direction; hence the forest trail from Gastown to Fraser River, via False Creek bridge and North Arm (Fraser Avenue) Road ran on the summit of that ridge, and is accountable for the odd twist in Main Street at that point; another instance of the tradition that a calf gamboled away from its mother, the cow followed, a man followed the cow, and finally they made a paved street of it, and placed traffic signals to control the congestion.

SKWA-CHICE.

The whole of the head of False Creek east of Main Street, at one time a great mudflat, much like a great circular pool in the forest clad hills surrounding, now filled in.

"Skwa-chice, no more Skwa-chice," says Dick Isaacs, "they fill him up now, make C.N.R. Yards, big hole one time, where we used to get the sturgeon all the time. Great big deep hole, very big, up head False Creek, tunnel under creek, fresh water come up, come from Lake Coquitlam." (Probably meant Lake Burnaby, but clearly said Coquitlam.) "The way they know, Indians find salt water seaweed up Lake Coquitlam; that's the way they tell, seaweed gets up there through tunnel under Skwa-chice."

Geologists assert that False Creek is the prehistoric bed of the Fraser River, and that seepage through gravel from Burnaby Lake to Skwachice is quite possible.

Hill-Tout: "Swat-chais, 'deep hole in water.'"

August Kitsilano: "Squaw-chize."

Tim Moody: "Skwachice."

Paull: "Skwa-chice, 'water spring, or water coming up from ground beneath.'"

Mrs. Sanderson, Indian, North Vancouver: "Water coming out of the ground from beneath, rising up from the bottom don't know why it does."

SMAM-CHUZE (SMAM-KUUSH).

August Kitsilano, who as a boy lived at Snaug, directly opposite, was the only Indian who knew the name of this former cove, and also the only one who knew the name of Smam-chuze. (August Haatsalano pronounces "Smam (short) kuush.") He says, "A little cove, formed by a sandbar, winds into a cove which afterwards was crossed by the C.P.R. Trestle bridge, and was at the foot of Howe Street produced. It implies a little island with a bit of grass on top, some graves or a little graveyard, and then the action of the tide washes grass, graves and island away."

Jim Franks: "I think one time little island there, may be two or three crab trees on top where always dry. Indians put dead man there so wolf not get him. Indians always put dead man in trees so wolf not get him."

Paull: "Don't know literal meaning. The Indian system of burial progressively changed. Tree burials may, at one time, say one hundred years ago, have been the only system, and on an island whenever they could get one, but in 1907, '08 or '09 I saw, for instance, bodies laid on bare rock on the tops of those two little islands just west of Point Atkinson, bare solid rocks. The bodies were simply covered with split cedar slabs, about three inches thick, eight inches wide and five feet long or so, held in place by their own weight, and no other covering to the remains. Defence Island, near Squamish, an island of half an acre, was a favourite burial ground."

Mr. Dickie, of Dickie and DeBeck, Barristers, 30 January 1933: "When I was a bit of a boy I used to play there; we used to call it 'the island.' There was a little low island just a few steps east of the Kitsilano railway bridge. I am fifty now, so that must have been over thirty-five years ago."

About 1910, earlier perhaps, but no later than 1911, a small sealing schooner owned by a Mr. Chapman was warped into this cove beside the bridge. Its owner, a recluse artist, has lived in it alone ever since (now 1933). The C.P.R. has unsuccessfully endeavoured to make him remove himself, but he claims he sailed in there, tied up, and is still at anchor in the waters of False Creek, at the time he went in under Dominion control. Actually, he is high on dry land which has been filled in around his vessel, the *Siren*.

AY-AY-YUL-SHUN.

Paull: "Little English Bay, literally, 'another soft under foot' place, a small sandy beach which was formerly running along from about Broughton and Nicola streets."

AY-YUL-SHUN.

English Bay bathing beach.

Hill-Tout: "Hail-shan, English Bay bathing beach, 'soft under feet.'"

"Ay-ul-shun," says Paull, "English Bay, 'good under feet.'"

August Kitsilano: "I-ail-sun, English Bay bathing beach."

"Ay-yul-shun," says Dick Isaacs.

Jim Franks: "Ale-shun."

Tate: "'Ay' is good, 'shun' means 'feet'; spell it Ayulshun."

The English Bay bathing beach was formerly very much less extensive than in 1932. It consisted, in early days, of a short stretch of sand, perhaps one hundred yards long, extending east from a small creek at the foot of Gilford Street. At both ends were clusters of boulders of considerable number, but of moderate size, but there were two huge ones under the cliff at the foot of Denman Street. (See *The First Settlers on Burrard's Inlet*, Matthews, and Mrs. Capt. Percy Nye, *Early Vancouver*, 1932.)

STAIT-WOUK.

Second Beach, Stanley Park, where a small creek enters the sea. Hill Tout: Stay-took. August Kitsilano: Staa-wauk. Jim Franks: State-wok. Dick Isaacs: State-woohk.

Paull says, "'Stait-wouk' is a mud substance which, interpreted, would be probably equivalent to what you call pipe clay. It was the place, the only place, where Indians could get that particular kind of mud, right at the little creek at Second Beach. They gathered the mud—I think from the bed of the creek—rolled it into loaves about the size of bread loaves, put the roll against the fire, and the mud would get as white as chalk. This white powder was used to dust upon Indian Blankets made from the mountain goat's fur, to give the blanket a white appearance. The mud substance is called 'Stait-wouk.'

"I can quite understand that Captain Vancouver in his journal reports Stanley Park as an island blocking the channel, for in the earlier days I can recall the waters of English Bay almost flowed—at extreme high tide probably did do so—across from Second Beach to Coal Harbour."

SUNZ, PROSPECT POINT, SKAAISH, SIWASH ROCK, CHIT-CHULAYUK.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Conversation, August Jack Khahtsahlano, 12 September 1940: "Sunz is hot Siwash Rock's second wife; he didn't have two wives; Siwash Rock's wife is right beside him about eighty feet away. Sunz is that little rock inside Prospect Point with tree on top." (See photo.) "Sunz was punished, too, like Siwash Rock, and Chit-chul-ay-yuk at Point Grey. She was washing her hair; she had evil in her heart, too, and got turned into stone for punishment." See *Early Vancouver*, volumes 2, 3 and 4.

SLAH-KAY-ULSH.

Siwash Rock. Accent on "kay."

Hill-Tout: "Skalsh. Siwash Rock, means 'standing up.'"

Paull: "Slah-kha-ulsh or Skay-ulsh. It means 'he is standing up.' He was an Indian before he was petrified into stone."

Dick Isaacs: "Skay-ulsh, 'Indian Rock.'"

Tim Moody: "Skay-ulsh."

Jim Franks: "Skaalsh."

Tate: "Skaalsh seems best."

Paull: "Better spell it Slah-kay-ulsh; they'll shorten it."

Chil-lah-minst (Jim Franks): "Siwash Rock was once a man. I think one man make the world, but Indian say three men. These three men, they go out the sturgeon bank, out Point Grey; they wash themselves, wash themselves, wash themselves, make themselves very clean, keep themselves very clean; they get very powerful. These three men go all around the world making it. If they find people poor they give them stuff, educate them, show them how to do things, so they be able help themselves, and be no more poor. If they find people too smart, too clever, they say, 'you go to hell, we no bother about you.' That's how Siwash Rock came where he is; he too smart; they turn him into a rock so people see not much good be too smart." (See his further interesting remarks under his own narrative.)

In the "Romance of Vancouver," a review published by Post No. 2, Native Sons of B.C., 1926, Chief Matthias Capilano refers to Siwash Rock as "T'elch," and relates a legend of similar character but different detail. He stated the supernatural men turned the Indian into stone because he was the first man he had met in their travels who did not want anything, was not greedy.

Most writers in dealing with Indian legends appear to give these legends a covering of mythological romance. From many conversations with Indians I have concluded that this is the wrong interpretation. The Indian was highly moral in his ambitions; he knew right from wrong, was proud of his blood and prowess, conceived it as his duty to educate his children. They are not legends, as we understand legends, but are tales to illustrate and illuminate morality; the rocks are the symbols just as a square and compass is a symbol to a freemason.

CHANTS.

Paull: "Chants is not only a big sandstone rock covered with water at high tide on the beach, symbolically Siwash Rock's fishing line rolled into a ball, but is also a big hole in the cliff nearby—visible as you come in by Victoria boat—where he kept this fishing tackle and did his cooking. It is a round rock prominent on the shore between Siwash Rock and Prospect Point, traditionally representing a ball of thick fishing line—such as used by Indians before they got whitemans fishing line—belonging to the fisherman Slahkayulsh, and likewise turned into stone. The Indian fishing lines were thick, almost as the little finger, on account of the material from which they were made. The line is supposed to be rolled up, in a ball, or on a stick, hence its representation as a round stone. Up on the cliff is the hole where Skahkayulsh kept his fishing tackle."

August Kitsilano: "Chantz. A sandstone sticking out on the shore perhaps 150 yards north of Siwash Rock, covered with water at high tide."

Matthias Capilano: "Chance. Chance means cook fish, seal, ducks, where Slah-kay-ulsh roasts them; it is the hole."

Tim Moody: "Schanze."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

August Jack Khatsahlahno, 12 September 1940: "Chants; Chants is a natural fish trap; when the tide went out it left pools, and the fish got caught." That's what Chants means; not fishing lines.

SAHUNZ

Siwash Rock's wife, also turned into stone.

Hill-Tout: "Suntz."

Matthias Capilano: "Sunz."

August Kitsilano: "Sunz, a little rock a few feet west of the lighthouse at Prospect Point. Siwash Rock's wife."

Dick Isaacs: "The little rock, perhaps a few feet inside" (east) "of the lighthouse."

Tim Moody: "Sunze. A woman's name, a kneeling woman. The steps down Prospect Point from the signal station almost touch the Sunze rock on the shore. The rock is Siwash Rock's wife; his second wife, his other wife, is right behind Siwash Rock. "

Paul: "Sahunz. Siwash Rock's wife, also petrified, a little low rock on the shore at Prospect Point."

Haatsalano (Kitsilano) insists "Sunz," and says, "There used to be a little tree on Sunz, but somebody chop it down."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Sa-unz: Andrew Paull publishes, *Sun*, 22 January 1938, magazine section, page 6, a story about the rock with tree on top, and gives a different interpretation to the legend: same general idea, three powerful men (Gods), Indian washing and to make themselves clean; impertinence to the Gods. J.S.M.

CHAYTHOOS.

Paul: "Chay-thoos. A small clearing on the First Narrows shore almost exactly where the Capilano pipe line reaches Stanley Park. Means 'high bank,' referring to Prospect Point."

August Kitsilano: "Chay-sloos, or Chay-cluse. A little clear space at the end of the pipe line road through Stanley Park. Where my father Supplejack lived and died. His Indian name was Hay-tulk. Chief Haatsalah-nough went there to live once." (See August Kitsilano's long narrative re Chief Haatasa-lah-nough, or Kitsilano.) Much earth fill has altered the site. Hay-tulk's grave was where road starts to rise; about 20 feet west of present boathouse.

Chief Matthias Capilano, 1932: "In front of Chay-thoos, just east of Sunz, east of Prospect Point Lighthouse lives—he is alive and still there—a great big cod fish lives, the father of All Codfish."

Tate: "Chay-thoos is the best spelling."

AHKA-CHU.

Beaver Lake, and the small stream which flows out of it. Means "little lake."

August Kitsilano: "Ah-hach-u-wa, 'little lake' in Stanley Park."

Tim Moody: "Ah-ha-chu, 'little creak out of Beaver Lake,' pronounced as if you were sneezing."

Frank Charlie, Musqueam: "Hach-ha; it means 'lake.'"

Tate: "The Indian word for lake is 'Haatsa.'"

Paull: "Hkachu, means 'lake, a lake of some size'; 'ahkachu' is 'little lake.'"

NOTE ADDED LATER:

J.S.M., 1934: A stone arch bridge now crosses the stream (Stanley Park Driveway).

WHOI-WHOI.

The former site of a very large, and also a prehistoric village, now the site of the Lumberman's Arch, and just behind the bathing pool in Stanley Park. A great deal of information is available connected with this place, called by Qoitchetahl (Andrew Paull) the most historic site in all Vancouver.

Hill-Tout: "Whoi-Whoi means 'masks.'"

Paull: "The first ceremonial masks were made there, where the Lumberman's Arch is. Spelt Whoy-Whoy or Whoi-Whoi."

Dick Isaacs: "Whoy-Whoy."

Jim Franks: "Whoi-Whoi."

August Kitsilano: "Hoi-hu-hoi."

Paull: "Captain Vancouver reports that he was received with civility, and that presentations were made to him. I will explain to you the true meaning of this; always bearing in mind that it was the duty of the elders to instruct the young in history; that is how I have come to know.

"It seems that it was a tradition among the Indians of early days that a calamity of some sort would befall them every seven years; once it was a flood, on another occasion disease wiped out Whoi-Whoi. The wise men had long prophesied a visitation from a great people. It so happened that Captain Vancouver's visit in 1792 coincided with the seventh year in which some calamity was expected, and regarding the form of which there was speculation, so that when strange men of strange white appearance, with their odd boats, etc. appeared, the Indians said, 'This may be the fateful visitation,' and took steps to propitiate the all powerful visitors.

"On festive occasions, ceremonials, feasts and potlatches, it was the custom to decorate or ornament the interior of the festival or potlatch house with white down feathers, the soft eiderdown feathers from below the coarser outer feather of waterfowl; these were scattered or thrown about, ostensibly to placate the spirits, a practice not dissimilar to Christmas tree decoration with white cotton wadding snow decoration.

"As Vancouver came through the First Narrows, the Indians in their canoes threw these feathers in great handfuls before him. They would of course rise in the air, drift along, and fall to the surface of the water, where they would rest for quite a time. It must have been a pretty scene, and duly impressed Captain Vancouver, for he speaks most highly of the reception he was accorded."

Professor Hill-Tout: "Not only was there a tradition of a great flood, and of a great decimation by disease, but there was that of a great snowstorm of continuous unbroken duration of three months. It covered the whole land, and caused the death of the whole tribe save one man and his daughter. The full account is in my story to the Royal Society of Canada, I think, 1896; long ago, anyway."

Note: early Admiralty charts show "Indian Sheds" at Whoi-Whoi. Corporal Turner's map of 1863 shows Stanley Park as "Coal Peninsula." The official map adopted by the Mayor and Council of Vancouver, 1886, shows Stanley Park as a government reserve, but inside City boundaries. Captain Vancouver reports, "these good people" received him with "decorum," "civility," "cordiality," and "respect."

Rev. C.M. Tate: "I think that when the driveway around Stanley Park was cut, that the posts of the Indian houses were sawn off level with the ground; the stumps would be in the ground yet; I presume they would be cedar, and very rot resisting."

George Cary: "Potlatches were held there after I came in 1885."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

August Jack Khahtsahlano, 12 September 1940: "No; that's all wrong, Whoi-Whoi; not where the first masks were made; where the first mask was found. It was found inside a big cedar tree, when they were cutting it down to make it into a canoe, and they found the mask inside. That was centuries ago."

PAA-PEE-AK.

Hill-Tout: "Paa-pee-ak, where lighthouse stands, Brockton Point."

Tim Moody: "Paa-pee-al, name so old no one knows what it means. All Stanley Park."

Paull: "Tim Moody is wrong; just an Indian way of saying park."

August Kitsilano: "Paa-pee-ak refers to Brockton Point; there is, so far as I know, no name for all Stanley Park."

Paull: "Old man Abraham, a very old Indian, gave evidence before the court at the time of the ejection proceedings that Stanley Park was known as Whoi-Whoi; I am very clear on that point."

Chief Matthias Capilano: "Burrard Inlet was a great home for serpents. When I was a little boy, the old people used to see them—little serpents—just like a snake floating. A big one had his pillow—a big stone on the beach just west of Brockton Point Light, and his other head—they have two heads, one at each end—used to rest by the racing canoes just in front of the Indian church at North Vancouver; the old people used to see him in the tide rip. There were little ones too. The last one, not the serpent killed by Qoitchetahl" (Andrew Paull's ancestor) "up the Squamish River, but another one, was killed by a powerful man up above Dollarton, North Arm, Burrard Inlet, in front of the B.C. Electric power station, where the water comes down from Lake Beautiful" (Buntzen). "The paint put by the Indians on the rocks of the opposite shore is there yet, I think. One hundred and fifty years ago, there were lots of serpents in Burrard Inlet."

Note: some authority has told me that there were five lumber camps in Stanley Park at one time or another. (See Mrs. Emily Eldon, W.H. Rowlings, in *Early Vancouver*.)

SQUTSAHS.

Deadman's Island.

Rev. C.M. Tate: "Squth-ahs, it means 'an island.'"

Paull: "Squo-tsahts or Squoot-sahts, called Deadman's Island now."

Dick Isaacs: "Skoot-sahts."

Tim Moody: "Scoot-sahts."

In 1862, Corp. Turner, R.E., surveyed Burrard Inlet. His field notes in Court House, Vancouver, show an island without name.

In 1880, W.S. Jemmett's map of Indian reserves, in possession of Andrew Paull, shows an island marked "G.R." (government reserve).

In 1885, H.B. Smith, surveyor, who made map of Vancouver adopted by first City Council as "official," shows an island "Government Reserve."

It is conjectured that the appellation Deadman's arose in part at least from the Indian custom of speaking of "deadhouse," "whitemans," "deadmans." It was formerly a burial grove for Indian tree burials. Of the known whites buried there, there is the McCartney baby, the Swede who committed suicide at Moodyville, and whose skeleton was set up by Dr. Langis for instruction purposes (see *Early Vancouver*), the man drowned off Hastings Mill, some Chinamen, and those who died of smallpox at the pest house there.

Prof. Hill-Tout: "In 1890, or about, I saw several tree burials, twenty or thirty feet up in the fir trees; the island was known at that time as Deadman's Island."

William Walton, pioneer of 1885: "After the fire, I built a shack there. One day I came home and found someone had buried a Chinaman near, and a month later they planted another dead man near my shack. I said to my partner, 'I'm going to get out of this; this is a regular Deadman's island.' 'Good name for it,' he replied. When the Chinese riots took place in February 1886, they wanted me for a witness, but I had gone to my island to look at some traps I had set for coon. They asked my partner where I was. He said, 'Deadman's Island.' They said, 'Where's that?' He told them, and the name stuck."

Joseph Morton, son of John Morton, first resident of Vancouver: "Father told me that when he first settled on the Inlet in 1863, he went over to Deadman's Island and found Indian coffins in the trees and also fallen to the ground, their fastenings having rotted." Miss Ray, a niece of John Morton, says she heard him say that on one occasion, he (her uncle) had poked at a coffin in the trees with a stick, the fastenings were decayed, and a shower of bones fell; he slipped off lest the Indians might see him there." Joseph Morton's comment on this was, "No, the coffins were already fallen, and were on the ground when father examined them."

Ex-Alderman W.H. Gallagher: "Brighthouse himself told me that, when the man who was surveying their preemption" (the "West End") "was laying out the boundaries, he said, 'I will put the island in your preemption for five dollars.' Hailstone said, 'Don't give it to him, we've enough stuff already.'" (*Early Vancouver*, 1931.)

CHUL-WHAH-ULCH.

August Kitsilano: "Chol-welsh, Lost Lagoon."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Conversation, August Jack Khatsahlano, 12 September 1940: "Chul-walsh; that means 'the bay what goes dry'; that is Coal Harbour."

Tim Moody: "Chil-whalsh, south end of Lost Lagoon, means 'dry,' 'passage,' 'gets dry at times when tide goes out.'"

Dick Isaacs: "Chul-whalsh, right up south end of Lost Lagoon, up by narrow neck of land between Second Beach and Coal Harbour."

Andrew Paull: "Chul-whah-ulch, means 'gets dry at times, when tide goes out.'"

Mrs. Robert Strathie, later Mrs. Emily Eldon, wife of an early park superintendent or "ranger": "The first bridge across to Stanley Park was a fallen tree across the water at the point where the bridge, and later the causeway, was built." (See *Early Vancouver*.)

Ceperley and Ross map: shows the first entrance to Stanley Park, before the bridge was built, as a trail along the southern shore of Lost Lagoon, or Chul-whah-ulch.

Joseph Morton: see *Early Vancouver* or *The First Settlers on Burrard's Inlet* for narrative of hanging of Indian woman by her own people at the entrance to Stanley Park. She had murdered her child.

TYNDALL'S CREEK.

Exact spelling unknown. Joseph Morton, son of John Morton, says that his father told him that the name of the creek on which he located his cabin about 100 yards west of Burrard Street, was known as Tyndall's Creek, or Tindell's Creek. There is another instance of changed creek names. Jemmett's Indian reservation survey map, 1880, shows Lynn Creek as "Fred's Creek."

PUCK-AHLS.

Location approximately of the present C.P.R. station and docks.

August Kitsilano: "Puckaals. C.P.R. Dock, pier D."

Jim Franks: "Puckaals."

Dick Isaacs: "Foot of Granville Street where C.P.R. station is. Lots big trees there, lots bushes, lots shade, not much sunlight; there was a cliff there, and above very heavy timber. White rocks there."

Paull: "Puck-ahlc or Puck-ahls; it means 'white rocks,' where the big brewery was." Note: the old Red Cross Brewery, remains of walls of which still stand just beside the entrance to the C.P.R. tunnel on Hastings Street West, stood at the mouth of the creek beside which John Morton had his cabin. It drew its water from a dam in the creek.

The "white rock" referred to would appear to be a light coloured shale rock which is to be seen exposed by the excavations of the railway below "The Bluff," that cliff elevation running between Granville Street and Burrard Street.

LUCK-LUCKY.

August Kitsilano: "Luk-luk-kee is some place west of Kum-kum-lee; I don't know just where."

Luck-lucky is "Old Gastown," says Jim Franks (Chil-lah-minst).

Dick Isaacs: "Means a 'grove of nice trees.' About the site of old 'Gastown'; probably the famous 'Maple Tree' of Carrall Street was one of them. They stood between Portuguese Joe's shack" (at the foot of Abbott Street) "and the Sunnyside Hotel, foot of Carrall Street. They stood somewhere in the little curve of the shore, and about the point where the Indian Church and Methodist parsonage stood. Very pretty."

Tate (who helped in the dedication of the first church, at the foot of Abbott Street): "There were a lot of pretty maple trees about there."

Paull: "It means 'grove of beautiful trees.' 'Luck-luck-ee' is the pronunciation."

KUM-KUM-LYE.

August Kitsilano: "Kum-kum-lee, means 'vine maple'; the place is the point on which the Hastings Sawmill stood."

Dick Isaacs: "Kum-kum-lye. Point where the Hastings Sawmill was; there were a lot of maple trees there."

Paull: "Kum-kum-lye is better than Kum-kum-lai. It means 'maple trees,' not 'vine maple.'"

CHET-CHAIL-MUN.

A number of smooth rocks or boulders grouped together on the shore at the point where the BC. Sugar refinery now stands, up which seals used to clamber, bask on the summits in the sun and slither down again into the water. Location about the foot of Raymur Avenue.

Hill-Tout: "Chet-chaal-men."

Paull: "Chu-chaal-men, at sugar refinery, foot of Raymur Avenue, don't know literal meaning. Where the seals used to come ashore."

Dick Isaacs: "Chet-ail-men, west of the sugar refinery. Lots of seals used to come out of the water there, and get on the big rocks."

Tim Moody: "Chet-ale-mun, 'mun,' not 'men.'"

HUP-HAH-PAI.

Paull: "Hup-hah-pai, or pie. The early settlers called it 'Cedar Cove,' at the foot of the hill on Powell Street; a large creek entered Burrard Inlet there. It means 'lots of cedar trees there.'"

August Kitsilano: "Hupup-pye, or Hup-hup-pii, old 'Cedar Cove.'"

Compare Huphapailthp (Musqueam) with Huphahpai (Squamish); both refer to cedar trees.

BURRARD INLET.

The stretch of inland water known as Burrard Inlet seems to be without name. Tim Moody, aged Indian with forehead made flat from former Indian practices on babies to accomplish this, says—and Andrew Paull says contrariwise, and that Tim is unreliable—that "Slail-wit-tuth" includes the entire channel from the Narrows eastward, and that it means "go inside place" out of English Bay. Paull says this is a confusion of location caused by the marriage of a Coquitlam Indian to an Indian River Indian. The Coquitlam Indians came down to Port Moody on their way to Indian River, and the name attached itself to

the upper end of the inlet. Properly, it should be spelt "Inlailwatash," and refers to Indian River Indian reservation. Paull knows of no name for the inlet.

STEETS-E-MAH.

Dick Isaacs: "An old channel, once a stream of Seymour Creek, now dry, a mile east of the main part of Seymour Creek, and once part of it. The dry old channel is said still to be seen, just west of the Seymour Creek pipe line road, where it leaves the main channel. At one time, Steetsemah was a very popular resort for Indian fishermen, lots of crab, fish, salmon, etc., etc., caught there, and old Indians speak of it with enthusiasm when referring to it as a fishing ground."

Tim Moody: "Little creek east of Seymour Creek; lots of salmon, trout, crab."

August Kitsilano: "Don't know meaning; shall have to ask old people."

Paull: "Not sure of meaning; it may be it means something about 'little river.'"

CHAY-CHUL-WUK.

Seymour Creek.

Paull: "Chay-chil-whoak or Chay-chil-whuk, derived from word for 'near' or 'narrow'; perhaps refers to Second Narrows, but it is the name of Seymour Creek."

Hill-Tout: "Chay-chil-whoak."

Tim Moody: "Chay-chil-whak."

August Kitsilano: "Chay-chil-woak, Seymour Creek, just a name, no meaning."

WHA-WHE-WHY.

A location on the shore between Seymour Creek and Lynn Creek, east of a small slough.

Dick Isaacs: "'The little place of masks'; it is diminutive of Whoi-Whoi, 'masks' in Stanley Park."

Paull: "Whqa-whi-qwa. It means 'the little place where masks were made.' A shingle mill stood there on the Seymour Reserve."

Tate: "'Swhy-whee,' that is really the name of the mask itself. Whenever an important person died, they performed the swhywhee, or death dance."

KWA-HUL-CHA.

Lynn Creek, also shown on Jemmett's Indian Reservation map of 1880 as "Fred's Creek."

Hill-Tout: "Whoal-cha."

August Kitsilano: "Hal-cha, just a name."

Paull: "Kha-ul-cha."

Dick Isaacs: "Hahrl-cha."

Tim Moody: "Harl-cha."

Tate: "Khaalcha or Khaulcha is best spelling."

UTH-KYME.

A small slough at the foot of the hill east of Moodyville, crossed by a concrete bridge now.

Dick Isaacs: "Uth-kyme, snakes there, lots of them. Indian no use for snakes. When white man come they all go away."

Hill-Tout: "Whal-skyme, means 'serpent pond.'"

Tim Moody: "Whath-kyme, little slough east of Moodyville."

Jim Franks: "Uth-kyme, not Whal-skyme; snakes."

Paull: "Uth-ka-yum. Snake slough, where the concrete bridge is east of Moodyville."

Tate: "'Uth' means 'snake.'"

KHATS-NICH OR HAATS-NICH.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Captain Chas. W. Gates told me, 25 October 1951, that old Peel-Kway-lune (Joe Thomas) told him before he died recently at the age of 86, that the name of the No. 3 Indian Reserve and Seymour Creek was Haats-nich, but if it is, I think the spelling would be more correct as Khahts-nich. J.S. Matthews.

SAHIX.

A point of land where the Moodyville Sawmill stood.

August Kitsilano: "Siox, it means 'point of land.'"

Tim Moody: "Say-yix."

Dick Isaacs: "Sahix."

Paull: "Sahix. Not a headland, although its appearance suggests a bold bluff rising out of a low shore spreading from the First to the Second Narrows, but literally, a 'cape' or 'point.'"

Tate: "Don't know word."

EST-AHL-TOHK.

Location almost at Ferry Landing, North Vancouver, but a little to the eastward of Lonsdale Avenue.

Paull: "Estahltohk was at the mouth of a small creek which emptied into Burrard Inlet beside McAllister's Mill, now gone, just east, about 100 yards, of the ferry landing at North Vancouver and a few feet east of Wallace's Shipyards. It means 'a large pretty house is built there.'"

UST-LAWN.

The little harbour and creek around which is now gathered the North Vancouver Indian Reserve and church; otherwise, the mouth of Mission Creek.

Hill-Tout: "Stlawn."

August Kitsilano: "Sla-han."

Tim Moody: "Ustlaun."

North Vancouver Indian woman: "Us-slawn, not Slawn."

Dick Isaacs: "Slaan, right here where I live, a little harbour and cove used to be here."

Paull: "Us-tla-aun, the little creek where the Home Oil Co.'s tanks are now at the foot of Bewicke Street. It means 'head of bay.'"

TLATH-MAH-ULK.

Hill-Tout: "It means 'saltwater creek.' Tlas-tlem-mough."

Paull: "Tlath-mah-ulk or Klath-mah-ulk, Mackey Creek."

August Kitsilano: "Klas-malk or Klasmauk, exactly where the Capilano Timber Co.'s mill is at the foot of Pemberton Avenue. It means 'saltwater.'"

Tim Moody: "Tlas-maulk."

Tate: "Klasmaulk is the best spelling."

HO-MUL-CHE-SON.

The name of the village and fortified huts which formerly stood on the east bank at the mouth of the Homulcheson Creek, now called the Capilano River.

Paull: "Homultcheson, just a name, no meaning."

Hill-Tout: "Homultchison."

Kitsilano: "Homultchisin."

Dick Isaacs: "Homul-tchit-son; used to be Indian houses there."

Rev. C.M. Tate: "I doubt whether the village was palisaded." (See Haxten, aged Indian woman interpreted by Andrew Paull.) "More likely, the huts were loop holed; that is the only form of fortification I ever saw anywhere. The Indians cut holes in the cedar walls and when attacked retired to their houses, and shot their arrows at the enemy through those holes." (See drawing in Captain Cook's Voyages at Nootka.) "Inside the earthen floor was frequently two or three or even more feet below the bottom of the wooden wall, and thus gave additional protection."

For Capilano, refer [to] narratives.

For the story of Kokohaluk, see Andrew Paull's (Qoitchetahl) narrative, *The Burning of Homulcheson*, etc.

PROSPECT POINT, HOMULCHESON, CAPILANO, KIAKEN.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Conversation, August Jack Khatsahlano, 12 September 1940. (See page 475, *Coast Indians* [blue bound book, small], Hill-Tout's report, 1900, to British Association for Advancement of Science: "Kiaken, i.e. palisade, or fenced village, a place on Burrard Inlet.)

August: "He must mean the time the Fort Rupert Indians came to capture a woman." (See Story of Kokohaluk in *Early Vancouver*.) "The Squamish stole a woman, and the Fort Rupert Indians came to get her, but she did not want to go; that was where they put the poles around" (stockade) "and she came out and told the Fort Rupert Indians to go away or they would all be killed, and they would have to fight if they stayed where they were as there were a lot of men inside, but *actually, there were only five women*. So they retired across the Narrows to Prospect Point, and that was where the Squamish men were in hiding; the Fort Rupert men ran into them, and they all got killed." (Still another version of the old tradition.)

SWY-WEE.

Dick Isaacs: "Swy-wee, a slough or lagoon a short distance west of mouth of Capilano River, and approximately at the foot of Eleventh Street produced."

Tim Moody: "Swy-wee."

August Kitsilano: "Swy-wee."

Hill-Tout: "Swai-wi."

Paull: "Swy-wee, a name which indicates a species of smelts, and possibly refers to where the Indians caught them. I think the name is derived from Sway-we, i.e. smelts."

Tate: "'Swee-wah' or oolichan fish are very much like smelts, and no doubt all those inlets were at one time infested with those fish. I know several which were, but no longer are."

W.S. Jemmett's survey of Indian Reservation on Burrard Inlet, etc., 1880, in possession of Andrew Paull, secretary, Squamish Indian Council, shows "grass" around the slough, and "beaver dams" at its head inland.

Tradition says Indians spread nets or fish weirs, hurdle nets, etc., across the mouth of the slough.

WEST VANCOUVER SHORELINE.

Tim Moody says there was never any special name for the West Vancouver shoreline as there was for Point Grey (Ulksen).

CHUT-AUM.

Navy Jack's Point, West Vancouver

Hill-Tout: "Kitch-ahm."

Dick Isaacs: "Kitch-ahm, a point which sticks out west of Swy-wee."

Tim Moody: "Chid-auml." Considerable difficulty in interpreting sound; sometimes seemed like "sl-ahm."

Paull: "Chut-alm or chut-aum."

Tate: "Chutaum is a good way to spell it."

August Kitsilano: "A point, Navy Jack's Point. Means 'a mix-up.' The tide flowing and the back eddy along the shore meet at the point, and cause a choppy water, i.e. 'mix-up.' Pronounce 'Cha-tahm.'"

SMUL-LA-QUA.

Hill-Tout: "Smul-lah-kwah."

Dick Isaacs: "Smul-lah-qua, a little bay west of Chutaum."

Paull: "Smul-lah-qua, a place west of Dundarave."

Dick Isaacs adds: "A little cupped bay, two miles east of Stuckale, small creek there."

Jim Franks: "Old people go there get Mowich," (food) "nice quiet place, little bay high rocks on bank, little gravel beach, only three-quarters mile west of Dundarave." (Not so far west as Stuckale.) "Matthias Capilano's people go there long time ago."

Tate: "Smullaqua is good spelling."

August Kitsilano: "A lot of people, I think, killed there, something terrible, may be eight or nine men, perhaps in canoe, all killed one time, in fight or war; not by accident, or drowning, but killed."

Paull: "It may be that it has some reference to the fight for Kokohaluk, the noblewoman. I don't know."

August Haatsalano: "It means 'a thigh' (upper part of leg). I don't know why."

STUCK-ALE.

Where the Great North Cannery is at Sherman.

Hill-Tout: "Stuck-hail."

Tim Moody: "Stuck-ale."

Dick Isaacs: "Stuck-hail, now Great Northern Cannery."

August Kitsilano: "Stuc-k-hail. 'Stuck' is a rude word for smell. That's why we say 'Stuckale,' so our children not become rude. A bad smell, such as made by a skunk; Skunk Cove" (Caulfield) "not far away. Terrible bad smell."

Paull: "Stuckale; it means literally expelling human gas."

J.F. Noble, friend of Indians, Standard Bank Building: "There is a man living back of Caulfield who has for years been lighting his house with natural gas; I wonder if that seeped out and created a smell which the Indians thought very bad." (See Skunk Cove, below.)

Tate: "Stuckale is good spelling."

WEST VANCOUVER, STUCKALE, MARR CREEK.

West Vancouver Hollyburn Oil Co. Ltd. (drill for petroleum), 1914. A paragraph in the prospectus of this company (see docket) reads: "For more than twenty years, oil seepages have been known and reported by old timers as occurring in this district. Seven years ago, George Marr, a homesteader on D.L. 815, attempted to sink a well for domestic use, but states he was compelled to abandon and refill it on account of the too abundant gas and oil seepage. This District lot is included in the Company's stakings. Upon a portion of it occurs a phenomenal seepage of black crude oil or petroleum, located by Mr. Albert B. Whieldon, a practical oil man of many years experience in the Pennsylvania and Ohio oil fields, who will now assume the active management and supervision of the company's operations. A sample of the seepage petroleum on D.L. 815, West Vancouver is: Naphtha, 24.71, Burning oil 35.08, Lubricating oil 20.02, Residue 20.19 = 100. Assayed by G.G. West, Provincial Assayer." The prospectus is dated 24 June 1914.

SKUNK COVE.

August Haatsalano: "It must have a name, but I don't know it."

STUCKALE.

The Indian name for the location of the Great Northern Cannery at Sherman, West Vancouver, is Stuckale. "Stuck" is a rude word for smell, such as made by a skunk. "Stuckale" means "Terribly bad smell."

In or about 1931, J.F. Noble, a friend of the Squamish Indians, office in Standard Bank Building, told me (see *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, Vol. 2) "There is a man living back of Caulfield who has for years been lighting his house with natural gas; I wonder if that seeped out and created a smell which the Indians thought very bad."

SKAY-WIT-SUT.

Point Atkinson. Accent on Skay.

Hill-Tout: "Skay-awat-sut. Point Atkinson."

August Kitsilano: "Ska-whut-soot."

Dick Isaacs: "Skay-wit-sut."

Tim Moody: "Skay-wit-sut, means 'going around point.'"

Jim Franks: "Skay-wit-sut."

Tate: "Skaywitsut is best spelling."

Paull: "Skaywitsut, means 'go around point.'"

CHULKS.

Paull: "Kew Beach. Chulks."

August Kitsilano: "Erwin Point, Chulks, north of Point Atkinson, south of Eagle Harbour, where there is, on the southern tip and in a crevasse facing south, a huge rock or stone five or six feet in diameter. It means 'a sling with a stone in it'; it is the one which the Gods threw at Mt. Garibaldi, and which missed the mountain." [NOTE ADDED LATER: "A big rock stuck in a crack," says Haatsalano.]

See long narrative by August Kitsilano on this legend.

KEE-KHAAL-SUM.

Eagle Harbour.

Hill-Tout: "Ke-tlals'm, i.e. 'nipping grass,' so called because the deer go there in spring to eat the fresh grass."

Dick Isaacs: "Kee-khaal-sum, Eagle Harbour."

August Kitsilano: "Ke-car-sum, Eagle Harbour. It means 'cook fish,' you know, Indians cook fish with stick split down from top little way, slip fish in slit, stick other end sharp stick in ground, toast fish in front of camp fire."

Paull: "Kitsilano is wrong. It is a nice little bay, small creek Kee-khaal-sum, bear and deer used to go there to gnaw. It means, well, you know what beaver do, gnaw, chew things. The animals used to go there to gnaw, probably grass and young buds in spring."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Eagle or Grebe Islands: "No name," says Haatsalano. "Indians buried dead on inside island. Used to be a tree on it and, nearly always, an eagle on the top of tree."

STOAK-TUX.

Paull: "Stoaktux, means 'all cut up,' that is, the rocks are all cut up in channels, fluted, a little bay, picnic ground; ferry runs to Bowen Island from there. Stuk-tuks is too abrupt; abruptness destroys sense of root from which it is derived. Stoaktux is better; it means that the rocks are all cut up into channels along the shore. Fisherman's Cove."

August Kitsilano: "Stuck-tooks, on Howe Sound, north of Point Atkinson, big dance hall there now. The southwestern tip of Whytecliff Point, and nor-nor-west of Whyte Island. It is about 150 feet south of a house which stands there."

CHA-HAI.

Horse Shoe Bay.

Hill-Tout: "Tchakqai. Horse Shoe Bay."

Tim Moody: "Cha-hye."

Dick Isaacs: "Cha-hye."

August Kitsilano: "Cha-hy. A big bay facing north, Horse Shoe Bay. It means that peculiar sizzling noise, similar to that made when frying bacon in a pan, but which is made by myriads of small fish—smelts do it—moving in the water." Note: at one time this faint noise could be heard almost any summer's evening at Kitsilano Beach. It is made by shoals of smelt swimming in the shallow water on the beach; it is said to be caused by the wriggling of their tails.

Paull: "What August Kitsilano says may be true. Be sure to make it 'Cha'" (to distinguish it from Mt. Garibaldi.) "Cha-hai."

TUMBTH.

Hill-Tout: "Means 'paint.'"

Paull: "Tumbth means the red paint with which warriors and maidens adorned their faces for war, ceremonies, dances; maidens for beautification, warriors for war and ceremonies. White woman do it too, only pay big price at drug stores for same thing in fancy boxes."

EYE-SY-ICH.

Paull: "The general term applied to 'protected waters,' which it means, inside Passenger Island and between Point Atkinson and Gibson's Landing. It means 'sheltered waters.'"

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Haatsalano: "'Eye-syche' is any 'protected water'; in English 'a channel.' There are several 'eye-syche' in Howe Sound; channels between islands and mainland."

SUPPLEMENTARY, AND UNVERIFIED.

KWY-YOWHKA.

Steveston, B.C.

August Kitsilano: "Qy-youka, or Kwy-yowhk."

WHY-KIT-SEN.

Terra Nova Cannery, south end Sea Island.

August Kitsilano: "Why-kit-sen."

TUM-TA-MAYH-TUN.

"Old Orchard."

Chief Matthias Capilano: "Tumtamayhtun was an Indian place afterwards known to whitemen as 'Old Orchard [near loco].'"

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Haatsalano: "No, at Belcarra, not loco."

CHE-CHE-YOH-EE.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Haatsalano: "The Lions opposite Vancouver."

Meaning: "Twins."

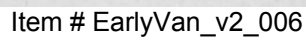
INDIAN SURGERY, MARPOLE, B.C.

Trepanning at least 1000 years ago.



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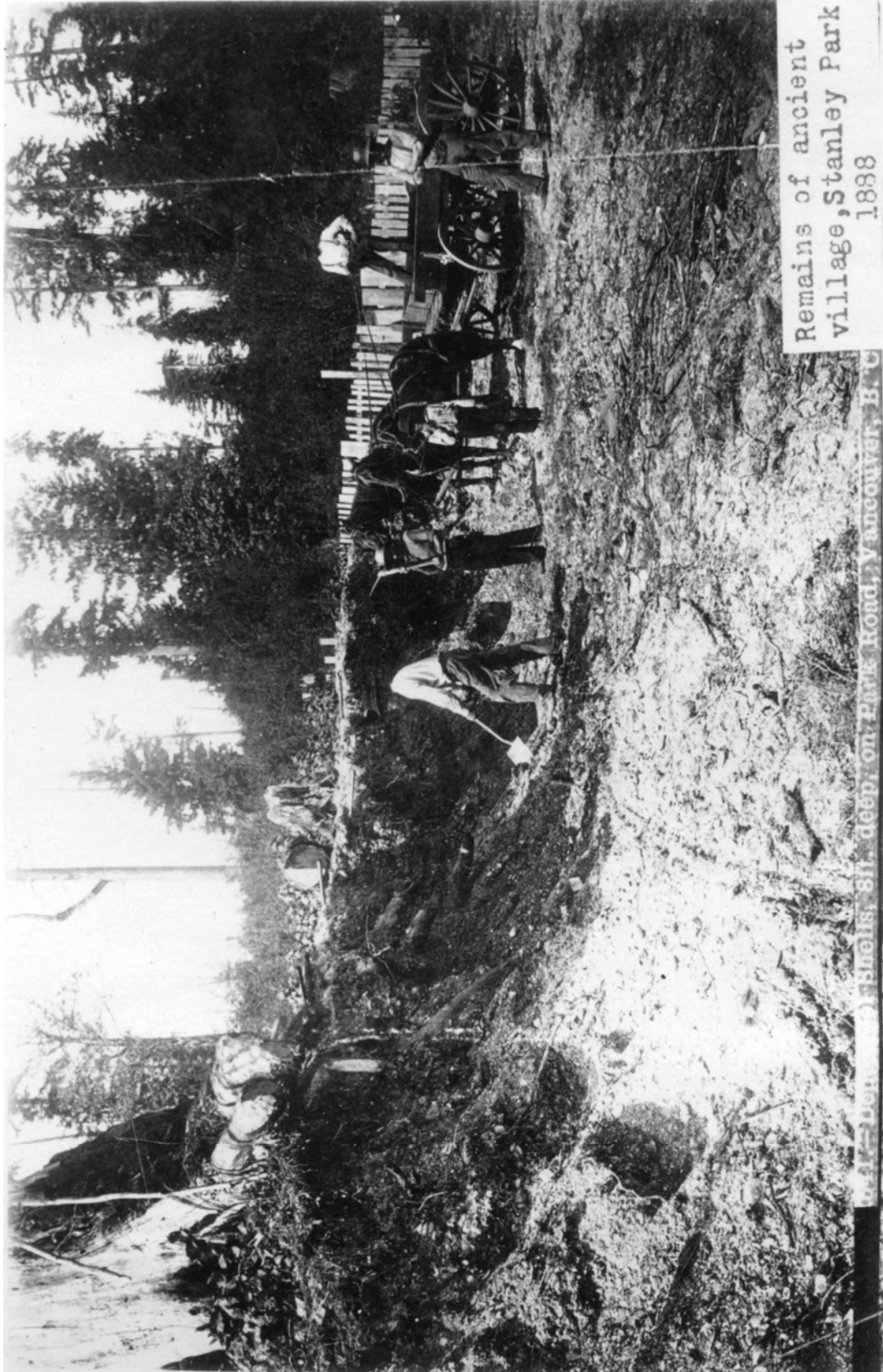
INDIAN VILLAGES AND LANDMARKS
BURREARD INLET AND ENGLISH BAY
BEFORE THE WHITEMAN CAME





'THE MISSION' (USTLAWN)
NORTH VANC'O'R INDIAN RESERVE
Late 1889 or early 1890

Item # EarlyVan_v2_007



Item # EarlyVan_v2_008

THE NAME “KITSILANO.”

“Capilano” and “Kitsilano,” assumed by many to be Indian names, are actually neither English nor Indian, but a concoction of both created within recent years, and derived from Indian man, not Indian places.

Some time prior to July 1905, the Canadian Pacific Railway requested the late Jonathan Miller, an early resident of Granville and its constable, afterwards for many years the first postmaster of Vancouver, to furnish them with a suitable name for a subdivision of land adjacent to Greer’s Beach. Mr. Miller invoked Professor Chas. Hill-Tout’s, F.R.S.C., F.R.A.I., profound knowledge of Indian matters. Professor Hill-Tout writes, 8 May 1931:

To the best of my knowledge it came about in the following manner.

The name by which the Kitsilano district was first known was “Greer’s Beach,” so called because a squatter by the name of Greer had erected a dwelling there, near the beach.

The land was afterwards in control of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and when they opened it up for settlement (note, about 1910), they desired to give the district a more suitable name than Greer’s Beach, and, knowing that Mr. Jonathan Miller, who was then postmaster of Vancouver, was on friendly terms with the Indians, they requested him to find an appropriate name for the settlement.

Mr. Miller referred the request to me; knowing that I had given considerable time and study to the customs, habits and place names of the local tribe. After some little consideration, I chose the hereditary name of one of the chiefs of the Squamish people, namely *Kates-ee-lan-ogh*, and modified it after the manner in which *Kapilano* has been modified by dropping the final guttural. We thus got the word *Kates-ee-lano*. This Mr. Miller or the C.P.R. authorities further modified by changing the long ‘a’ in the first syllable into an ‘i,’ and thus we have *Kitsilano*.

You may be interested to know that the Indian pronunciation of *Kapilano* was *Kee-ap-ee-lan-ogh*. This also was an hereditary name [*not quite correct; hardly “hereditary,” but conferred much as the title of a Royal Duke is*] of the chief who lived near the mouth of the river which we know by this name. Both names have the same ending, *lanogh*. This suffix signifies *man*. We find it also in another of their names; thus, *Kalanogh*, meaning the *first man*.

I could not learn what the significance of the first part of the other two hereditary names was; the Indians did not appear to know it themselves. The terms are very ancient.

(Signed) Chas. Hill-Tout

Note: Tate says, “Thit-see-mah-lah-nough” was chief at Musqueam. Paull and August Kitsilano dispute the hereditary character of both names. The facts appear to be contrary to Indian custom, which indicate that when a child reached a certain age of responsibility, the child was given a traditional name.

Qoitchetahl (Andrew Paull) was a grown man when given this name. Joe Capilano was given the name “Capilano” at a ceremony after he became chief. Layhulette, or Mary, daughter of Chief Matthias Joe (Capilano) was given hers by her great-grandmother.

The first appearance in print of the name “Kitsilano” was a newspaper announcement stating that Postmaster Miller had, approximately 1905 or earlier, adopted it as the name of a new sub-post office to serve the district known as Greer’s Beach—actually, no such post office was ever established. It remained unused for some time, until one morning the legend “Kitsilano” appeared on two or three street cars which inaugurated the service on the Kitsilano Street car line, and thus brought the name prominently to public notice. Geo. S. Hutchings, who lived on York and Balsam streets, says this was Dominion Day 1905. Subsequently, approximately 1909 (first lot sold by C.P.R. October 1909), the land north of the C.P.R. right of way was placed for sale, and the name quickly applied itself to this area. Gradually, the name spread from the small arc of land surrounding Greer’s Beach, pushed Fairview back eastward—Fairview once extended to Trafalgar Street, the city boundary; there was no other name for it prior to the adoption of Kitsilano—and as the settlement extended further westward into the clearing westwards towards Alma Road, and southwards towards Broadway, the name Kitsilano followed the settlement until now, 1933, it comprises a great section of land spreading from the Kitsilano Indian

Reserve to Jericho and southwards over an undefined area being—generally speaking—the flat land behind Kitsilano Beach, the face of the hill, and the flat land between Trafalgar Street and Alma Road back as far as the hills. It is somewhat hard to say where Kitsilano stops, and where Fairview, Talton Place, Shaughnessy Heights, Quilchena, Dunbar Heights and Jericho start.

Tate, early Indian missionary, says it is “impossible” to reproduce in English the sound as the Indian pronounced Kitsilano.

Tate spells it Haat-sa-lah-nough, the last syllable like “lough” in Scottish” or “nough” in enough.

Hill-Tout spells it Khātsalanoogh and Qātsilānōq.

August Kitsilano, grandson of Chief of the name, signs his name August “Haatsalano.”

NOTE ADDED LATER:

In 26 August 1938, by deed poll, August Jack adopted the name “August Jack Khatsahlano.” (Original declaration in City Archives.)

THE LEGEND OF HAATSA-LAH-NOUGH (KHAT-SAH-LANO, KITSILANO).

As related by Que-yah-chulk (Dick Isaacs of North Vancouver Indian Reserve) with the assistance of Andrew Paul (Qoitchetahl), 7 November 1932. Que-yah-chulk is probably seventy years old, speaks English excellently, is active physically and mentally, says he remembers Mr. Derrick who built the first church in Granville in 1876 when “I was a boy then,” lost one arm working in the Hastings Sawmill in 1886, cannot read or write, and is a brother to the late celebrated character, Aunt Sally, “prehistoric” resident of Stanley Park. He lives with his daughter and grandchildren; his brother has just died. Queyahchulk says:

“Haatsalanough name very old, used by Indians long before Chief Haatsalanough of Chaythoos, Stanley Park and Toktakami, near Squamish.

“Haatsalanough of ancient days, long years ago, was visiting down near Point Roberts at a point where there is now an Indian Reserve at a place called English Bluff; his wife was with him.

“A woman of the tribe broke the moral code; her punishment was that she should be deserted by her tribe.

“Haatsalanough decided to leave the place with the others, and said to his wife, ‘where shall we go,’ and then said, ‘Oh, I know good place; lots of elk, beaver, deer, salmon, duck, fine place, plenty food, plenty cedar.’”

“Moose?” interjected Andrew Paull.

“No, no moose,” replied Queyahchulk. “Only elk.”

“That,” said Paull, and Queyahchulk nodded assent, “was how the first man Haatsalanough came to settle at Snauc” (Kitsilano Indian Reserve.)

Then Paull added, “My wife’s grandmother, very old woman, said to be 112 years old, anyway it is easy to see she is over 100, told me the story in the same way. She is Mrs. Harriet George, her Indian name Haxten.”

She died about 1938—see obituary book. Not 112, or anything like it.

Residents in Kitsilano who arrived as recently as the early years of the twentieth century can recall the enormous number of ducks which frequented False Creek in winter as recently as 1900 and 1902 or 1904. From the verandah of his clapboard cottage on the shore at the foot of Ash Street, the writer has often shot them. The last muskrats caught in the swamp back of Kitsilano Beach were caught in the slough where Creelman Street now is, just prior to the filling in of this swamp by the pumping of sand from False Creek in 1913. Salmon swam up this slough as far as the corner of Third Avenue and Cedar Street as late, at least, as 1900, and up to Eighth Avenue in Mount Pleasant. The creek at Bayswater Street was

infested with trout, and also the slough which ran about under the Henry Hudson School. The trees on the Kitsilano Indian Reserve were cut down just after the Great War; before the Great War, there were coon in those trees. In 1900, hundreds of thousands of salmon were caught, more than the canneries could handle, were thrown away, and littered the beach at Kitsilano with stinking decaying fish, which illuminates the quantity of fish available for food before the white man came. Smelts could be gathered in the fingers, an old hat, a tin dish, or raked up the sand with a garden rake.

<h2>Indian War Dances 1934 To Feature Rotary Ice Carnival Dec. 7</h2> <p>Scenes harking back to the days of the colorful Indian war dance will form a feature of the Rotary ice carnival at the Arena on December 7, it is announced.</p> <p>Verna Miles Fraser, well-known Vancouver fancy skater, will lead a troupe of twenty child skaters, decked in Indian costumes, through the colorful weaving and fantastic actions of the war dance to the tune of throbbing tom-toms.</p> <p>Well-known Indian celebrities who</p>	<p>will assist in the staging of this event are Andy Paul (Te Quatchetahl), Chief Joe Mathias and August Jack (Haatsalano). Tepees will be pitched on the ice with campfires before them. Special lighting effects will create the illusion of a moonlit lake.</p> <p>Isabelle McEwen, well-known soprano, in Indian costume, will sing the "Indian Love Call" as a climax to the feature.</p> <p>Internationally famous skaters from Eastern Canada and the United States, as well as B. C. celebrities of the ice, will make the Rotary ice carnival this year the most entertaining and spectacular in the club's history, state carnival executives. "Province"</p>
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First appearance of name "Haatsalano" in print. August Jack had never used the name of his grandfather until, in 1931, Major Matthews insisted that he adopt it. Major M. started it by addressing letters to Mr. August J. Haatsalano, Lower Capilano Post Office.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_009



AUGUST KITSILANO, (1932), grandson of Chief HAATSA-LA-NOUGH

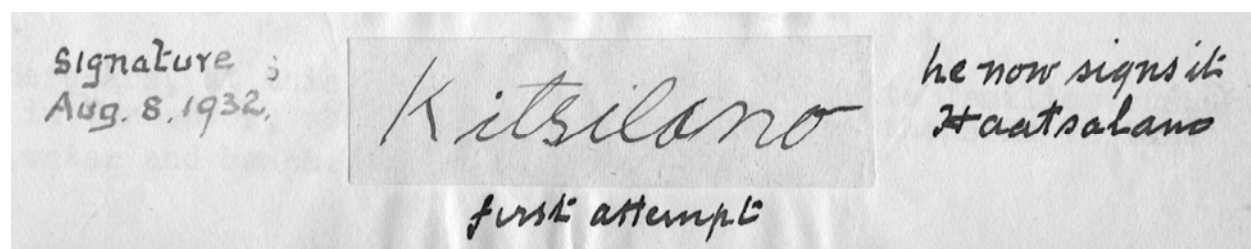
Item # EarlyVan_v2_010

The first photograph of August (Jack) Haatsalano. 56 years old—never previously photographed. Steffens-Colmer Photo, Vancouver.

Cap: eagle's feathers, white patch of rabbit (winter) skins, cloth medallions made by his daughter.

Coat: leather, adorned with little club shaped, flat, painted wood. Hard wood to make noise, when dancing especially.

Trousers, etc. Trousers of cotton, wool socks, coloured, and moccasins. Moccasins have rattles but were not worn on this occasion; same as rattles on chest.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_011

THE INDIAN FOOD SUPPLY BEFORE THE WHITEMANS CAME. AUGUST KITSILANO.

"Whitemans food change everything," said August Kitsilano in a conversation on 26 October 1932 while we sat at lunch in a downtown restaurant. "Indians had plenty food long ago, but I could not do without tea and sugar now. Them days, Indians not want tea and sugar; know nothing about it. Lots meat, bear, deer, beaver; cut meat up in strips and dry, no part wasted, not even the guts. Clean out the guts, fill him up with something good, make sausage, just like whitemans; only head wasted, throw head away. Then salmon. Plenty salmon, sturgeon, flounder, trout, lots all sorts fish, some sun dry, some smoke dry. Indian know which best wood for smoke dry; lots crab and clam on beach.

"Then berries. Indian woman know how to dry berries, dry lots berries, just like raisins. Dry them first, then press in pancakes, make them in blocks like pancakes, about three pounds to block," (here he made a sign of piling them up in piles.) (Rev. C.M. Tate says, "big, flat compressed cakes.") "stack cakes in high pile in house; when want cook, break piece off. Elderberry put in sack, you know Indian sack; put sack in creek so clean water run over them and keep them fresh. By and by get sack out of creek, take some berry out, put sack back again. Oh, lots of berries 'til berries come again.

"Then vegetables and roots. Indian woman gather vegetables and roots. Woman dig roots with sharp stick, down deep, sometimes four feet, follow root with stick, break off; some very nice for eating, some" (fern root) "make white flour powder, some dry for winter. Oh, lots of food those days. I think maybe three thousand, perhaps more, Indians live around Vancouver those days.

"But whitemans food change everything. Everywhere whitemans goes he change food, China, other place, he always change food where he goes.

"I was born at Snauq, the old Indian village under the Burrard bridge. When I little boy, I listen old people talk. Old people say Indians see first whitemans up near Squamish. When they see first ship they think it an island with three dead trees, might be schooner, might be sloop, two masts and bowsprit, sails tied up. Indian braves in about twenty canoes come down Squamish river, go see. Get nearer, see men on island, men have black clothes with high hat coming to point at top, think most likely black uniform and great coat turned up collar like priest's cowl. Whitemans give Indians ship's biscuit; Indian not know what biscuit for. Before whitemans come Indians have little balls, not very big, roll them along ground shoot at them with bow and arrow for practice, teach young Indians so as not to miss deer; just the same you use clay pigeon. Indian not know ship's biscuit good to eat, so roll them along ground like little practice balls, shoot at them, break them up." (Sign as of bowling a cricket ball "underhand.")

MOLASSES FOR STIFF LEGS.

"Then whitemans on schooner give molasses, same time biscuit. Indian not know what it for, so Indian rub on leg" (thighs and calves) "for medicine. You know Indian sit on legs for long time in canoe; legs get stiff; rub molasses on legs make stiffness not so bad. Molasses stick legs bottom of canoe. Molasses not much good for stiff legs, but my ancestors think so; not their fault, just mistake—they not know molasses good to eat." And then August Kitsilano laughed heartily.

There are, at this moment, well over 6,000 white families supported by "relief" in Vancouver, where formerly three to five thousand Indians lived off land, water and beach.

INDIANS OF ISLAND FEARED FIRST SHIP

PROVINCE ————— 1934

Thought Rice Dead Worms And Used Molasses to Repair Canoes.

NANAIMO, Nov. 30.—Moses Ward, native son of Nanaimo Indian Reserve, unfolded an interesting story, handed down to him by his late father, at the annual banquet of Nanaimo Pioneers' Association, commemorating the arrival of the historic Princess Royal eighty years ago, that brought the first coal miners from Staffordshire, England.

"Well, Till'cums," the Indian said, "when the schooner was sighted by my ancestors, they thought it was a big anima. One hundred skookum Redmen were selected to paddle out to meet it. They were frightened when they saw the smoking clay pipe in the captain's mouth and his 'toeless' feet, clad in shoes. The captain called 'Charko,' meaning 'Come.' The Indians refused until a box of biscuits was thrown to them. Climbing

aboard ship they were given presents of rice, which they thought were dead worms, and molasses, which they used for pitch to repair their canoes. A shining axe blade was attached to a cedar bough and worn as an ornament by the chief."

When its use was explained the following day, the new axe was rented to the Indians for a blanket, which collected enough blankets for a potlatch. Two thousand Indians were encamped at Departure Bay at that time, the speaker said.

Ex-Mayor Busby, the chairman, introduced Mrs. Tom Glaholm, first white child born here, and John Meakin, who came to Canada on the Princess Royal.

John Shaw reviewed the history of the society, which started with thirty members three years ago, and now has two hundred.

Folks of all ages joined lustily in community singing, led by J. Bertram, and Mrs. H. Freeman, D. Manson and R. Robertson took part in a programme that followed the supper.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_012

AUGUST KITSILANO.

The following is a copy of a statement made by August Jack or August Kitsilano, grandson of Chief Haatsalanough of Chaythoos and Squamish, to Major J.S. Matthews, 8 August 1932.

It is a hastily drawn up paper, typewritten by Major Matthews as August Kitsilano talked.

The Archives
Old City Hall
Main Street
Vancouver, B.C.

8 August 1932

This is the way it is. Haatsa-lah-nough was born at Toktakamik [*for Tuk-tpak-mik*], Squamish River. He was dead in Stanley Park here [*died in Stanley Park*], bury him Squamish. My father was Supplejack, his Indian name was Hay-tilk, [*Tate says, "I knew a Hra-tilt," Paull says, "Hey-tulk"*] and he was died in the Stanley Park, and they had him in a, you know, it is *not* buried; that is, the way, you know, how they used to do; they make little house, all glass around it; and after that they move him to Squamish, bury him, oh, that was, may be, that was the time they were making that road, Stanley Park, and they move him. They have little house, my father was inside, [*flying in a canoe – JSM*] they have glass all around, and red blankets on top, on the top of house.

Haatsa-lah-nough did not move to Snauq, just his brother Chip-kaay-am. Haatsa-lah-nough, he died before we move to Snauq. Chip-kaay-am was the first one to go to Snauq to live. His brother-in-law Hay-not-tem go with him, I could not say how long ago, long time ago. Chip-kaay-am was buried in graveyard at Snauq. Haatsa-lah-nough was the chief at Tookparkamike. Chip-kaay-am come from Squamish and go to Snauq; my father, his brother, go to Stanley Park, just below Whoi-Whoi [*Lumberman's Arch*] to Chaysloos, means high bank, like that [*gesticulates with hand high above head*] west of where the stream comes out of the little lake you call Beaver Lake. You know where that pipe line crosses to Capilano, you see that clear place, that is the place.

My mother was Sally, Indian name Qwhay-wat, born at Yek-waup-sum Reserve, Squamish, she came with my father from Squamish. She died in Snauq, False Creek, about twenty-six years ago, and is buried at Squamish, buried at Yekwaupsum graves. Haatsalanough's wife died before I was born, don't know her name. I remember my mother telling me about my grandfather very well; he was pretty husky, big, strong, stout man, but pretty old. Haatsalanough died when I was about three years old, and that is what my mother was telling me about my grandfather.

I asked August Jack if "Capilano" was the title of the chief of the Squamish tribe, and "Haatsalanough" the vice-chief of the Squamish tribe before the white man came. (See Hill-Tout, page 476, *Ethnological Survey of Canada*, B.A.A.S. Bradford meeting, 1900, who says he was; also see Andrew Paull, secretary Squamish Indian Council, who, 1932, says this is incorrect.) August Kitsilano replied:

No. They did not make one man the big chief over a number of lesser ones; all were equal, and ruled in their own reserves only. You see, coming down Squamish River, there are four reserves. Each one had its own chief, all equal; they did not make any one bigger than the other.

So when Haatsalanough moved to Stanley Park, he did not give up his position as chief at Took-tak-mek; they simply moved back and forth, dried some smelts, salmon, clams, berries; and when the winter came on, went back to Squamish.

My father Hay-tilk [*Supplejack*] had a brother. His whitemans name was Peter, his Indian name Kee-olst [*for Kee-olch*]. He is dead, buried at Musqueam. His wife was from Musqueam, and he stayed there all the time. I don't know her name. They had children; all dead excepting two. Alex is the oldest, Lucy is the youngest. Alex lives at Musqueam; Lucy is staying at North Vancouver Mission, not married. Alex must be about 48 now.

My brothers and sisters were Louisa, the oldest; she died at Snauq, buried at Poquiosin Reserve, she married Mr. Burds, whiteman, and has two children now living: a daughter who married a whiteman who lives over by Magee Road; a son is at North Vancouver, Dave Burds.

Cecile is next; all her children are dead. She married Joe Isaacs, Indian; she is dead. Willie Jack, my brother, was next. He died. He had a big family, but all died. When my father died, my mother some years afterwards married Jericho Charlie, his Indian name Chin-nal-sut. I have a half-brother, their son is Dominic. He has children.

I am the youngest and only one living. My children are Emma, Celistine, Wilfred, Irene and Louisa; all same mother; my wife's name is Marianne [*or Marrion*], her Indian name Swanamia. She is the only one now who wears a shawl; all the other Indian women wear coats now. My first wife died; no children.

(signed) August Jack Kitsilano

Witness: J.S. Matthews

Note: this statement was read over to August—he cannot read or write—and he approved of it, and signed his name in ink—I guided his hand and pen.

August distinctly pronounces Kitsilano as Haatsalano, not Khaatsa. Hill-Tout says Khaat, Tate says “no, Haats.” Every indication is that Hill-Tout put in one too many Ks.

Letter, No. 4806 from F.J.C. Ball, Indian Agent, 822 Metropolitan Building, Vancouver, 12 August 1932:

“I regret that we have no record of birth, death or marriage of the father of August Jack, but according to our records there are no surviving children other than August Jack, whose age is shown on our books as 54 (fifty-four) but there is no baptismal certificate on file.” (The certificate is in City Archives.)

AUGUST (JACK) KITSILANO OR HAATSALANO.

Conversation with August Jack, son of Hay-tulk (Supplejack), grandson of Chief Haatsa-lah-nough of Chaythoos, Stanley Park, 7 July 1932.

“I don't know my great-grandfather's name; it was not Haatsa-la-nough, but he had at least two sons, for one was my grandfather and the other his brother Chief Chip-kaay-am, called Chief George. My mother told me my grandfather Haatsalanough's hair was quite black when he died; she remarked especially upon it at his advanced age; it was ninety or more when he died. He had lived at Tooktakamai, up the Squamish River; he was born there.

“Haatsalahnough and his brother Chip-kaay-am came down from Squamish. Chip-kaay-am was the first man to settle and build a village at Snauq” (Kitsilano Indian Reserve) “where he and his brother-in-law, Hay-not-em, the father of Chief Andrews, built a great potlatch house. Chip-kaay-am was known as a good kind man” (see Rev. C.M. Tate) “and a devout Christian. He was known as Chief George by the whitemen, and lived at Snauq all the time except when they were up the Squamish in the summertime drying salmon. He died without son or sons, but had one daughter, who married a white man, John Beatty, and they had one daughter, living in Vancouver now. I do not know when it was that Haatsalanough first settled at Chaythoos, or when his brother Chip-kaay-am settled at Snauq, but they were both young men when they settled, and they were old ones when they died. Chip-kaay-am was buried at Snauq in the graveyard close to the Burrard Street bridge at Cedar Street and First Avenue, so it must have been a long time ago. His wife, my grandmother, died before I was born” (about 1877.) “Chip-kaay-am” (or Chip-Kaay-m) “was chief of the Snauq band.

“Haatsalahnough went to Chaythoos, ‘high bank’ in Stanley Park, just east of Prospect Point, a little clear space where the water pipe line enters Stanley Park. He died, and was buried at Chaythoos. His house was close to a little creek at Chaythoos. I must have been about three years old when he died; that would be about 1878 or thereabouts. There is no truth in the story that he came from Point Roberts; these young fellows get hold of all sorts of funny stories; that is a legend of another Haatsalahnough.

"Then Haatsalahnough went to Snauq—lived at Chaythoos—it was probably to catch fish on the big sand bar on which Granville Island in False Creek now stands. The big bar was twenty or more acres in extent, dry at low tide, and the Indians had from time immemorial had a fish corral there; two converging fences of brush in the water made from hurdles of twisted vine maple fastened to sharpened stakes driven in the mud to guide the flounders and smelts in the narrow part where they were trapped." (Note: Paull says the fine nets were made from the fibres of the stinging nettle.)

"My father was Hay-tilk" (or Hay-tulk, according to Paull, and Hra-tilt, according to Tate) "or 'Supplejack'; that's how I get the name August Jack—it should be Supplejack. He died when I was just old enough to cut wood—about six years old. He had two houses, one at Snauq, and one at Chaythoos. We moved from one to the other, from Kitsilano to Stanley Park, and then back again, as it suited us. He died when he was about seventy at Chaythoos, and they put his body in a little house of glass" (see W.A. Grafton, volume 3) "with red blankets on top, the way they used to do—they don't do it now—and buried him there at Chaythoos. Then when they cut the driveway around Stanley Park our house was in the way, and we moved over to Snauq. Father's remains were exhumed and taken to Squamish for reinterment." (See earlier in this volume for location of grave.)

"My mother, Qwhay-wat, or Sally, was born at Yekwaupsum, Squamish River, and died at Snauq about 1906, and is now buried at Yekwaupsum graves. After my father died, she remarried.

"My step-father was Jericho Charlie. He used to work for Jerry Rogers out at Jericho, he had a big canoe, would carry a ton or more, and I remember how he used to go from the old Hastings Sawmill to Jericho with it loaded with hay and oats for the horses and oxen working at Jerry Rogers' logging camp there.

"My wife's name is Swanamia; she is the only one left now who wears a shawl; all the rest of the Indian women have now taken to coats. Her English name is Mary Anne. Our children are Wilfred William and Louise." (Note: Indian Affairs office says Mary Anne, 51; August Jack, 54; Wilfred William, adopted son, 22; and Louise, 12 years, all in 1932.) "I had three sisters and a brother. Louisa, the eldest child, then Cecile, Agnes, Willie, all dead, and myself the youngest—I am 56. They left no children; I am the only one left. I had no schooling, cannot read or write—I wish I could, but Mother was a widow, and I had to look after her until she married Jericho Charlie.

"I have heard my step-father, Jericho Charlie, tell about the first whiteman the Indians ever saw." (Note: see narrative, 26 October 1932.) "Jericho Charlie was a very old man, about seventy I should think, when he fell off the Kitsilano" (C.P.R.) "trestle bridge about thirty years ago, so that his memory would take him back to about 1840. The old people used to talk a great deal about the coming of the whiteman, but I did not pay the attention I should have. Of one thing I am quite sure, that there were white men up at Squamish before Mr. Vancouver came to English Bay.

"After my father died, we moved to Snauq, and it was from there that I saw Vancouver burn in June 1886; afterwards, as a boy, I used to go over and search in the ruins for nails. When we went to Gastown, we went by canoe down by the Royal City Planing Mills at the south end of Carrall Street and across over to Burrard Inlet on a sort of wagon trail. There was no trail which I know of from Smamchuze at the foot of Howe Street across through the forest to Gastown; what would be the use of struggling through the bush when it was so easy to paddle?" (Note: generally speaking, the Indian would never walk if he could go by canoe.)

"The name I go by is August Jack; that is, August, son of Supplejack, but according to the whitemans usage, I should be August Haatsalanough; anyway, I have assumed that name; sometimes I sign my name Kitsilano, sometimes Haatsalano.

"The Squamish Indians could not understand the language of the Sechelts, but could make themselves understood, but not converse properly. Then again, the Indians up at Powell River spoke another language to the Sechelts. The name by which the Squamish knew the Capilano River was Humultcheson; it was the whiteman who gave it the name Capilano. The 'Old Chief' was Capilano, then came his son, Chief Lah-wa, drowned in the First Narrows. Chief Lah-wa's sister was Chief Tom's wife, and she wanted Joe to be chief. At first, Joe got the cognomen of Capilano Joe, then Joe Capilano. Chief Matthias Capilano is Chief Joe's son, but he is officially called Matthias Joe."

"The Indians moved away from Snaug in 1911," (The last Indian departed 11 April 1913, "Old Man Jim," wife and son. JSM) "and the remains of those buried in the graveyard on the reserve close to First Avenue about the foot of Fir or Cedar Street were exhumed and taken for reburial at Squamish. The orchard went to ruin, the fences fell down, and the houses were destroyed; a few hops survived and continued to grow until the building of the Burrard Bridge covered them up. I received a formal invitation to be present at the opening of the great bridge as a guest of the city."

CHULKS—KEW BEACH, WEST VANCOUVER. CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST KITSILANO, 20 DECEMBER 1932.

"This is the way it is about the big boulder at Chulks. There is a point there, and on the south side, facing south, is a big hole in the rock, and a big stone about five or six feet in diameter in the hole. When the Gods were fixing the geography of the earth, they threw this stone at the top of Mount Garibaldi, that is Chy-kai. Chy-kai is the mountain; Che-kai is the creek. The stone missed the mountain and landed at Chulks, and is there yet for you to see. Squamish Indians were very powerful.

"One of the Gods put the boulder in a sling, and then swung the sling around and around his head to work up speed and force; somehow the sling as it flew around touched something—some say a raven's wing, others that a slave got in the way of the thrower—touched his arm, spoiled his aim, and the big stone missed the mountain, and now you see it in the crevasse, a big stone five or six feet in diameter in the crevasse facing due south at Chulks. That shows you what power the Squamish Indians had in those days; that's power."

Do you believe it? I asked, smiling, and expecting that he would return the smile, but to my surprise and regret at having smiled, he replied most earnestly and vigorously:

"Of course, I believe it; I tell you, it's true. To show you: in the early days, they once cut a man open, split him down the middle from the top of his head, front to back, all the way down, so that he was open right through, and then they put him in the fire and roast him; the grease run out. Then the eight powerful men start to work to fix him up again. Squamish Indians were very powerful once; could do anything."

Are they the same eight as those who came before the Indians and were turned into stone at Homulson? I asked.

"No," replied August, "that's a different lot; not the same men. These powerful men of whom I speak were Squamish. Well, they sew him up, and after a little while, after they work on him, he get up and walk.

"These eight men were just like other men, only very much power. They live just like wild, only they were not wild. They go up in the mountains, stay in the mountains ten years, wash themselves, wash themselves, good and clean. Then they get power, power to do anything." (See Hill-Tout, Report, B.A.A.S., 1900 and 1902.) "Then, after they fix him up, they say to the man, 'See that sawbill? You run race with that sawbill.' Sawbill duck fly very fast, but the man they fix up run a race with that sawbill, and he won the race; that will show you how powerful those Squamish Indians were in those early days.

"When I was twelve years old, I see the last two of these eight powerful men at Jericho—all the rest dead; the two very old—catching smelts there. My mother Qwhay-wat, she show them to me, and tell me they were the only two living of the eight powerful men. When I was a child, my mother marry again; marry Jericho Charlie, his Indian name Chin-ow-sut. Chin-ow-sut come from twenty-five miles up the Squamish River; his father was the greatest hunter in the Squamish. He killed the biggest grizzly with bow and arrow."

Comment: it was very strange to hear August Kitsilano, a splendid manly Indian full of worldly wisdom, energy and integrity in ordinary affairs, credited with sound judgment by those who know him, and well able to and does manage the difficulties of his logging business, getting logs out of the woods, down the river, a resourceful man highly regarded by the Indian agent, Mr. Ball, for his worth. August is a mild mannered man, with a pleasant smile when he smiles, and dignified when he does not. He used the telephone, has a rough idea of banking, log scale sheets, etc., but never learned to write or read. He once said to me a wisdom. It was, "Those young fellows never begin to think until the meeting has started; I lie in bed and plan the whole thing out before I get there."

Yet, here he sat and solemnly told me that he believed the above story, and even related it with such earnestness that it was almost convincing to the listener. Respect for his sincerity forbade further questioning.

**CONVERSATION WITH REV. C.M. TATE, 26 NOVEMBER 1932, AS HE LAY IN HIS BED
INDISPOSED AFTER A TOO FESTIVE CELEBRATION TWO WEEKS AGO OF HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY.**

Mr. Tate is probably the foremost Indian linguist of today, and was an Indian missionary who knew all the coast, and up as far as Yale, in the seventies, eighties and nineties. He listened as I read the foregoing page. Then I remarked, Do you believe in Jack and the Beanstalk?

Mr. Tate's reply was a smile, a nod of the head, and the laconic, "Suppose we'll have to." Then I added quizzingly, And the biblical story of the five loaves and the little fishes with which Christ fed the multitude? Again he nodded. Then how can we point the finger of scorn and ridicule at the Indians?

Mr. Tate replied, "Well, cannot you see the stone at Chulks; doesn't that prove it? You know that Mount Baker in the state of Washington is the 'Mother of All Indians,' don't you? Well, Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt; what's unreasonable about the Mother of All Indians being turned into a mountain of snow, or Siwash Rock being made from an Indian fisherman?

"Why, I remember," he continued, "one story they told me up at Bella Bella years ago. They told me all about the flood, the great flood which enveloped the earth; that the water was coming up and up, and the people went up the mountain to escape it, but the water kept on coming and coming, until they were in fear that it would soon cover the top. So they cried out, and the people who had gone to a higher mountain heard their cries, broke off the top of the higher mountain, and threw it across to them and saved their lives. Of course, the top broken off landed on top of the smaller mountain, just exactly where it was wanted to fall, and that was twelve miles away. They told me that in all seriousness; the mountain is there yet, top of it and all, just as it was thrown across."

And then the Rev. Mr. Tate smiled again.

AUGUST KITSILANO, OR HAATSALAHNO.

Andrew Paull (Qoitchetahl), secretary of the Squamish Indian Council, having told me that he was a direct descendant of the celebrated hero of the Squamish tribe, Qoitchetahl, the serpent slayer of Squamish—Haxten, an aged Indian woman, says Andrew Paull is the grandson of the great-granddaughter of the original Qoitchetahl—I asked August Kitsilano, grandson of Chief Haatsa-lah-nough, to give me his conception of the legend. He said, 19 December 1932:

"This is the way it was:

"Qoitchetahl just a man, he just get married, then a serpent come in the lake way up above Squamish. Old peoples say to Qoitchetahl, 'You go chase that serpent; don't stay at home asleep with your wife.' So Qoitchetahl he get up, and tell his wife he be away ten days and not to worry; but he go away ten years. Well, when he was going on the way, was following the serpent, he wash, wash, wash himself all the time, take bath in the creeks in the mountains, get power. He gets that power, and the serpent was in the lake swimming about, and then the serpent came to the Indian man. Of course, they talk together, the serpent and the man Qoitchetahl, and the serpent said, 'Go get pitch wood, and drive it into my head, one stick; get three sticks, make sharp, drive one in my head right here, the other one in the middle of my back, and the other one at the end of my dragon tail.' You know, serpents have two heads, one at each end; the one in front is his head, the other is near the tail, and is a dragon's head. I see one once, little fellow, 'bout five feet long; two heads, one in front and one in tail.

"Well, Qoitchetahl did as the serpent told him. Serpent die. Qoitchetahl stay there until serpent all rotten. Then he took a bone, just one special bone, like a club, and he took it down with him out of the mountains. When he comes to the head of the Squamish River, he pulls out that bone, out of his pocket, and he waves it in the air. All the peoples, everybody, just drop, just like dead, but he has stuff which he sprinkle on them, and they all come up again. When the peoples come up, they give him a wife, and by time he gets back to Squamish he had eighteen wives. Everywhere he goes, the people fall down just like

dead, and he bring them back to life again; his real wife, he just let her die; he had eighteen other wives with him."

Then my friend August Jack said, "I must be off; I've got to see the manager of the sawmill at Eburne about my log scale sheets. Would you mind telephoning him I shall be late keeping my appointment?"

How can one reconcile the assertion of this hard-headed business man, this splendid Indian man, that he had seen a "little serpent" of the kind Quitchetahl gets credit for having killed? I did not ask him where he had seen it. I asked him a similar question once, and do not care to do it again—his retort was too vigorous.

CHIEF CHIP-KAAY-AM (CHIEF GEORGE OF SNAUQ).

"Statement made 7 July 1932 to F.J.C. Ball, Indian Agent, at request Major J.S. Matthews, by August Jack (or Supplejack) at Mr. Ball's office, 837 Hastings Street, and taken down as narrated. (Copy.)

"August Jack says Chief Chip-kay-m, or Chief George, was first chief to make a home at Hat-sa-lah-no, he and his brother-in-law, Chief Andrews' father. They built canoes there and dried smelts and made traps on the sandbar (Granville Island) for flounders, perch, etc. They built a big house there, a great potlatch house. Before that, the Musqueam Indians occasionally went there to fish, but never established residence of any kind. Chief (George) Chip-kay-m came from the far end of Squamish River to settle where the Kitsilano Reserve is now. They lived there all the time except when up Squamish drying salmon in summer. Chief George had one daughter who married John Beatty, a white man; she had one daughter. Chief George had no son.

"August Jack's grandfather and Chief George were brothers, and August Jack's people lived in Stanley Park. August Jack's grandfather's name was Haat sa lah no, he had no English name as his brother George had. Haat sa lah no had a son named Supplejack who married Sally from Ykhopsim (Yekwaupsum) Reserve, Squamish River, and August Jack is their son. Other children were Louisa, Willie Jack, Cecile, Agnes, August."

CHIEF LAH-WA.

"Chief Lah-wa came from Capilano where he was chief. Lah-wa was drowned off Brockton Point; he left no sons. Chief Joe Capilano was put on as chief after Lah-wa's death, but was not a near relative; the tribe intermarried, and they were all distantly related to each other, but were not cousins, or even second cousins. Lah-wa's predecessor was called Chief Capilano, after his death Lah-wa, who was Capilano's son-in-law" (?) (see Genealogy of Capilano) "became chief. Capilano's name was Joe, and after he was made chief he took the name of Capilano Joe."

(signed) "Frederick J.C. Ball, Indian Agent"

FOOD SUPPLY IN INDIAN DAYS.

Dick Isaacs (Que-yah-chulk), Indian, North Vancouver Reserve, 7 November 1932. He is aged 70 or 75.

"Oh, lots food those days; walk right up to bear and deer and shoot, him fall down, no scared. No noise then, he never hear gun. Now him hear gun, get scared, run away; those days very quiet, stand still. Indian just walk right up with bow and arrow; shoot, just like walk up tame cow. Shoot duck just same. Indian very good with bow and arrow."

Chil-lah-minst (Jim Franks) born at Skwa-yoos (Kitsilano Beach) about 1870.

"Plenty of mowich" (food) "here those days."

WOMAN TELLS OF B.C. LAKE TRAGEDY

Tried Desperately to Save
Husband and Friend
From Drowning.

MAY BE DECORATED
FOR HER BRAVERY

Bodies of Two Victims Not
Yet Recovered In
Puntzi Lake. 1933

WILLIAMS LAKE, July 3.—Signal heroism in the face of almost certain death was shown by Mrs. Marshall, only survivor of the ill-fated boat sailing party on Puntzi Lake, 125 miles west of here, which claimed the lives of her husband, Alex. Marshall and Edmund Hutton. It is believed that Mrs. Marshall, who is recovering from her terrible ordeal, will be decorated for her bravery.

When the boat upset in a heavy gale, she held her husband afloat for two hours before he died and continued to hold him long afterward. It was only when she saw Mr. Hutton collapsing that she let her dead husband go.

She managed to grasp Hutton and keep him afloat only a few minutes when a heavy wave dashed her against the boat and she lost her hold of him and the boat. How she managed to regain her hold she does not know, but she never saw the two men again. Several hours later the boat drifted ashore with her.

In describing the tragedy, Mrs. Marshall said: "When I found myself alone, clinging to the boat in the storm, I cried to God to help me, especially for the sake of my little Pamlee." Pamlee is her 8-year-old daughter, her only child. Mrs. Marshall believes she was superhumanly aided. "We should not have gone that day," she said.

All efforts have failed to locate the bodies, although twelve men have been working from 3 a.m. until nightfall with the aid of four motorboats.

The lake at the point where the two men disappeared is very deep and strewn with boulders. One of the boat crews brought up a pair of elk horns from the depths, and as elk disappeared from that district long ago the horns must be of great age.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_013

WILD ANIMALS. ELK. EARLY DISAPPEARANCE OF ELK.

Add to *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, see Elk; also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1.

DISTRICT OF KITSILANO. KHAYTULK, SON OF CHIEF HAATSA-LAH-NOUGH.

See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.

Copy of letter from Qoitchetahl (Andrew Paull).

North Vancouver, 26 June 1933

Dear Major [Matthews]

KHAYTULK

The above is right [*spelling of Indian name for Supplejack, son of Chief Haatsa-lah-nough.*]

Re the elk—they used to hang around the flats at the head of False Creek. The Indians killed a lot, and sold the meat by the canoe load to the whites in early days. See my narrative of Kitsilano moving from Point Roberts to Snauq [*False Creek*] in your story in the *Province* [12 March 1933.] There was a great demand, which depleted them, and I suppose perhaps, too, they migrated to less molested pastures.

Yours, Qoitchetahl

From the narratives of Pittendrigh, Rowling and Hunt, see pages numbered as above, all of whom speak of finding elk remains, but who never saw a live elk near the Burrard Peninsula—the two former coming here about 1870—it would seem that elk were formerly fairly numerous about the lower Fraser River, probably formed a staple article of Indian diet, and that the cause of their disappearance so many years ago was probably due to the fact that the whitemen who first arrived craved meat, and, being without beef, mutton, etc., encouraged the Indians to bring in elk meat to such an extent that the muskegs and natural grass prairies were soon depleted of them.

J.S.M. 1933

KHAYTULK.

Khaytulk, whose English name was Supplejack, and whose grave was at Chaythoos (Prospect Point), Stanley Park, and well remembered by the earliest settlers on Burrard Inlet as a big, "long" Indian, was the son of Chief Haatsa-lah-nough, after whom Kitsilano is named, and father of August Jack Haatsalano, now a resident of Capilano River with his wife Swanamia, son and daughter.

J.S.M. 1933

The Times

Printing House Square, E.C.4.

ing from issue dated.....

15 MAR 1939

CITY ARCHIVES, VANCOUVER

Points from Letters

" SIWASH " INDIANS

You published on March 13 an illustration of a very interesting Totem from the West Coast of British Columbia. But why is it described as the work of " Siwash " Indians ? During my residence among these Indians I was never able to locate any tribe known officially by this name. On the contrary, if a Coast Indian was called a " Siwash " he resented it as much as any other coloured person would resent being called a " nigger." There would appear to be an almost exact parallel between the two expressions. " Siwash " is often used by white men on the West Coast (frequently contemptuously), but never by Indians themselves. Hence it is difficult to understand why it is sometimes used by scientific writers in England. Your article states that this particular Totem came from " the northern part of Vancouver Island." The Indians who inhabit these parts are sub-tribes of the once-powerful Kwaguitl (or Kwawkewlth) Confederacy. If we could know the exact place from which the Totem came it would be possible to name the tribe. There is one other interesting feature about it. The Kwaguitls usually carve the Thunder Bird with wings outspread. Folded wings are usual among the tribes farther north.—The REV. F. S. SPACKMAN, Vicar of Marple, Cheshire: formerly Principal of the Indian Residential Schools, Alert Bay, B.C.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_014

CHIL-LAH-MINST (JIM FRANKS). CONVERSATION WITH JIM FRANKS, 20 NOVEMBER 1932.

"My father was Chil-lah-minst; come down here, Skwayoos, from Squamish with people get smelts, 'bout this time, fall, lots smelts here Skwayoos. My father have little hut down at corner, foot of Yew Street, by bathhouse, where beach turn. Squamish people come down here to get food, go back Squamish for winter.

"I was born at Skwayoos, right here, down by the corner there, foot yew Street, where the beach turns west, by the bathhouse."

Jim Franks ought to be about 62 or 64, as he says he was working in the Hastings Sawmill the day of the Fire (13 June 1886), and he was about 16 years old then. He says he remembers August Jack Kitsilano (August's mother is Jim's sister) who is his nephew, "as a little boy." August Jack is 54 or 56, so that it is likely that Chil-lah-minst was born on Kitsilano Beach about, approximately, 1870. He was selling baskets when he called this afternoon, and we had a cup of tea together in the kitchen. He is a fine old Indian gentleman; queer, perhaps, to whiteman's way of doing things, but with a very sound conception of the fundamentals of life.

"Siwash Rock was once an Indian man. I think one man make the world, but some people say three men. They go out sturgeon bank, out Point Grey; they wash themselves, wash themselves, wash themselves, make themselves very clean, keep themselves very clean; they get very powerful. Then the three great men go all around the world making it. If they find poor people, they give them stuff so they no more poor, teach them how to do things better, show them how to get food, but if they find people too smart, too clever, they say, 'you go to hell, we not trouble about you.' That's how Siwash Rock came to be where he is; he too smart, three great men turn him into rock, so people see not much good to be too smart."

Jim said he would like another cup of tea.

"I'm Indian, me Indian, not Siwash. My face to the front, my body behind. I may have black face, but it in the front. When I die, what inside me," (here he pressed his chest with his right hand) "I think go to my son, maybe to my grandchild." (What Jim was trying to convey was that he was not two-faced, but honest, sincere, upright.) "Priests supposed to protect Indians, but government do what priest say. Priest government." (Priests are the government.) "Government lease land, Indian land, but Indian not get lease money. Once I young, strong, work Hastings Sawmill, two and one half years; work on carriage, good man; then I work Fader Bros. sawmill" (on False Creek at north end of Granville Street, where Robertson and Hackett sawmill now) "but now I get old, have no money, have to sell basket. When whitemans call me Siwash I say, 'Go to hell.'" (See clipping, above.)

"Smamchuze," he said, in referring to a little bay at the foot of Howe Street on False Creek—see old maps—"I think once be a little island, one time. Indian put dead man there; little island of sand, water come all 'round, maybe two or three crab apple trees on top where water never come; always dry. Indians put dead man there so wolf not get him. Indians always put deadmans on island so wolf not get him." (August Kitsilano says, "Smamchuze: a little graveyard on an island with perhaps a bit of grass on top dry part; tide wash grass, graves and island away.")

FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH CHIL-LAH-MINST (JIM FRANKS), 10 DECEMBER 1932.

"My grandfather Chillahminst too. My father Chil-lah-minst make canoe all his life, he make canoe several places; one place Skwayoos, down foot Yew Street on beach; make canoe all his life, just canoe, his trade; when I get old I be Chil-lah-minst, I do work, take my father's name, just same you do. One time long ago, logger take out fir tree only; logger not much use cedar—leave cedar—but logging road make easy for Indian to get cedar tree out for canoe to Skwayoos. My father all time chisel, chisel, chisel, big round stone in hand for hammer, make canoe, then burn him out pitch.

"First I was Jim, then when I get married, priest give me name Franks.

"Chief Chip-kaay-am of Snaug very good, very good man, very kind, very good; that's why him family make him chief." (See Rev. C.M. Tate's pleasant recollections of "Old Chief George"—Chip-kaay-am.)

I asked Chillahminst about the Indians Swillamcan, Kanachuck and Mrs. Salpcan, who sold their "improvements" at Greer's Beach to Sam Greer. (See *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach*.)

"Will-ahm-can was Chief Jimmy Jimmy's father. Kanachuck, not sure, but I think brother to Chief Chip-kaay-am of Snaug; maybe Mrs. Salpcan was his wife, don't know. We leave Skwayoos, go Hastings Mill to work; peoples at Snaug sell 'improvements' to Greer.

"Jericho Charlie my uncle; Frank Charlie" (Ayatak) "of Musqueam my cousin. Jericho Charlie die long time ago; fell off C.P.R. bridge cross False Creek; he live Jericho, just by slough, on bar in front of slough; Jerry Roger's camp there. May be Jericho Charlie have place Skwayoos; don't know." (August Kitsilano says, "Yes, he did.") "Frank Charlie live Musqueam now; old man. Frank Charlie is same as Capilano; his name Capilano too. Indian come down Squamish, marry Musqueam woman; by and by Musqueam give Squamish man place to live down by Mahly, by beach, Musqueam up by slough, Mahly down by sea, way down. Old Man Capilano live Mahly too.

"Old Man Capilano, I just remember him; very old man when I see him. I was about 20 or 21 when Vancouver burn; must be about 67 or 70 now. Old Man Capilano died long ago, don't know when. Lah-wa come next, but he drink too much booze, fall out of canoe in First Narrows. Priests say too much booze must stop; Joe good Catholic; priest say Joe to be chief, to get Indians to come to church. Joe some relation Chief Lah-wa.

"I had fourteen children; all die. Some live two three months, then die, cough up blood; my wife sick."

Assuming that Chillahminst (Jim Franks) was born in his father's hut on Kitsilano Beach about 1870 or earlier, as he claims to be older than 62, then this bears out Mrs. J.Z. Hall's (née Greer) statement that there had been several houses located on the site of her father's pioneer cottage prior to the one burned down by the Canadian Pacific Railway officials. Sam Greer bought the Indian "improvements" (see *Fight for Kitsilano Beach*) some time on or before November 1884. Robert Preston of New Westminster was interested in the preemption of the property in October 1871, and Samuel Preston preempted it in April 1873. As recently as early years of 20th Century, even as late as 1918, smelts could be raked ashore at Kitsilano Beach. (See *Early Vancouver*, Matthews.)

THE SPELLING OF CAPILANO.

Kleoplannah: in a letter to the Colonial government at Victoria, February 1860, A.J. Julius Voight, pioneer, 1858, educated Prussian, spells it "Chief Kleoplannah." Voight afterwards preempted land on False Creek at the foot of Mount Pleasant.

Ki-ap-a-la-no: Captain Richards, R.N., of H.M.S. *Plumper*, in a letter to Governor Douglas in 1859, spells it Ki-ap-a-la-no.

THE NAME CAPILANO.

Hill-Tout says, "The Skqomic at that time had a courageous and resourceful leader in their head chief Kiapilanoq." *Ethnological Survey of Canada*, B.A.A.S., Bradford meeting, 1900, page 490.

"The supreme Siam of the tribe was known by the title Te Kiapilanoq, and had his headquarters at the mouth of the Homultcison Creek now called Capilano by the whites." Same report, page 476.

Andrew Paull and Chief Matthias Capilano contradict. (See below.)

Hill-Tout, 1932: "Pronounce it Kee-yapee-lah-nogh."

Tate, 1932, "Pronounce it Kype-al-lah-nough."

On an old linen map marked "Plan No. 1, Skwawmish Indian Reserve, surveyed by W.S. Jemmett, 1880," the word Capilano is spelled "Kahpillahno."

Frank Charlie (Ayatak) of Musqueam: "Capilano a Musqueam name, not a Squamish name. Squamish people not belong English Bay or Burrard Inlet. Squamish people belong Howe Sound, way over mountains" (West Vancouver.) "Squamish not belong North Vancouver; just camp there; whitemans bring

them to work in Hastings Sawmill. Before that they just come from Squamish to English Bay to get food. All English Bay belong Musqueam. 'Old Chief' Capilano my grandfather live Mahly, sometimes stay Homulcheson" (Capilano River.) "'Old Chief' Capilano tell me he see first white man come down Fraser River, just one man, come down river from east; he big boy then, 'bout five feet. 'Old Chief' Capilano live to be 'bout one hundred, then die. 'Old Chief' first home at Mahly; then he marry Musqueam; afterwards he go to Homultcheson to live. All Ulksen belong to Musqueam, not Squamish," concluded Ayatak, with emphasis.

Andrew Paull: "Frank Charlie" (Ayatak) "of Musqueam is quite entitled to use the surname Capilano. The Capilanos of Capilano and Frank Charlie both acknowledge descent from the same blood."

Frank Charlie: "My name Capilano too; my grandchildren Capilano. Indian come down from Squamish, marry Musqueam woman, by and by Musqueam give Squamish man place to live down by Mahly, by beach; Musqueam up by slough, Mahly down by sea, way down. 'Old Chief' Capilano father of Chief Lahwa of Capilano; Chief Lahwa my uncle; he die, no son."

Chil-lah-minst (Jim Franks): "Old Man Capilano, I just remember him; very old man when I see him. I was about 20 or 21 when Vancouver burn; must be about 67 or 70 now. Old Man Capilano died long ago, don't know when. Lah-wa come next, but he drink too much booze, fall out of canoe in First Narrows. Priests say too much booze must stop; Joe good Catholic; priest say Joe to be chief, to get Indians to come to church."

Chief Matthias Capilano, 1933: "Old Chief Capilano was stone blind when he died. The 'Old Chief' was fighting before the white man came; his last fight against the northern Indians was with guns. Chief Lah-wa died in 1895; I think he had been chief about twenty years."

Rev. C.M. Tate, Methodist Indian Missionary: "Lah-wa was chief when I came in 1875; I never knew Old Chief Capilano."

The Chief Capilano, the first one personally known to white men of which there is a record, would seem to have been born (see Ayatak, his grandson) at Mahly, and to have told Ayatak that when he was "a big boy" he had seen the first white man, Fraser, come down the Fraser River. He is reputed to have been a warrior, orator and statesman, to have been very old—some say one hundred—when he died, stone blind then, and to have been succeeded by one of his many children, Lah-wa. (See "Genealogy of Capilano" now being prepared.)

[JSM's note on following two paragraphs:] Delete all nonsense.

Chief Lah-wa, according to most accounts, died childless; his children predeceased him. He was baptized and married in the little Indian (Methodist) Church on the shore of Water Street; he was drowned in the First Narrows, and is buried at North Vancouver. He was succeeded by Joe.

Joseph married Agnes, commonly called Mrs. Mary Capilano, born about 1838 and still living, 1933—she saw New Westminster before the first house was built there. Her Indian name is Layhu-lette; [she] is a daughter of Kah-kail-tun, son of Pat-sa-mauq, half brother of "Old Chief" Capilano, who were both the sons of Sclapchp-ten, who had five wives and—so it is said—over one hundred children. He (Joseph) was succeeded in 1910 by Chief Matthias Joe, commonly called Chief Matthias Capilano.

Andrew Paull says, "Joe was formally given the name Capilano by the Squamish at a ceremony on the Cambie Street grounds just prior to proceeding to England to lay before H.M. the late King Edward the matter of the Indian Land grievances. It was considered that it would give him additional prestige if he bore the name of the land, or reserve, of which he was chief."

Prior to this, custom had given him the sobriquet of "Capilano Joe." (See August Kitsilano's statement to Indian Agent Ball.) Rev. C.M. Tate adds, "given him by whites and Indians alike." Ultimately, he became known as Chief Joe Capilano, and this surname has been assumed by his relict, Agnes, usually called Mrs. Mary Capilano, and by his son Chief Matthias Joe, commonly called Chief Matthias Capilano.

In connection with the visit of Chief Joe Capilano to Buckingham Palace (in 1906 or 1907) the story is told that, during the audience with His Majesty, Joe said to the King,

"Then, there is another matter I wish to enquire about. My people sometimes do wrong, policemen fine them, policemen say they do it for you, that you want the money. What I want to know is, 'Do you want the money?'"

King Edward is reported to have replied very graciously, "Yes, I do, and thank you very much."

Hill-Tout says that there was a "supreme Siam" (chief) known as Te Kiapilanoq and "next in rank" Te Qatsilanoq (Kitsilano). See *Ethnological Survey of Canada*, B.A.A.S., 1900.

Paull says, "No; all chiefs equal; there are now ten chiefs of the Squamish tribe; there is supposed to be twelve. I am secretary of the Council. Chief Matthias Joe is one of the chiefs, but holds no higher rank than others, nor have I ever heard that formerly it was otherwise. On their own reserves, rather, in their own precincts, all chiefs were supreme."

August Kitsilano, 8 August 1932: "No. They did not make one man the big chief. All were equal and ruled over their own reserves only. You see, coming down the Squamish River there are four reserves; each one had its own chief. They did not make any one bigger than the other."

Chief Matthias Capilano, 19 January 1933: "'Old Chief' Capilano was stone blind before he died. He was a fighting warrior who had fought with both bows and arrows and with guns; his last fight was with guns.

"'Old Chief' Capilano's mother was a Musqueam Indian, sister to Chief Semelano." (See page 490, Hill-Tout, *Ethnological Survey of Canada*, 1900, B.A.A.S.) "His father was Sclapchp-ten who had five wives and, so they say, over one hundred children.

"Payt-sa-mauq was a half brother to 'Old Chief' Capilano, and was full Squamish. 'Old Chief' Capilano was only half Squamish for his mother was sister to Chief Semelano, a Musqueam. 'Old Chief' Capilano married a Squamish woman from Chuckchuck.

"One of Paytsamauq's sons was Kahkailtun, and his wife came from Nicomen; they were the parents of Agnes, my mother, wife, of course, of my father Chief Joseph Capilano, and now of course, his widow, and more commonly known as Mrs. Mary Capilano. Her Indian name is Layhu-lette. I think she is now about 95, so that I estimate that my father, Chief Joe Capilano, who died in 1910 when I—at the age of 23—succeeded him; must have been about 70 or 75 when he died.

Andrew Paull, secretary of the Squamish Indian Council of Chiefs, says that a Mr. Rhodes, grandfather of the famous runner Percy Williams, told him that the name "Capilano" was of Spanish origin.

According to Mrs. Rhodes, his wife, Mr. Rhodes was not a Spaniard, but the son of a large English ship owner trading to Spain, and that her husband lived for several years at Alacante, Spain, acting as interpreter for his father's business. She said, "I have heard him say that Capilano is derived from Capelin" (spelling doubtful), "the Spanish word for a small fish of the smelt species."

Paull says Mr. Rhodes told him that when the Spanish explorers of 1792 anchored in Spanish Banks, English Bay, they sent ashore daily for water, and on such occasions were presented with a supply of smelts by the Indians, and that neither being able to understand the other's language, the Indians mistook, or mixed up, "the smelts" and "the chief man" who presented them.

Andrew Paull: "Very doubtful story."

Professor Hill-Tout: "Impossible. There is Khates-ee-lan-ogh, Kee-ap-ee-lan-ogh, and Ka-lan-ogh, the latter meaning 'the first man.' And we have Thit-see-mah-lan-ogh and Semelano. And Nanaimo and Eyalmo."

If there is a legend associated with Capilano, as there is with Haatsalahnough, then, so far, it has not been told to me. JSM

Paull: "Chief Matthias Joe is not really entitled to be called Chief Matthias Capilano; the 'Capilano' is assumed only, but generally is accepted by all. The Indian Affairs office calls him Chief Matthias Joe. The appellation 'Capilano' was bestowed by the Indians on Chief Joe Capilano, his father, but it is not hereditary—only so far as custom has made it so."

CAPILANO RESERVE.

On an old linen drawing—an original—marked “Plan No. 1, Skwawmish Indian Reserves,” with a footnote, “surveyed by W.S. Jemmett, 1880,” in the possession of Andrew Paull, who says “the Indian Affairs Office have been unable to find a copy of it in their possession,” the word is spelled “Kahpillahno.” The map shows “Beaver dams” in West Vancouver, and old trails in Gastown and Kitsilano Beach.

Corporal Turner’s original field notes of the survey of Burrard’s Inlet in February and March 1863 are in the Court House, Vancouver. They show “Coal Peninsula” (Stanley Park) and the “Brickmaker’s Claim” (West End) and are complete in detail. He surveyed the mouth of Homulcheson Creek (Capilano River) but does not name it, although he places a square to indicate a house or settlement.

“I have always understood,” writes Noel Robinson, editor of the Vancouver newspaper *Star*, and a close friend of the Capilano family, “from Mrs. Mary Capilano or her son Chief Matthias, that Mrs. Capilano was directly descended from the brother of that first Chief Capilano of whom we know—the one who met Captain Vancouver—and that she married Chief Joe, who was not then chief of the Squamish, but a very prominent and leading Indian of the tribe, and that, as you indicate, he then took the name ‘Capilano.’”

“Chief Matthias is quite clear about this.”

The answer to this is that Chief Joe never was chief of the Squamish tribe, but was chief of the Capilano band of the Squamish tribe. There is not, and apparently never was, a “chief of the Squamish tribe.” As to his meeting Captain Vancouver in 1792, and assuming that he died in 1875—this needs investigation—and that he was 100 years old when he died, then, having been born in 1775, he could not possibly have been chief when Captain Vancouver arrived in 1792, seventeen years later. “Old Chief” Capilano is remembered by several Indians now living whose ages cannot be over 80, and more likely about 70.

Further, Ayatak says the “Old Chief” told him that he was “a big boy, ‘bout five feet high” when Fraser came down the river in 1808. Further, what would he be doing at Whoi-Whoi or Capilano River (Homulcheson) in 1792; he was born in Mahly, according to Ayatak.

QOITCHETAHL (ANDREW PAULL).

Conversation with Andrew Paull, secretary, Squamish Indian Council since 1911 and still, 1933, acting, North Vancouver, 15 December 1932.

THE ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN VANCOUVER.

It was the duty of the more responsible Indians,” said Mr. Qoitchetahl, “to see that the history and traditions of our race were properly handed down to posterity; a knowledge of our history and legends was of similar importance as an education is regarded today among whitemen; those who possessed it were regarded as aristocrats; those who were indifferent, whether adults or children, were rascals. Being without means of transmitting it into writing, much time was spent by the aristocrats in imparting this knowledge to the youth; it was the responsible duty of responsible elders.

“When I was a youth, my father took me fishing with him. I was young and strong, and pulled the canoe while he fished, and as we passed along the shore—you know progress when one is rowing is very slow—it gave him ample time as we passed a given point for him to explain to me all about the various matters of interest of that location, which it was his delight to do. It was in this manner that the history of our people was preserved in the past; it was a duty for elders to attend to equally as important as the schooling of our children is today. Then again, in 1920, all was arranged for me to go to Ottawa to impart some historical information to some historical department there—I never went—but in preparation for it I went especially to Squamish to see the daughter of the ‘real’ ‘Old Chief’ Capilano, a sister to Frank Charlie, or Ayatak Capilano” (Ayatak) “of Musqueam.”

Note: some mistake here; must mean granddaughter. Frank Charlie is grandson.

“It seems that it was a tradition among the Indians of early days that a calamity of some sort would befall them every seven years; once it was a flood, on another occasion a disease wiped out Whoi-Whoi, again it was a snow storm which lasted for three months. The wise men had long prophesied a visitation from a

great people, from a very powerful body of men. Captain Vancouver came in 1792, a year which coincided with the seventh year, the year in which some calamity was expected, regarding the form of which there was much trepidation, so that when strange men of strange appearance, white, with their odd boats, etc., etc., arrived on the scene, the wise men said, 'this may be the fateful visitation, what may it bring us,' and took steps to propitiate the all-powerful visitors.

"It was the custom among Indians to decorate or ornament the interior of festival or potlatch houses with white feathers on festive occasions and ceremonials. The softer outside feathers from beneath the coarser outside covering of waterfowl were saved, and these white eiderdown feathers were thrown and scattered about, ostensibly to placate the spirits, in a manner not dissimilar to the decoration of a Christmas tree with white artificial snow at Christmas time.

"Captain Vancouver reports that he was received with 'decorum,' 'civility,' 'cordiality,' and 'respect,' and that presentations were made to him. I will explain to you the true meaning of this, always bearing in mind that I have come to know, it has come to me as knowledge, through my father's devotion to the duty of elders to pass on by word of mouth the great traditions and history of our race.

"As your great explorer Vancouver progressed through the First Narrows, our people threw in greeting before him clouds of snow white feathers which rose, wafted in the air aimlessly about, then fell like flurries of snow to the water's surface, and rested there like white rose petals scattered before a bride. It must have been a pretty welcome. Then there were presents of fish, all to invoke the all-powerful arrivals to have pity on them; it was the seventh year. You see, there was motive behind it. They were expecting a calamity and were anxious to do anything to avoid it. Read what Vancouver had to say about the conferences which took place, the meaning of which he did not understand, but which reports as, 'they did not seem to be hostile.'

"I am informed that the ceremony of casting the white eiderdown before him took place as Captain Vancouver's ship passed through the First Narrows and was passing Whoi-Whoi, the big Indian village in Stanley Park where the Lumberman's Arch is now. Whoi-Whoi must have been a very large village, for it spread from Brockton Point to Prospect Point. It must also have been a very ancient village; none know its age, but there must have been hundreds, perhaps thousands living there at one time. Tradition says that Captain Vancouver went on up the inlet, spent the night on the shore, but saw few Indians, because none were living up there, so I am told.

"I can quite understand that Captain Vancouver reports Stanley Park as an island blocking the channel, for in earlier days even I can recall that the waters of English Bay almost overflowed into Coal Harbour at Second Beach.

"Tim Moody—Timothy is a flathead, that is, his forehead was flattened according to Indian custom when he was a child, and that is long ago; the sculptor Marega has made a bust model of his head and shoulders—Tim Moody tells you that all Stanley Park is called Paa-pee-ak; that is not correct. At the time of the court proceedings respecting the ejection of squatters from Stanley Park, I was called upon to replace Tim Moody as interpreter; Tim was expressing his own opinions instead of interpreting the witnesses' remarks. During the proceedings, I had to interpret for a very old Indian, Abraham. He continually and consistently referred to Stanley Park as Whoi-Whoi. No; Paa-pee-ak is nothing more than an Indian way of saying park.

"It may be interesting to record how my ancestors cut down a tree. In bygone days, my ancestors cut down many cedar trees in Stanley Park for making canoes and other purposes; you can see the evidences of their attempts to cut down trees even yet. There are many trees in Stanley Park with little holes in them, holes some feet up from the ground. Last year, the Parks Board gave us permission to cut down a tree in Stanley Park to make a canoe, a racing canoe, and there is one such tree, with a little hole in it, near the tree we cut down for the racing canoe, and there are many such throughout the park, right at the head of Beaver Lake trail. You see, the Indian fellers had nothing but stone chisels and a big round stone for a hammer. Cedar trees expand in girth near the ground; frequently they are hollow or rotten in the centre; there would be disadvantage in cutting off at the widest diameter, for not only would the bulge have to be cut off with a stone chisel, but the lower end might have a rotten centre; too much extra labour. So they eliminated all this extra work by going a few feet up the tree trunk and cutting in an exploratory hole, ascertained if the tree was sound; if a rotten centre was struck, the tree was abandoned. That is the

meaning of those little holes in the cedar trees; they are abandoned trees; ask the park forester to show them to you.

“Siwash Rock! Well, Chants is not only a big rock on the beach, that is, symbolically Siwash Rock’s fishing line rolled up in a ball, but it also includes a big hole in the cliff nearby where Slahkayulsh kept his fishing tackle. You can see the hole as you come in on the Victoria boat. Stuk-tuks is too abrupt a pronunciation of the name for the little bay known as Fisherman’s Cove; abruptness destroys the sense of the root from which the word is derived. The longer Stoak-tux is better; it means ‘all cut up’; the rocks there are all fluted and cut up.

“Dick Isaacs’ Indian name is Que-yah-chulk; Tim Moody’s is Yahmas. Frank Charlie” (Ayatak) “of Musqueam is quite entitled to use the surname Capilano; the Capilanos of Capilano River and Frank Charlie of Musqueam both acknowledge descent from the same blood.”

QOITCHETAHL, THE SERPENT SLAYER.

“My ancestor Qoitchetahl, the celebrated serpent slayer of Squamish, was born at Stawmass, near Squamish. The aged Haxten tells me that he was the great-grandfather of my grandmother. I was given the name of Qoitchetahl at a meeting held in my grandmother’s house on the North Vancouver Indian Reserve in 1910 or 1911. All, every one of the old chiefs of the Squamish tribe were present. My grandmother, being a direct descendent of the original Qoitchetahl, herself chose me as the member of the family to bear the name Qoitchetahl.”

Note: the aged and wrinkled Haxten, seated nearby during the talk, is said to be 112 years old—it is fairly conclusive she is over 100. Her rapid and repeated utterance of the word Qoitchetahl sounded, in English, much like “Whichtull” or “Wudge-tal.” [NOTE ADDED LATER: Haxten, or Mrs. Harriet George, North Vancouver, died 8 February 1940; see *Province*, 9 February 1940.]

A full report, somewhat different in detail to that related by August Kitsilano of the legend of Qoitchetahl, is printed in Professor Chas. Hill-Tout’s report on the *Ethnological Survey of Canada*, British Association for the Advancement of Science, Bradford Meeting, 1900, page 530. August Kitsilano’s account is given elsewhere in this record.

FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH ANDREW PAULL, NORTH VANCOUVER, 10 JANUARY 1933.

“The story of Kokohaluk and the burning of Homulcheson is not legend, but actual history,” continued Mr. Paull (Qoitchetahl) “and is in part verified by Haxten,” (Mrs. Harriet George) “my wife’s grandmother, who actually saw the bodies of the slain; she is now over 100 years old, it is claimed that she is 112 years old, so that it is probable that the incident occurred about, say, ninety years ago. I will call her, and interpret for you.”

Query: Ask her why they call it Homulcheson?

(Mr. Paull asks.)

Haxten: “Ahh, ahh, ahh.” (Mr. Paull interpreting.) “Where they split the cedar trees and made them into a fence” (fort or stockade), “because of the enemy that used to come, in the stockade they had a northern Indian woman imprisoned, Kokohaluk; they had stolen her from the enemy, and were keeping her in the fort; she had become the wife of a Squamish Indian and was an expectant mother.

“Well, about eighteen warriors from the north came in a big canoe and at a moment when it was undefended, attacked the fort at Homulcheson, rescued Kokohaluk, burned the stockade, and made off with her.

“Whilst all this was going on, three Squamish men, all brothers, were coming down in two canoes, one large and one small, from Squamish to Coquitlam. They were proceeding via the North Arm of the Fraser. The canoe had just been completed by the three brothers, and they were taking it as a present to their sister who had married a man at Coquitlam; the smaller canoe was to take the three brothers back to

Squamish after the presentation. The big canoe was very valuable.” (“As valuable as a large ocean liner is to us today,” added Mr. Paull.)

“As the raiders from the north, returning from the burned fort, were proceeding home again, they and the three Squamish men met; just where they sighted each other I do not know, but I think somewhere off Skaywitsut” (Point Atkinson); “the weaker force retired when they were attacked by the eighteen warriors. The fight took place somewhere about Kee-khaal-sum” (Eagle Harbour.) “Two brothers were in the great canoe [and] hastened to the shore to defend it; the other brother took the smaller canoe and took up a position behind the big boulder on the rocky shore. This brother’s name was Skwa-lock-tun. He prepared for battle; he had his bow and arrow in a satchel slung to his side. One by one, the attackers were either killed or wounded, largely by Skwa-lock-tun from behind the big boulder, until finally only two of the raiders and the woman Kokohalak remained in the raiders’ canoe.

“Then Kokohalak said to her captors, ‘You had better stop fighting; that is a bad Squamish man you have met,’ so the fighting ceased, and the dead and wounded were dragged back to the canoe, which drew off in the direction of the north and disappeared.

“After their departure, Skwalocktun, the Squamish man, emerged from his retreat, and went to look for his brothers. He found both their bodies; their heads were gone; both large and small canoe were smashed to pieces. Skwalocktun alone survived, so he resolved to proceed to Homulcheson and seek assistance.

“From Keekhaalsum to Homulcheson he walked, and then related the story of the fight.

“Payt-sa-mauq, half-brother to ‘Old Chief’ Capilano, said, ‘This fighting must stop.’ Kokohalak’s husband said, ‘I love Kokohalak. I am going to Nanaimo, where there is a Nanaimo man married to a woman from the north. I will ask him to go with me, and we will go as ambassadors of peace from the people of the south to the people of the north, and I will ask them to let me have Kokohalak.’ In due time, the mission proceeded north, their requests were granted, peace was declared, and,” laughed Qoitchetahl as he interpreted, and then added, “they lived happily ever after.”

THE SLAIN LIE IN BUSHES AT GIBSON’S.

“A short time afterwards—how long she does not know—Haxten was journeying by canoe with her husband along the shore near Gibson’s Landing, when her husband saw some wild gooseberries, and drew them to her notice. Haxten disembarked from the canoe, and proceeded up the shore to gather some, and whilst wandering midst the wild gooseberry bushes gathering the fruit, she ‘stumbled upon’ the bodies of the slain; they were covered with mats and badly decomposed.

“After peace was declared, the Squamish houses were built on the shore, and not concealed in the forest as they had been previously, and as Captain Vancouver reports they were when he visited here in 1792; there was no longer fear from attack.”

Note: assuming Haxten’s age to be 100, this incident probably happened about 1850. The dead would be heavy, and would be carried but a short distance, i.e. just beyond the actual beach. The Indians fought with bow and arrow; Matthias Capilano says that ‘Old Chief’ Capilano had fought battles with bow and arrow and lived to fight them with guns. The white man’s rule probably accounts for the change in sites of houses.

Paull continues the conversation; Haxten retires.

“Some time ago, I saw at a table opposite a Yuclataw Indian; he appeared uneasy, conscious of some emotion, and presently he remarked to me that my ancestors and his had been foes, and commented upon the oddity of two descendents of hereditary foes conversing in amity side by side, and then he told me of the great holes which his ancestors had dug in the ground to protect themselves from the assaults of my ancestors, and mused on the labour he had been given, and smiled and nodded his head at the thought of it, of filling them up again. ‘Some work,’ he remarked with irony, ‘I had to draw about twenty wagon loads of earth to fill each hole up again.’”

INDIAN NOMENCLATURE ABOUT ENGLISH BAY

“In studying the names on your map, I think we should change some of them. Hkachu means ‘a lake’; Akhachu means ‘a little lake,’ and Beaver Lake in Stanley Park is a little lake. Then Siwash Rock is best

spelt 'Slah-kay-ulsh' to get the proper meaning, 'he is standing up.' Be careful to spell Chah-kai with the second 'h' so as to distinguish it from Che-kai, i.e. Mount Garibaldi. The mouth of the creek just west of Wallace's Shipyard, 100 yards or so east of Lonsdale Avenue, should be spelt 'Es-tahl-tohk'; it means 'a fine, large, pretty house built there.' The name 'Stait-wouk,' Indian for Second Beach in Stanley Park, is the Indian name for a clay material or muddy substance formerly obtained right in the bed of a small creek right at Second Beach which, when rolled into loaves, as the Indians did it, and heated or roasted before a fire, turned white like chalk. As you know, the Indian blankets were made from the woven mountain goat's fur, and staitwouk, after being whitened, was used to dust or powder them with to whiten them. I am told that Staitwouk was the only place known to the Indians where this material was procurable."

Note: Rev. C.M. Tate says that Indians would come long distances to procure this white pipe clay; they came as far as from Vancouver's Island.

"Sahix does not mean the site of the old Moodyville Sawmill, which was east of Sahix. Sahix means 'a point' or 'cape,' and is that prominent headland east of the North Vancouver ferry landing. If you will observe, you will see that the whole of the north shore from West Vancouver to Roche Point is low and flat save for one point, Sahix, which rises to eminence, and appears as a bold bluff; it must have been still more prominent when the forest grew upon it. At Estahltohk, just east of Lonsdale Avenue, there was a graveyard as well as a 'fine, large house.' Lucklucky means a 'grove of beautiful trees,' and 'Kumkumlye'—it is better spelt 'lye' than 'lai'—means that there is a lot of 'maple trees' there" (Hastings Sawmill.) "In some of the photographs of early Vancouver, you will see Indian canoes about the Hastings Sawmill waters, canoes with upturned prow and stern; these are the canoes of northern Indians—probably they worked at the mill. The Squamish canoe is peculiar to itself; the stern is not turned high in the air, and the prow has a straight stem part way, and then a projection, like a blunt bill, and almost horizontal, sticks out. Smamchuze on False Creek brings to mind the system of Indian burials."

INDIAN BURIALS

"Our system of burial has progressively changed. One hundred years ago, perhaps, it was exclusively tree burial, and, when they could get it, on an island; then changes gradually crept in. After the arrival of the whiteman they were told that it was not proper, not decent, to have bones lying on the surface of the earth, but even as late as 1907 or 1908 I was on those two little islands just west of Point Atkinson, south of Eagle Harbour, and found the remains of several bodies on the summit of one of them, just laid on the bare rock—there is no earth on those storm-swept islets—and covered with split cedar slabs, about say three inches thick, eighteen inches wide and about five or six feet long, held down by their own weight, no stones on them. This will illustrate that, prior to the advent of the whiteman, Indians did not usually bury in the ground; I would not say that they never did. Defence Island, near Squamish in Howe Sound, is an old Indian burial ground, merely half an acre in extent. It was surveyed and given to the Indians in 1876, and again surveyed in 1881, but recently has been sold to private parties by the Provincial Government, and a deed for it actually issued. The new 'owners' want \$1,200 for it, but it belongs to the Indians, and was an old burial ground."

INDIAN UNDERGARMENTS

"Do not forget that, in addition to being useful for canoes, buildings, etc., cedar was used to make undergarments." (Note: Hill-Tout speaks of it being used for the fluffy lining of infants' cradles.)

Kee-khaal-sum (Eagle Harbour) which Prof. Hill-Tout refers to as having reference to "nipping grass, and that the deer went there in spring to eat the tender young grass, really refers to the gnawing of animals; you know, they have a habit of gnawing buds and tender shoots in spring. It really means 'gnawing.'"

Pookcha, that is, part of Spanish Banks, can be interpreted radically as "floating," perhaps "floating island"; it suggests something rising out of the water as though it were floating, as of say, the back of a whale. Pookcha is that particular part of Spanish Banks at the northwestern extremity which, as soon as the tide starts to ebb, rises out of the water earlier than the remainder of the sandbanks; it is a knoll on the sand flats, and when first it appears out of the water, has the appearance of floating.

EXCERPTS FROM CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER'S JOURNAL—TO BE READ IN CONJUNCTION
WITH ANDREW PAULL'S (QOITCHETAHL) REMARKS.

1792

At five in the morning of June 13th we again directed our course to the eastern shore.

Which in compliment to my friend Capt. Grey of the navy was called Point Grey.

From Point Grey we passed to the northward of an island [*Stanley Park*] which nearly terminated its extent, forming a passage from ten to seven fathoms deep [*First Narrows*] "not more than a cable's length in width. This island lying exactly across the channel appeared to form a similar passage to the south of it [*Coal Harbour*] with a smaller island [*Deadman's Island*] lying before it. The channel [*Burrard Inlet*] in width about half a mile continued its direction about east. Here we were met by about fifty Indians in canoes, **who conducted themselves with great decorum and civility, presenting us with several fish cooked and undressed of a sort resembling smelt. These good people, finding we were inclined to make some return for their hospitality showed much understanding** in preferring iron to copper.

For the sake of the **company of our new friends** we stood under easy sail, which encouraged them to attend us some little distance up the arm. The major part of the canoes twice paddled forward, **assembled before us**, and each time a conference was held. The subject matter, which remained a profound secret to us, did not appear to be of an unfriendly nature, and they soon returned, and **if possible, expressed additional cordiality and respect.** [*See Andrew Paull's explanation of this incident.*] Our numerous attendants, who gradually dispersed as we advanced from the station where we had first met them, and three or four canoes only accompanied us up a navigation which in some places did not exceed one hundred and fifty yards in width [*probably Second Narrows.*]

We landed for the night about half a league from the head of the inlet [*about Barnet*] and about three leagues from the entrance [*Prospect Point.*] Our Indian visitors remained with us until by signs we gave them to understand we were going to rest, and, after receiving some acceptable articles, they retired, and by means of the same language, promised **an abundant supply of fish the next day**, our seine having been tried in their presence with very little success. A great desire was manifested by these people to imitate our actions, especially the firing of a musket, which one of them performed, though with much fear and trembling. They minutely attended to all our transactions, and examined the colour of our skins with great curiosity; they possessed no European commodities or trinkets, excepting some rude ornaments apparently made from sheet cooper; this circumstance and the general tenor of their behaviour gave us reason to conclude that we were the first white people from a civilized country that they had yet seen.

Perfectly satisfied with our researches in this branch of the sound [*English Bay*] at four in the morning of Thursday, 14th, we retraced our passage in; leaving on the northern shore a small opening" [*north arm of Burrard Inlet*] with two little islets before it of little importance.

As we passed the situation from whence the Indians had visited us the previous day [*probably Whoi-Whoi or Homulcheson*] with a small border of low marshy land on the northern shores intersected by several creeks of fresh water [*Mosquito, Mackey, Mission, Lynn, Seymour creeks and Capilano River*] we were in expectation of their company, but were disappointed owing to travelling so soon in the morning. Most of their canoes were **hauled up in creeks** and two or three only of the natives could be seen straggling about on the beach. None of their habitations could be discovered whence we concluded that their villages were **within the forest.** [*See Paull.*] Two canoes came off as we passed the island [*Stanley Park—canoes probably from Whoi-Whoi*] but our boats being under sail I was not inclined to halt, and they almost immediately returned.

By seven in the morning we had reached the north west point of the channel. This also, after another particular friend, I named Point Atkinson.

INDIAN HOUSES. JOHN INNES.

In conversation today with John Innes, the last of the pioneer historical scenic painters, at his office in the Province building, Hastings Street, Vancouver, and who ornamented the map of Indian place names, published in the *Province* of 12 March 1933 under the caption "BEFORE THE PALE-FACE CAME," I asked him to tell me about the building he drew to adorn the map.

"That building was at Bella Coola; I sketched it years ago; it was the finest Indian community house I ever saw. It was about sixty feet long, 25 or 30 feet wide, and about 15 feet to the cross timbers inside. At the far end the chief and his family lived, at the near end the slaves; down the centre was earth, where the fires were built. On each side of the earthen centre was a platform on which the dancing took place, and between the platform, which extended on both sides of the building from one end to the other, were the sections, or 'cubby holes,' where the families lived.

"The roof had a pitch of about ten percent; very flat; but in the centre of the building—not from end to end, but in the centre only—on the roof, was a portion of the roof which was raised, as you will see in my drawing, to let the smoke out. The smoke opening extends a few feet in the centre of the roof."

I asked, "I thought they" (the Indians) "built roofs with one slope only, and knew nothing about gables?"

"No," answered Mr. Innes, "that building had a gable roof; I think it is there yet, at the 'Rascal's Village' which MacKenzie, the explorer, speaks of in his narrative."

The map in question was illustrated by Mr. Innes without my knowledge, and published as illustrated. The evidence of Mr. C.M. Tate and Professor Chas. Hill-Tout (see their remarks and reports) is distinctly that Squamish Indians, at least, built lean-to buildings, and did not build gable roofs. Further, a picture drawn by the artist on Captain Cook's ships at Nootka in 1778 shows lean-to buildings.

J.S. Matthews

ALTERATION OF PRONUNCIATION BY SUCCEEDING GENERATION OF INDIANS.

Rev. C.M. Tate, Methodist Indian Missionary, 25 August 1932: "I have known of cases where there was a grandfather, a father and a grandchild; the father would have to interpret the grandchild's speech to the grandchild's own grandfather. Professor Hill-Tout is right."

Professor Hill-Tout explains that the interpretation of sounds as herein given by him are from notes made by him over forty years ago; a somewhat difficult task, and further, surviving Indians of the generation amongst which he laboured inform him that the present generation of Indians do not invariably pronounce words as did their forefathers, and suggest that perhaps these two facts account for the slight differentiation between authorities.

Tim Moody (Yahmas), a North Vancouver Indian whose forehead is flat—flattened in his babyhood, according to former Indian custom—probably 60 or 70 years old, anyway old enough to recall the Hudson's Bay steamer *Beaver* lying on the rocks at Prospect Point in 1886-1892, that is over forty years ago. I had come to ask him to pronounce the Indian names because, I said to him, "young Indian say differently old Indian."

In reply he looked up, his eyes glistened, and he gesticulated concurrence, and said, "Eh, eh" (Yes, yes.)

Remark by Prof. Hill-Tout: "The epithet 'Siwash' is a corruption of the French word 'sauvage,' i.e. 'wild, savage.'" See Chillahminst (Jim Franks).

AUTHORITIES – INDIAN NOMENCLATURE.

Professor Chas. Hill-Tout, F.R.S.C., F.R.A.I., director, Vancouver City Museum. Report on the *Ethnological Survey of Canada*, British Association for the Advancement of Science, Bradford Meeting, 1900, Belfast Meeting, 1902, etc.

Rev. Charles Montgomery Tate, Methodist Indian Missionary, arrived B.C. 1870, first saw Granville 1873, assisted dedication first (Indian) church at Granville 1876; translator of Gospel of Mark into Indian tongue; author *Dictionary of Chinook Jargon*, 1914; also book of hymns in Indian tongue; probably the foremost living authority on the practical speaking of Indian languages.

F.J.C. Ball, Indian Agent, Department of Indian Affairs, Vancouver.

Major J.S. Matthews, V.D., Archivist, City of Vancouver. Compiler of map "Indian Villages and Landmarks, Burrard Inlet and English Bay, Before the Whitemans Came," adopted as official by Squamish Indian Chiefs, 13 January 1933. Author of *Early Vancouver*, 1931, *The First Settlers of Burrard's Inlet*, etc.

INDIANS.

Andrew Paull (Qoitchetahl), North Vancouver Indian Reserve, secretary, Squamish Indian Council of Chiefs, secretary, Progressive Native Tribes of British Columbia, director, Squamish Indian Band and Orchestra; a prominent well-known Indian, educated and speaks, writes and types English fluently; a clever man and a leader among Indians. Indian name Qoitchetahl.

August Kitsilano (or August Jack) of Capilano Indian Reserve, grandson of Chief Haatsalahnough, hand logger on own account, speaks good English, but cannot read or write. An outstanding Indian of above average intelligence; not a chief. Born at Snauq, False Creek, about 1878. [NOTE ADDED LATER: Actually in 1877.]

Dick Isaacs, Indian name Queyahchulk, North Vancouver Indian reserve, aged "about 70," one arm. Constantly consulted by Andrew Paull, speaks good English but cannot read or write.

Tim Moody, Indian name Yahmas, flathead Indian, aged "about 60 or 70 or more." Speaks good English, cannot read or write. The Vancouver sculptor Charles Marega has made a bust of "Old Timothy" which shows flattened forehead; probably the last of his kind.

Jim Franks, Indian name Chillahminst, North Vancouver Indian Reserve, aged "about 65 or 70." Born at Skwayoos (Kitsilano Beach). Speaks very good English, but cannot read or write. Fine, intelligent Indian.

Frank Charlie, Indian name Ayatak, Musqueam Indian, Musqueam Indian Reserve, aged "about 70 or 80." Says "Old Chief" Capilano his grandfather, and that the "Old Chief" told him he saw first white man, Fraser, come down Fraser River. Nephew of Chief Lah-wa. Speaks good English but cannot read or write.

HANDBOOK OF INDIANS OF CANADA.

This book states that it is "Reprinted by permission from Handbook of American Indians north of Mexico, published as Bulletin 30, Bureau of American Ethnology," and is issued by the Geographic Board of Canada, tenth report, printed 1913.

Extract, page 438:

Squamish

The SPELLING IS FAULTY, so far as it refers to places frequented by the Squamish tribe. THE INFORMATION IS ALSO FAULTY.

Professor Hill-Tout's comment of spelling and details of information: "This is dreadful."

Instances:

Suntz: a Squawmish village, actually a barren rock, page 442.

Chants: a Squawmish village, actually a rock and cave, page 87.

Chalkunts: a Squamish village, no such place, page 87.

Koalcha: should be Kwahulcha, not "Coal."

and many others.

"Hill-Tout in Rep. Brit. A.A.S. 1900" is quoted as authority, and appears to have been so used by someone who could not understand Prof. Hill-Tout's phonetics. See Prof. Hill-Tout's Report on the *Ethnological Survey of Canada*, British Association for the Advancement of Science, Bradford Meeting, 1900, pages 472-3.

ALEXANDER McLEAN, OLDEST LIVING PIONEER.

First saw Burrard Inlet, 1858. Died 26 August 1932, 14 days after he gave this story.

As narrated by this venerable gentleman of 81, in the presence of Mrs. McLean, whom he married in 1876, grandchildren and others, at 205 15th Avenue West, 12 August 1932. A jovial, happy pioneer with white hair, beard, ruddy complexion, and stocky, sturdy frame of medium height, he must have been a powerful man once; "not very well" last winter.

"It must have been 1853, perhaps 1854, that Father, who had been the first wood, water and ?" (with a laugh) "whisky too, merchant in San Francisco, decided that he had got money enough, and set sail in the three master schooner *Rob Roy*—she was a good, big boat which could carry 250 cattle—for the north. Port Townshend was already a port; Seattle was just starting. We stopped at Seattle, oh, perhaps two weeks; it was a little bit of a place; they were clearing the forest off—a company had it, and had 250 men there clearing off the forest. The town was down near the flats; they avoided the big hill on the north.

"Well, after we had stayed there a while, we set sail for Whatcom, and stayed there a year or so, built a fine house on the shore and—no, I don't know what nationality Father was, British or American, I imagine American. Anyway, we stayed there a year and then went to Point Roberts where we remained a year or more. Father built a fine hotel and a private house. One day we found seven men dead on the beach, murdered. We buried them, and then set off for Seattle to let the consul know. We slipped off in the dark, father and myself. I was not very big, but big enough to hold a rope. We rowed all the way; it took us two and one half days."

Note: refer "Indian Villages and Landmarks," comment by Chief Matthias Capilano re murders. Haxten, aged Indian woman states one "bad Squamish man" killed "forty whitemans"; the Indians shot him themselves as an outlaw for he was killing both whites and Indians.

"Then our hotel at Point Roberts was burned down; one of my brothers was burned in the fire; the other brother, Duncan, escaped. Then Father decided on the move which brought us to British Columbia.

"He took the *Rob Roy*, and we started to collect cattle. We got some one place and some another, great fine beasts they were, and then made for the Fraser River with about 250 head on board. As we sailed up the Fraser, I never saw so many Indians in my life; both sides—shores—were lined with them.

"When we were above New Westminster, at a place they call Port Coquitlam now, it was, as I first saw it, a great big prairie, but now it is all covered with trees, some perhaps four or five feet thick. There we put the cattle ashore, but the Indians shot a couple of them, and father decided that that was enough, so we got the remainder which had been put ashore back on board. We had no knowledge that the tide went so far up the river, and had calculated without it, and it was with much difficulty that the shore cattle were got back, through the mud, on board again.

"Just then, Governor Douglas came along in the old Hudson Bay steamer *Beaver*, and he boarded us. He told Father to go to Pitt River, and thither we went. It looked a nice flat prairie country, and the cattle were turned loose.

"But we had not reckoned with the summer flood. The first year the water came up and began to flood the land, then it came up some more, and finally it began to flood the house; the cattle took to the hills. Things looked pretty gloomy; our crop of potatoes was under water. However, the water finally receded; we planted another crop of potatoes and vegetables, and they grew so well that we harvested them, and then Father and others, including myself, set out on a five ton sloop to find a better, drier spot on which to establish. I was just a boy.

"We sailed down the north arm of the Fraser River, and somewhere just near the mouth ran aground, but got off again, and sailed into English Bay. We made for the Narrows; the Indians did not see us, or they might have stopped us; we were careful about that. Up about where Lynn Creek is now, we saw a big, flat stretch of country, but we sailed on, and when we were well up the inlet, turned into another arm. Father was looking to see where it led to, but of course we ran into the end and turned back—there was nothing up there, only hills and woods—so we went back to Pitt Meadows and decided to try there again. We thought for a while to establish with Brighthouse at Sexsmith. There was nothing on Burrard Inlet then; John Morton had not arrived.

"The next year, the floods were not so bad; we stayed there for many years. We had 600 acres at first; afterwards we got another 600. Finally, I sold my share in the estate, went to Kamloops, to" (Blackpool) "thirty years ago.

"The River Indians were not so bad, but the 'saltwater' Indians were ..."

Mrs. McLean interjects, "I have heard Mr. McLean's mother say that she always gave the Indians something when they asked for it; small allowances of tea, sugar, etc. I have heard Mrs. McLean" (senior) "say that she has actually seen the Indians spit in the frying pan when meat was frying in it."

Question: Did not know any better?

Mrs. McLean: "Did not know any better? Dirty!"

Note: doubtful that the Indians did not know any better; the surmise is that it was to assure obtaining the contents of the frying pan.

Mrs. McLean (senior) had told Mrs. McLean (junior) that she used to wrap some food in a paper and give it to the Indians.

"I don't know exactly when the Indians ceased putting their dead in the trees," continued Mr. McLean, "of course, after they stopped the tree burials, they wrapped them in blankets. I remember one time when they were building the C.P.R., I saw a lot of men coming towards what we called afterwards Westminster Junction, now Coquitlam Junction, and wondered what the hell they were doing; they were loaded down with blankets. The beggars had been robbing the blankets off the Indian dead. The Indians used to wrap the dead bodies in about *twenty* blankets—anyway, a lot of blankets—and these white railroad fellows had been digging the Indians up—they were down in the ground about six inches only, and until they got too 'bad,' had peeled the blankets off the dead Indians. The Indian houses were all made of cedar, hand split cedar shakes, and a large number of families living in the same house."

Note: Mr. McLean made some remark about the "Chinamen were here before the white man." My note is incomplete—he spoke very fast, too fast to get it all down, and now he is dead.

Mrs. McLean said that about a month before they were married in 1876, Mr. McLean and she drove over from New Westminster to the "end of the road" at Hastings (Geo. Black's). When they got to Black's there was no room in the boat, and Mr. McLean said he was going to walk to Hastings Mill where there were sports being held, and which they wanted to attend, and she would have to wait until the boat came back (approximately two and half miles each way.) She asked, "How far is it?" and Mr. McLean replied, "Three miles," and she answered, "Then I'll walk with you." When they got to Hastings Mill, they put up at "Alexander's," that is the Mill hotel, and, said Mrs. McLean, "I thought it the funniest thing, but the door was made of plain flooring."

TWO WEEKS LATER.

City of Vancouver crest

1 September 1932

Dear Major Matthews.

I am directed by the Mayor to thank you for your kindness in representing him at the funeral of the late Mr. Alex McLean, and to assure you that he is deeply appreciative.

George Fitch

Secretary to the Mayor (Louis D. Taylor)

Mr. McLean died on 26 August at Vancouver, and was buried at New Westminster 30 August. The Mayor of New Westminster, members of the Council, Senator Taylor, and other distinguished men attended. At the time of Mr. McLean's death, he was the oldest living pioneer in Vancouver—some say in British Columbia.

Excerpt from letter, 16 May 1932, by W.H. Keary, former mayor of Westminster:

"My dear Alex, I saw the old muzzle loading gun your father brought from Australia in '56 or '57. I also saw your photograph in highland costume; I thought you must have been in the Russian war by the medals you had on."

Note: one of these two small cannon was in the basement of Mr. McLean's residence, 205 15th Avenue West, in 1932; it is stated that the other is in the Vancouver City Museum. A small gun about 24 or 30 inches long, muzzle loading, and with a bore about big enough to drop an apple into.

Letter, W.H. Keary, 21 May 1932: "After reaching here in the spring of 1858, June gave a very high water, Capt. McLean moved to Douglas Island at the mouth of the Pitt River, and they never moved from the ranch that they first located on when they came round Point Roberts from Bellingham then called Watcom on Semiamho Bay."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

T.W. Herring, who came to New Westminster, 1858, told me 15 February 1936 (now very old, feeble man) that the *Rob Roy* went to pieces on river bank at McLean's farm—just rotted. He said she was "a bit of a thing; not very big." Herring says McLean came "round the Horn."

J.S.M. 17 February 1936.

ALEXANDER McLEAN.

5 October 1859. He purchased Section 18, Blk 6 north, Range 1 East, 158 acres @ 10/- per acre.

5 October 1859. He purchased Section 19, Blk 6 north, Range 1 East, 28 acres @ 10/- per acre.

20 December 1862. He purchased Section 17, Blk 6 north, Range 1 East, 91 acres @ 4/2 per acre.

20 December 1862. He purchased Section 8, Blk 6 north, Range 1 East, 160 acres @ 4/2 per acre.

25 April 1860. Preemption record 142, 160 acres. D.L. 231.

28 April 1884. Crown Grant, 168 acres. D.L. 231.

The People's Safety Valve

THE RACE ON THE FRASER.

Editor Province,—In the notice of the late Alex McLean's death in a recent issue, your obituarist made a slight inaccuracy which it might be of interest to correct, in the statement: "In the nineties he (deceased) rowed against Ned Hanlon, world's champion, over the Burrard Inlet course."

The aquatic records, I think, will be searched in vain for any such race on the waters of Burrard Inlet. McLean did meet Ned Hanlon in a unique race on the Fraser River at New Westminster, in September, 1891, in connection with the international regatta which was the outstanding sports feature that year of the Provincial Exhibition—celebration of the Royal Agricultural and Industrial Society of British Columbia.

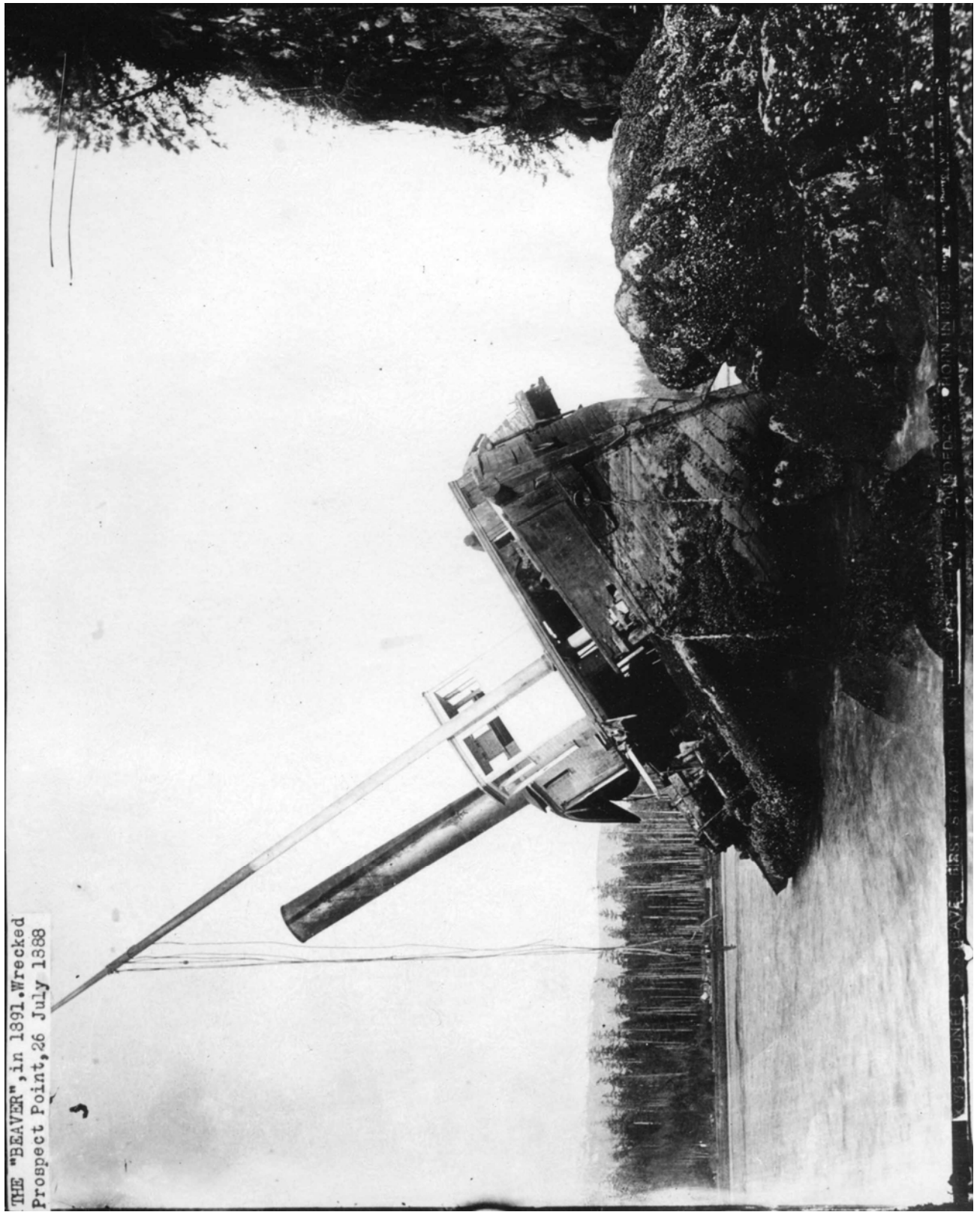
The star aquatic event on that occasion was the three-mile single-scutt race, September 24, 1891, between William O'Connor, champion of America; Ned Hanlon, ex-champion at the time; and Dutch and Stephenson, Australian champions. They finished in that order, O'Connor's time being 20 minutes 55 seconds, with Hanlon three lengths behind at the finish, Dutch eight lengths, and Stephenson twelve lengths.

McLean's race with Hanlon during the same regatta was a specially arranged race over the same course for \$400 a side—McLean rowing in an outriggered skiff (he drew the line at shells) and Hanlon (who gave McLean a start of 500 yards, figured at the time as being equivalent to $1\frac{3}{4}$ minutes) in his regular racing shell. After an exciting struggle before some fifteen thousand spectators afloat and ashore, the gallant McLean won by three lengths, in the recorded time of 19 minutes 20 seconds, Hanlon's time over the full three-mile course having been recorded at 20 minutes 28 seconds—a record at the time.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

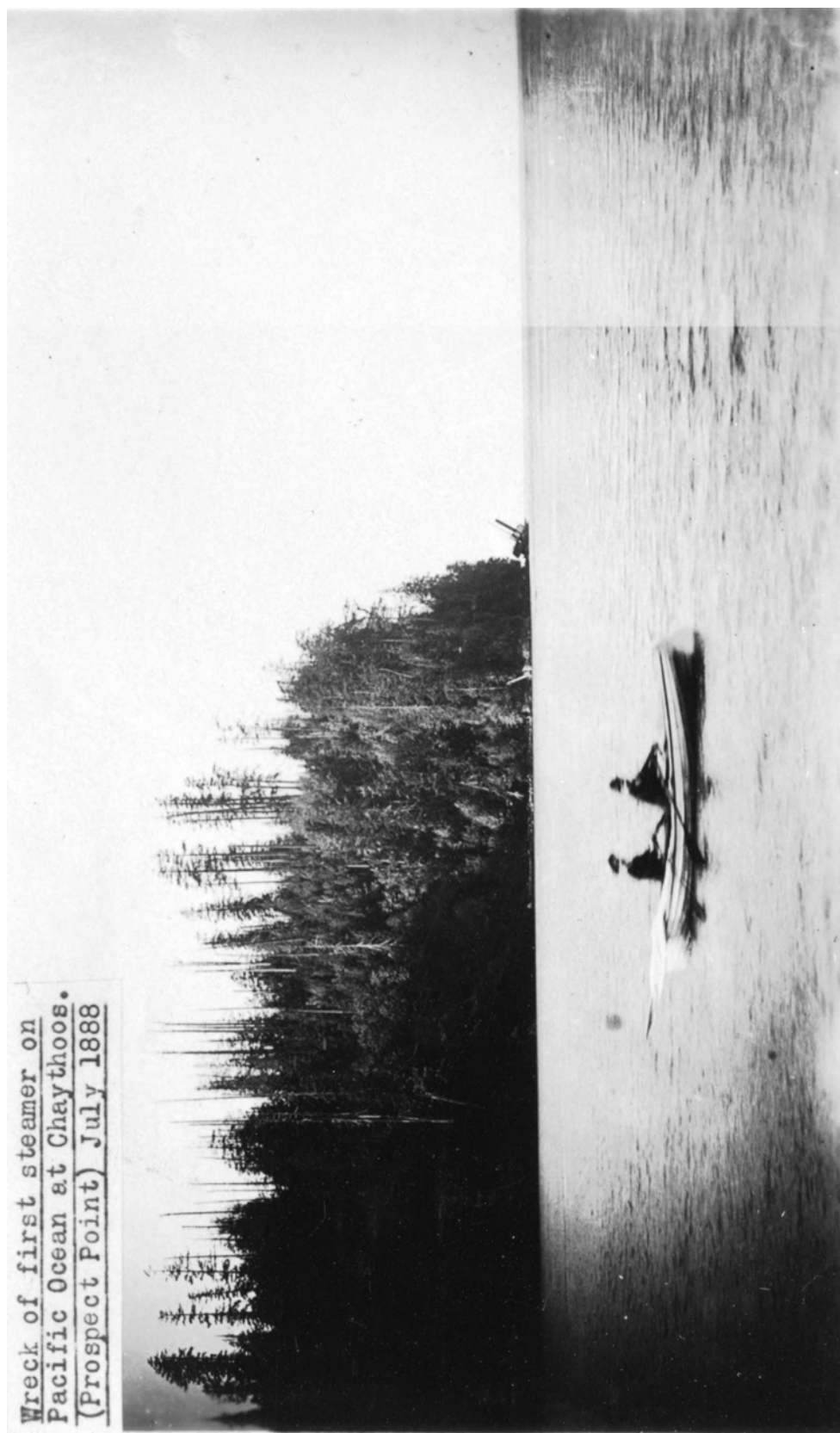
New Westminster.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_015



THE "BEAVER", in 1891. Wrecked
Prospect Point, 26 July 1888

Item # EarlyVan_v2_016



Wreck of first steamer on
Pacific Ocean at Chaythoos.
(Prospect Point) July 1888

Item # EarlyVan_v2_017

ALEXANDER McLEAN.

Letter, dated 3 May 1932, (dictated) by Alex. McLean to Major Matthews:

I was born in San Francisco on 3 June 1852. In April 1858 our family, father, mother, brother and myself, came to British Columbia and settled at Pitt Meadows.

My father Captain McLean had a sailing vessel named the *Rob Roy*, and while sailing up the Fraser River the Indians would not allow us to land, so we turned back, and on the way down we saw a boat called the *Beaver* which came from Victoria, B.C. Governor Douglas was on board the *Beaver*, and as the *Beaver* came alongside of our vessel, my father went aboard the *Beaver* and talked to the governor, who recommended us to go to Pitt Meadows.

We took up farming and lived there a number of years.

In the year of the high water, 1894, my wife and my children and I left for Kamloops and settled there in the farming districts.

We lived in the Kamloops district about thirty years, and then came down to Vancouver again where we have been living ever since.

My father and mother stayed on the farm (at Pitt Meadows) until their deaths, and are buried in Sapperton Cemetery. I would be very pleased to see you as I can tell you much more than I can write; also I would like to show you a cannon which was on our sailing ship, the *Rob Roy*, and which we fired [with] at the Indians at Cape Flattery.

Yours sincerely, Alexander McLean.

(Written and signed by his daughter.)

Letter, dated Kamloops, 15 May 1932, written by C.W. Johnston "for Mr. and Mrs. McLean."

Re Alexander McLean. Mr. McLean, who was only six years old at the time, accompanied his father, who settled on land at Pitt River, in the spring of 1858, but owing to the high water their place was flooded, so they boarded their five ton sailing sloop and went in search of drier quarters on which to farm.

They cruised all around where the present site of Vancouver now is, and up as far as where Port Moody is now located. They spent most of their time on the sloop, and landed a few times only, but there is no doubt in his mind or of Mrs. McLean's who has heard them speak of it often that he was actually standing on the site of the present city of Vancouver. They know of no actual witness now living, but remember Mr. Ed. W. Atkins, who worked for them in 1865. Mr. Ed. Atkins was a well known resident of Coquitlam.

In a set of books of the history of British Columbia (biographical) Mr. Donald McLean, Alexander's brother, made a mistake when he stated he came in 1859, it should have been 1858. This book gives a good account of D. McLean, and may prove interesting to you, although Alex. is not mentioned in it. Mr. McLean is in very poor health at present; if you wish to know more, refer to ex-mayor Keary of New Westminster, or Bob Johnston, oarsman of Vancouver. Mrs. McLean attended the celebration in Gastown on the 1st July 1876 in company with Mr. A. McLean. Also refer Mrs. T.E. Thomas, 205 West 15th Ave., who can supply you with photo of Mr. McLean's father and mother.

C.W. Johnston.

Writing this for Mr. and Mrs. McLean who supplied information.

Letter received 5 June 1932 from J. Johnston, grandchild.

When Mr. McLean first reached Vancouver in 1858 there were no houses belonging to white people, but there were rancheries belonging to Indians. These rancheries were constructed on posts, and were covered on roof and sides with split cedar, and were continuous like one long

shed. The Indians lived in banded groups like one large family, and for this reason their buildings were called rancheries.

There were tribes situated along Burrard Inlet, the Narrows, the north arm of the Fraser, in fact, they were scattered all over the districts joining Vancouver.

Mr. McLean's father was a sea captain sailing out of San Francisco. He became interested in farming, and being considered wealthy, was able to take his boat loaded with 300 head of cattle and enough provisions to start a large store, and set sail for Watkum [*Whatcom*]. He stayed at Whatcom a couple of years freighting with his boat, then came to Pitt Meadows, now known as Coquitlam. They were going to stop at the mouth of the Coquitlam River, and when unloading the Indians shot a steer, so they moved farther up the river. On the way they met Governor Douglas, and he directed them to Pitt Meadows, where Mr. McLean's father lived until he died. They sold the boat, and Mr. McLean still has one of the cannons off the boat at his home in Vancouver. The boat was called the *Rob Roy*.

Mr. McLean was an all round athlete, and took an active part in all sports. He was well known as a rower, and was in a good many boat races both in Canada and in the United States. He rowed against Hanlon in San Francisco, Vancouver and New Westminster, winning two. He went with Bob Johnston, T. Stevenson, and another man by the name of McLean to San Francisco, and took part in the boat races there. I believe Mr. Bob Johnston is still a resident of Vancouver. He was well known for his feat of crossing the Fraser River in a wash tub. He was very good in field sports excelling in running, jumping and especially in the pole vault. He was a very strong swimmer and I believe he was life saver at English Bay in 1920 and 1921.

He was right at home in the water, taking after his father, and was able to trace currents in a stream, and I have often heard him say he could trace a body in the water as easy as a man could follow signs in the woods. For this reason he was often called upon to reclaim bodies from the rivers, and in early days was never known to fail.

MRS. ALEXANDER McLEAN.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Born 9 March 1859, died 19 February 1937 at Vancouver.

"I came from Madot, Ontario via Chicago and California and landed in Victoria on Christmas Day in 1872. My father had friends in New Westminster and we settled in Sapperton. I went with Mr. McLean to Hastings town site, the end of the road at that time, Dominion Day, 1876. We walked three miles to Gastown, where Mr. McLean took part in the sports. We were in Vancouver a good many times before the fire. I lived in Vancouver, and my children, namely Mrs. W.H. Johnston, Blackpool, 1877, Mr. John McLean, Sapperton, 1878, Mr. James McLean, Seattle, 1880, and Mrs. T.E. Thomas, Vancouver, 1882, all went to school there before the fire." (The dates given indicate year they were first in Vancouver.) This list of children is as follows: Elizabeth (Mrs. W.H. Johnston), Blackpool, B.C., born at Sapperton, 9 April 1877; Donald (John), Sapperton, 17 March 1878, James Alexander, Seattle, 28 March 1880, Esther (Mrs. T.E. Thomas), Vancouver, 28 February 1882, all born at Sapperton. Grandchildren—all born in B.C. Children of Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Johnston: James, Clarence, Earl, Myrtle, Elsie, Elizabeth, Alexander, Stanley, Florence, Helen, 10 in all. Children of Mr. and Mrs. John McLean: May, Ella, Calvin, Doris, Ardith, Ray, Donald, 7 in all. Children of Mr. and Mrs. T.E. Thomas: Hazel, Thomas, Dorothy, Olive, William, Lillian. Also grandchildren, see letter.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Mrs. McLean was born 9 March 1859, died 19 February 1937 at midnight at home of daughter Mrs. T.E. Thomas, 1031 West 10th, Vancouver. Buried at New Westminster beside her husband.

Mrs. T.E. Thomas, in 1937, at time of Mrs. McLean's death, had 6 children. In all, Mrs. McLean left 4 children, 23 grandchildren, and 9 great-grandchildren.



William Hailstone, Sam Brighthouse, John Morton
Pioneers of Vancouver

Item # EarlyVan_v2_018

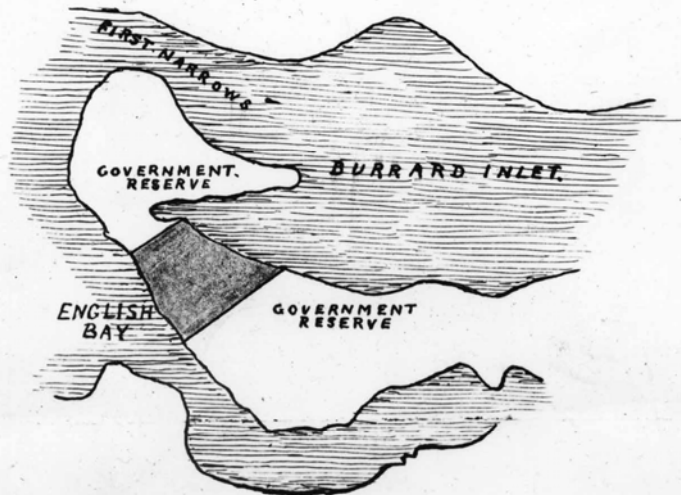
New Westminster

November 1862

Sir

We the undersigned desire to pre-empt
the Plot of Land (marked on plan "Red") —
situated at Burrard's Inlet, Bounded on the
North by Burrard's Inlet, on the East by Govern-
-ment Reserve, on the South by English Bay,
& on the west by Government Reserve, will you
please to record the above described piece of
Land for us

{ William Hailstone
(sig.) { Sam Brighthouse
 { John Morton



Recorded 3rd November 1862 }
C Brew. J.P. }



John Morton.
First Resident of Vancouver
1862--1912

Item # EarlyVan_v2_020

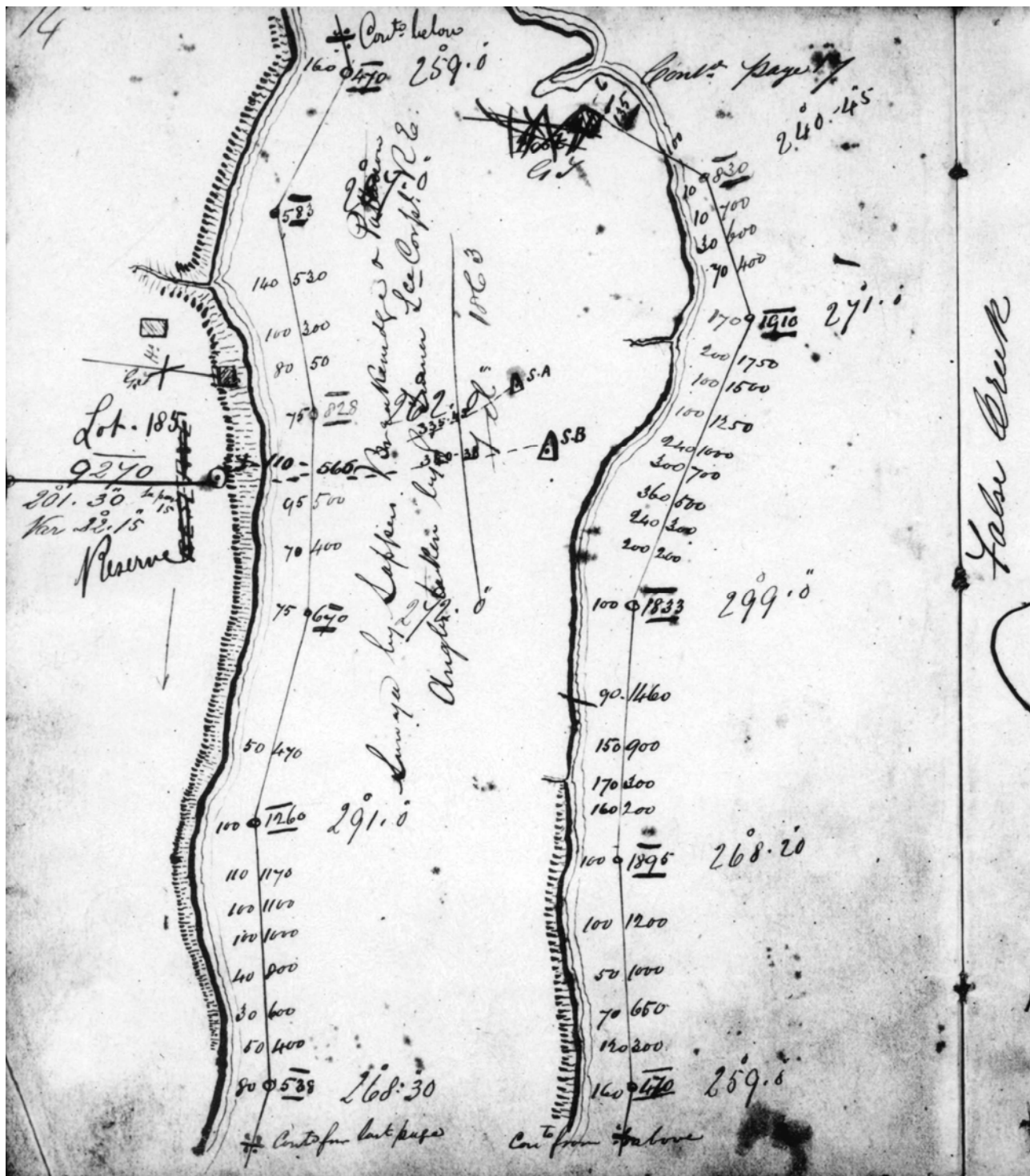
Copied
Copy handed to
Capt. Turner
M. W. C. S.

26th June 1883

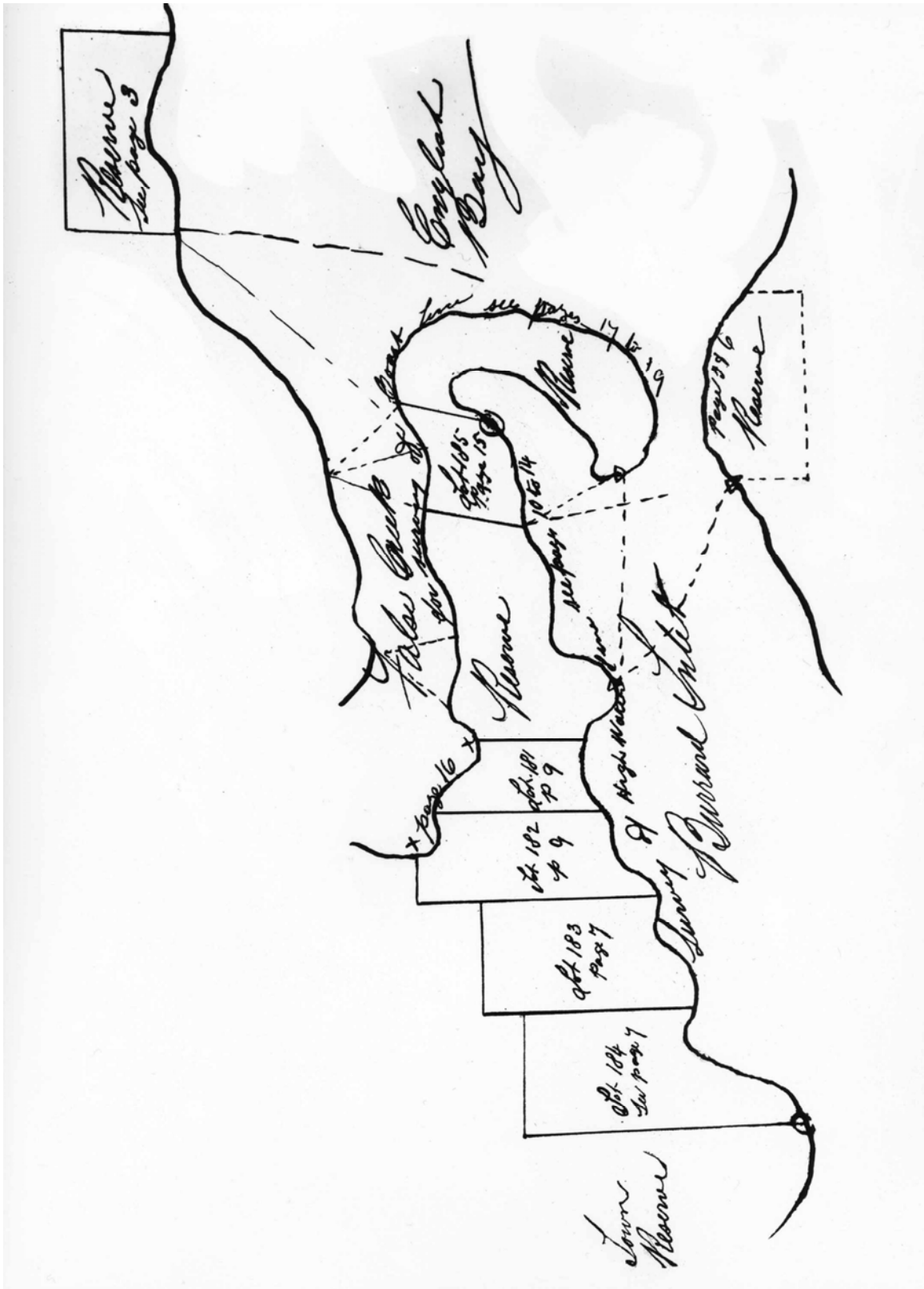
Memo. for Cap: Parsons R.R.

I wish Corporal Turner and Party to
procure if earliest opportunity I Burnard hotel
to be Review Posts of fort: Reserve for town near
Entrance - D. D. Naval Reserve and then
to survey lands property of R. Burnaby and
H.P.P. Grease and from ~~then~~ thence to lay out claims
or survey lands (160 acres each, narrow side to Shorefront)
between Fish Point and the Village which has been
laid out "in bloc". ~~From~~ In laying out above
the party is especially to mark on Plan and transmit
the same as early as possible to me showing any
clearances or Huts or other "occupations" recently made
by any parties.

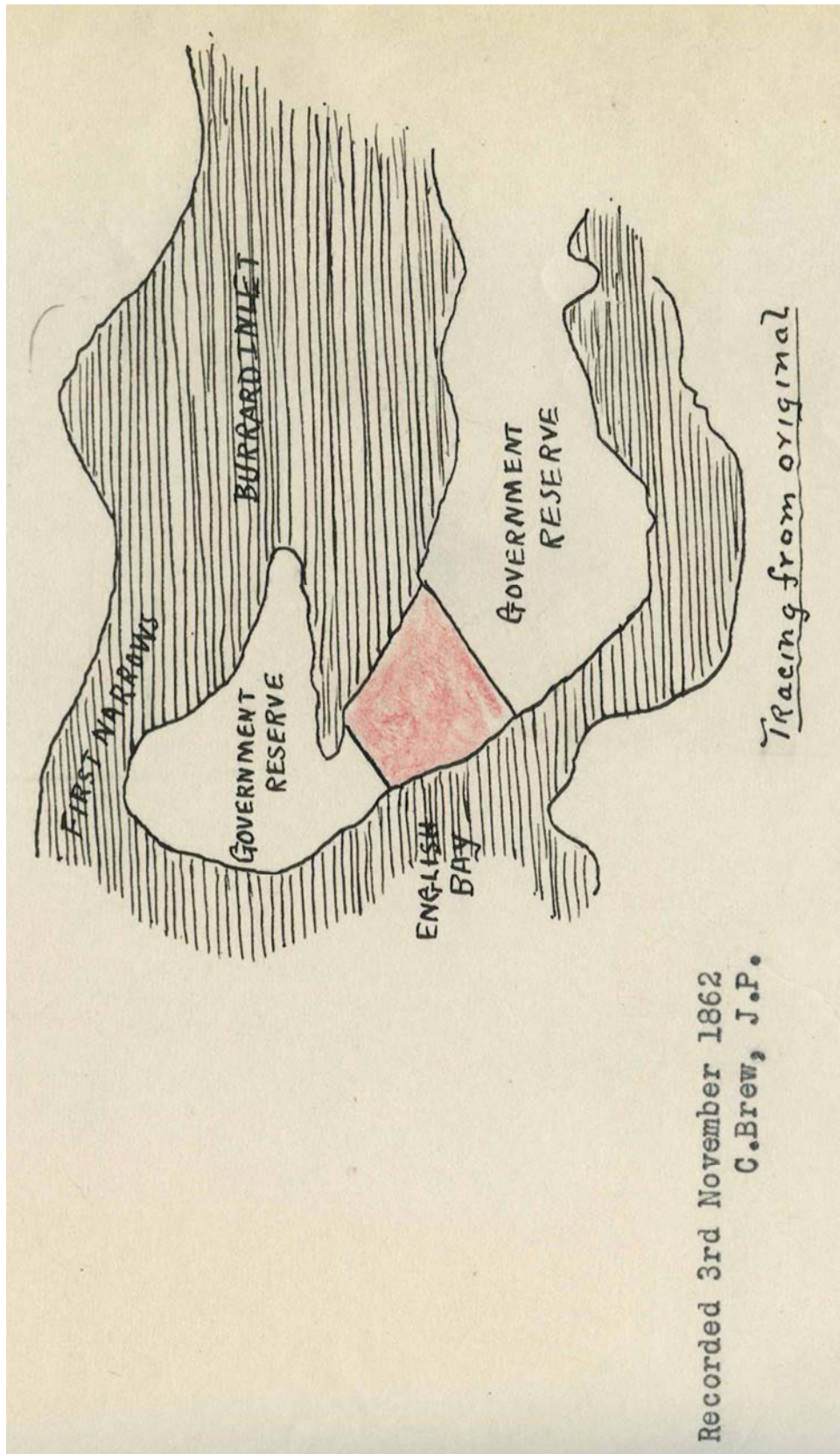
M. W. C. S.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_022



Item # EarlyVan_v2_023



Item # EarlyVan_v2_025

COPY OF PHOTOSTAT NO. 12240, DEPT. OF LANDS, SURVEY BRANCH, VICTORIA.

No. 65
New Westminster
November 1862

Sir:

We the undersigned desire to pre-empt the Plot of Land (marked on the plan "red") situated at Burrard's Inlet, bounded on the north by Burrard's Inlet, on the east by Government reserve, on the south by English Bay, and on the west by Government Reserve, will you please record the above described piece of land for us.

signed,

William Hailstone,
Sam Brighthouse

John Morton Note: the consideration was four shillings and two pence per acre, 550 acres £114.11.8
official receipt 7 December 1865. Price paid in scrip. \$1.01 per acre \$555.75, File 286/73 Dept. of Lands, Victoria.

BURRARD INLET SURVEY, 1863. LANCE-CORPORAL G. TURNER, R.E.

Historic Survey of Vancouver, 1863.

The village which has been laid out "en bloc."

Copy of order on small sheet of paper in the handwriting of Col. R.C. Moody, commanding Royal Engineers, directing survey of Burrard Inlet. The original field notes, together with original letter, and preserved in the Land Registry, Victoria.

26 Jan'y 1863

Copied
Copy handed to
Corp'l Turner.
W. McColl, S.R.E.

Memo for Capt. Parsons RE

I wish Corporal Turner and party to proceed by earliest opportunity to Burrard Inlet to revise posts of gov't reserve for town near entrance—Do. Do. naval reserve and then to survey lands the property of R. Burnaby and N.P.P. Crease and from thence to lay out claims or survey lands (160 acres each, narrow side to shore front) between such points and the village which has been laid out "en bloc". In laying out above the party is especially to mark on plan and transmit the same as early as possible to me showing any clearances or huts or other 'occupations' recently made by any parties.

R.C.M.
Col. Com'g

JOHN MORTON, WILLIAM HAILSTONE, SAM BRIGHOUSE.

Copy of original documents in Land Registry, Vancouver.

1858 Royal Arms
V.R.
JWB
Frederick Seymour
Colony of British Columbia
No. eight

VICTORIA by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof in Europe Asia Africa America and Australasia

QUEEN Defender of the Faith and so forth TO ALL to whom these presents shall come GREETING

KNOW YE that WE do by these presents for US OUR Heirs and Successors in consideration of the sum of

One hundred and fourteen pounds eleven shillings and eight pence to US paid give and grant unto Sam Brighthouse William Hailstone and John Morton their heirs and assigns all that parcel or Lot of Land situate in the District of New Westminster said to contain five hundred and fifty acres

and numbered Lot one eighty five Group one on the official Plan or Survey of the said District in the colony of British Columbia to Have and to Hold the said parcel or lot of land, and all and singular the premises here by granted with their appurtenances unto the said Sam Brighthouse William Hailstone and John Morton their heirs and assigns forever.

PROVIDED NEVERTHELESS that it shall at all time be lawful for US Our Heirs and Successors or for any person or persons acting in that behalf by Our or their authority to resume any part of the said lands which it may be deemed necessary to resume for making roads canals bridges towing paths or other works of public utility or convenience so nevertheless that the lands so to be resumed shall not exceed one twentieth part of the whole of the lands aforesaid and that no such resumption shall be made of any lands on which any buildings have been erected or which may be in use as gardens or otherwise for the more convenient occupation of any such buildings.

PROVIDED NEVERTHELESS that it shall at all time be lawful for US Our Heirs and Successors or for any person or persons acting under Our or their authority to enter into and upon any part of the said lands and to raise and get thereout any gold or silver ore which may be thereupon or thereunder situate and to use and enjoy any and every part of the same land and of the easements and privileges thereto belonging for the purpose of such raising and getting and every other purpose connected therewith paying in respect of such raising getting and use reasonable compensation.

PROVIDED NEVERTHELESS that it shall be lawful for any person duly authorised in that behalf by Us Our Heirs and Successors to take and occupy such water privileges and to have and enjoy such rights of carrying water over through or under any parts of the hereditaments hereby granted as may be reasonably required for mining purposes in the vicinity of the said hereditaments paying therefore a reasonable compensation to the aforesaid Sam Brighthouse William Hailstone and John Morton their heirs and assigns.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF we have caused these OUR Letters to be made patent and the Great Seal of OUR COLONY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA to be hereunto affixed WITNESS OUR right trusty and well beloved FREDERICK SEYMOUR ESQUIRE Governor and Commander-in-Chief of OUR Colony of British Columbia and its Dependencies at OUR Government House in OUR City of New Westminster this twentieth day of May in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and sixty seven and in the Thirtieth Year of OUR Reign.

BY COMMAND

(signed) A.....

Deposited for registration the 27th May A.D. 1867 at 2 p.m.

Copy of original documents in the Land Registry, Vancouver:

Recorded this 13th day of November 1871 in Record of Conveyance, Vol. 1 folio 200.

Henry S. Mason.

Act'g Registrar General.

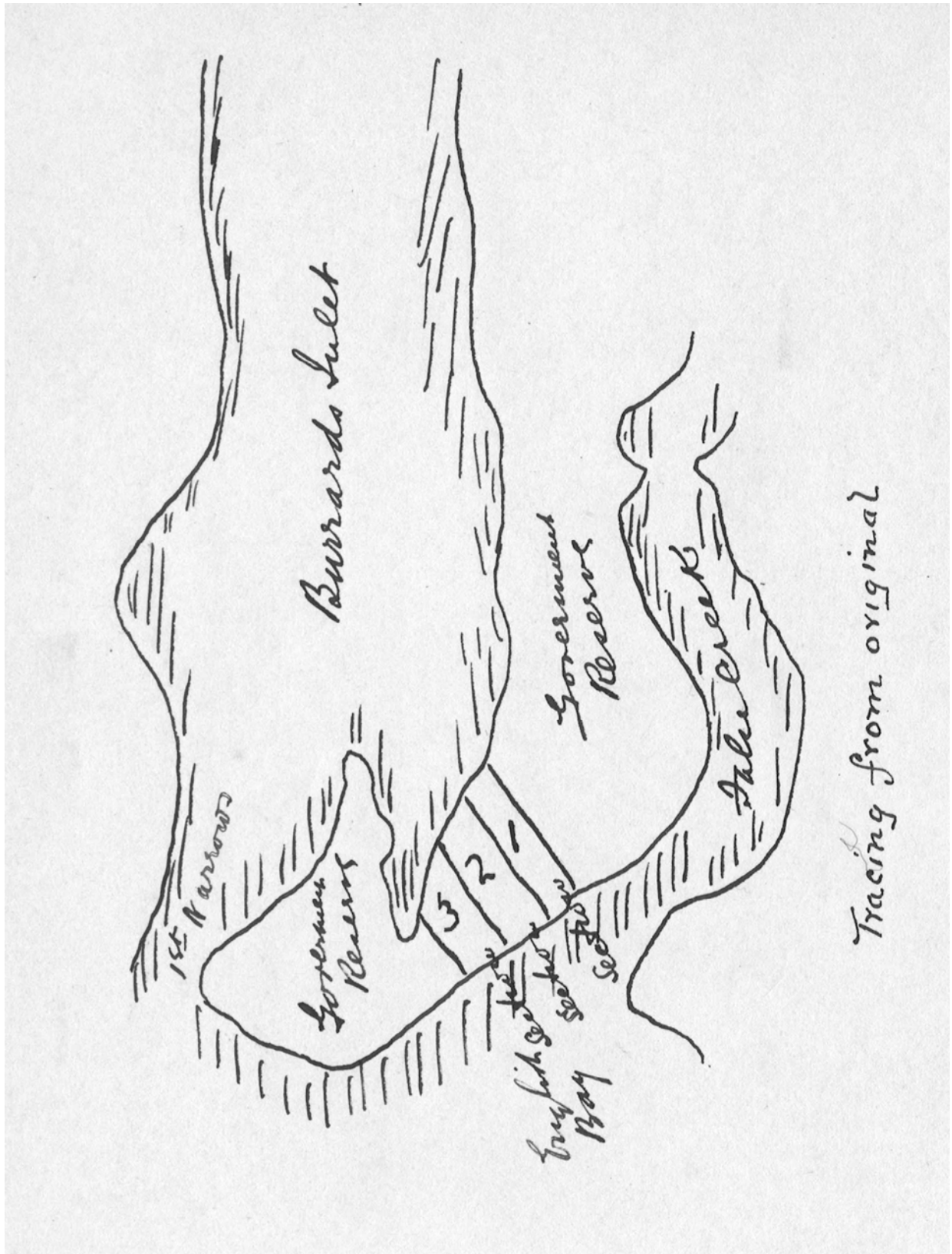
THIS INDENTURE made the fourth day of November one thousand eight hundred and seventy one between William Hailstone and Sam Brighthouse of the City of New Westminster in the Province of British Columbia of the First part and John Morton of the same place of the second part Witnesseth

That the said parties of the first part for and in consideration of the said party of the Second part having given up to them all his undivided interest in and to Sections No 1 and No 2 of subdivision of Lot 185 Group 1 as marked and numbered on the official plan or survey of rural lands of the District of New Westminster in the Province of British Columbia and more fully described in a deed of conveyance of even date herewith the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, doth grant, bargain, sell, release, convey and confirm free from encumbrance unto the said party of the Second part his heirs executors administrators and assigns forever, all the estate, right, title and interest legal and equitable of them the said parties of the First part in and to that piece or parcel of land containing one hundred and eighty three and one third acres ($183 \frac{1}{3}$) more or less and marked Section No 3 on plan of subdivision of aforesaid Lot 185 Group 1 or otherwise being one third of, and on the western side of said Lot 185 Together with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining to have and to hold the said premises unto and to the use of the said party of the Second part his heirs executors administrators and assigns covenants with the said party of the Second part his heirs executors administrators and assigns that they have full power to make this assignment of the said premises and that they have their heirs executors administrators and assigns will at any time hereafter, whenever required, but at the expense of the party requiring it, make, do and execute all such further deed or other assurance for further or better assuring the premises hereby demised to the use of the said party of the Second part, his heirs and assigns as by him or them shall be reasonably required.

IN WITNESS whereof the said parties have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

William Hailstone
Sam Brighthouse
John Morton

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of John Brough.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_026

As the survey of Section No. 1-2 and 3, Group 1, New Westminster District has not yet been made the dividing lines here shown are only approximate but sufficiently accurate to show the position of each section as approved of and agreed to by us on this 25th day of October 1871.

William Hailstone.
John Morton.
Sam Brighthouse.

Copy of the original documents in the Land Registry, Vancouver:

No 1943A registered the 16th May A.D. 1877 in Absolute Fees Book, Vol. 5, folio 406.

H.B.W.—man, Regr Genl.

THIS INDENTURE made the fourth day of November one thousand eight hundred and seventy one between JOHN MORTON of the city of New Westminster in the province of British Columbia of the first party, and William Hailstone and Sam Brighthouse of the same place of the second party, Witnesseth

That the said part of the First part for and in consideration of the said parties of the Second part having given up to him all their individual interest in and to Section No 3 of sub-division of Lot 185, Group 1 as marked and numbered on the official plan or survey of rural lands of the district of New Westminster in the Province of British Columbia, and more fully described in a deed of conveyance of even date herewith, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, doth grant, bargain, sell, release, convey and confirm free from encumbrance unto the said parties of the Second part, their heirs executors administrators and assigns forever all the estate, right, title and interest legal and equitable of him the said part of the First part in and to those pieces or parcels of land containing respectively one hundred and eighty three and one third acres (183 1/3) or a total of 366 2/3 acres more or less and marked sections No. 1 and No. 2 on plan of subdivision of aforesaid Lot 185 Group 1, or otherwise being two thirds of, and on the eastern side of said Lot 185. Together with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining to have and to hold the said premises unto and to the use of the said parties of the Second part, their heirs and assigns forever and the said party of the First part hereby for himself his heirs executors administrators and assigns will at any time hereafter whenever required, but at the expense of the party requiring it, make, do or execute all such further deed or other assurance for further or better assuring the premises hereby demised to the use of the said parties of the Second part, their heirs and assigns as by them shall be reasonably required.

IN WITNESS whereof the said parties hereunto have set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

John Morton
William Hailstone
Sam Brighthouse

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of John Brough"

**THE LOCATION
OF
HUT AND CLEARANCES
OF THE
FIRST RESIDENTS OF BURRARD INLET
JOHN MORTON, SAM BRIGHOUSE AND WILLIAM HAILSTONE
PREEMPTORS OF "THE BRICKMAKER'S CLAIM"
BEING DISTRICT LOT 185
NOW KNOWN AS
THE "WEST END"
VANCOUVER, B.C.**

Excerpts from statements, written and verbal, made by Mrs. Ruth Morton, relict of John Morton, Esquire, by Joseph Morton, Esquire, his only son, and other pioneers of Granville and Vancouver, as to the exact location of the CABIN AND CLEARING OF JOHN MORTON OF BURRARD INLET AND ENGLISH BAY, together with photostatic copies, etc. of documentary evidence.

Compiled by
Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.
Archivist
Vancouver
1932

The remarks which follow were made to me during 1931 and 1932 by early residents of Vancouver, all of whom have personal knowledge, and all of whom are living, August 1932.

Vancouver, August 1932

J.S. Matthews, Archivist.

JOSEPH MORTON

John Morton's only son, born New Westminster, 1881. Conversation, 3 March 1932. Also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, Matthews.

"I was walking down Seaton Street, now Hastings Street, with Father one day about 1905 or earlier. We had met downtown and were going home together, when Father halted, and we peered over a rail fence onto a vacant lot. He pointed his finger and said, 'Do you see that little knoll? That was where we built our cabin.' Note carefully, he said, 'That was where *we* built *our* cabin,' not 'where *I* built *my* cabin.' The location was where the Blue Ribbon Tea people, Galts, now have their tea and coffee warehouse, at that time, vacant land. To the west of where we stood, probably 50 or 100 feet, there can be seen today the ruins of the basement walls of the old Williams and Parker Brewery on the western bank of the ravine; the 'knoll' was on the eastern bank. A narrow, disused, old wagon road came up, somehow, between the brewery and the knoll."

MRS. RUTH MORTON

Relict of John Morton, and now of Montrose Apartments, West 12th Avenue, Vancouver, and, at the opening of the Burrard Bridge, 1 July 1932, a guest of the City. Conversation 13 May 1932. Also see "Here before the Fire," Letters, 1931.

In June 1884, my husband and I came over on the stage from New Westminster with the intention of my seeing the white sand beach [*now English Bay Beach*] but we could not get a seaworthy row boat, so did not get there. Whilst my nephew, Edmund Ogle, and I were waiting on the beach at Gastown for Mr. Morton, in front of us was a sow digging up clams, and a crow hopping in front of her getting a meal from bits of the clams. We saw the English Church [*St. James'*] and had

lunch at George Black's [*Hastings Townsite*] and then went back to New Westminster on the stage, and from there up to Mission to our farm.

[*signed*] Ruth Morton

13 May 1932.

Note: Mrs. Morton told me that she had never actually seen Mr. Morton's clearing. She is the stepmother of Joseph Morton.

WILLIAM DALTON

Chairman, Board of Vancouver Public Library. Conversation July 1932.

"John Morton told me that his cabin was where the Blue Ribbon tea people are located. Sam told me he paid for his preemption in scrip given him by the government for building roads, etc.; not in cash."

DR. HENRI E. LANGIS, M.D.

Pioneer C.P.R. medical officer. He reached Victoria on 15 July 1884, and Granville in 1885, and is now, 1932, resident at Parksville, B.C. Conversation, see *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931.

"The John Morton-Brighthouse clearing had just one shack. A man named Proctor, or Porter, was living in it—he married an Indian, and was, about 1883 or 1884, making spars for the British Admiralty. 'Spratt's Ark' was at the foot of Burrard Street, and the way to get to the big tree, so well known in Vancouver by the photograph "Vancouver Lots for Sale," and which was located up near the corner of Granville and Georgia streets, was to take a boat at Andy Linton's boathouse at the foot of Carrall Street, row to Spratt's Ark, and walk up the skid road which slanted from there up to where the Hotel Vancouver now stands."

W.D. HAYWOOD

Of Rogers Building, Vancouver, formerly of Commercial Hotel. Conversation in July 1932.

"I came to Granville in September 1885. John Morton's place was just a bit of a clearing, perhaps half an acre. The ravine crossed Pender Street West where the house on the south side, now numbered 1030 Pender Street West, stands. I remember very distinctly the filling in of the hollow when the house was built in 1890."

Note: this house stands on all or part of Lot 4, Block 2.

YORKSHIRE AND CANADIAN TRUST, LTD.

Conversation, 22 August 1932.

"We are having trouble with a house on Lot 16, Block 1. It is sinking; this map explains it." (City of Vancouver, 1886.) "The house must stand on the filled in ravine."

(FORMERLY) MRS. ALEXANDER STRATHIE

Of 1150 Alberni Street, now Mrs. Emily Eldon, relict of Mr. Eldon, formerly Superintendent, Stanley Park. She arrived Vancouver 1 March (about) 1886. Conversation 16 June 1932.

"It had been our custom—my husband's" (Mr. Strathie) "and mine—to take a walk on Sunday afternoons. Frequently we went west along the narrow bush trail which led from Gastown to Coal Harbour and English Bay. The trail led 'up the hill' along the top of the 'Bluff,' and continued on between what is now Pender Street West and Hastings Street West, past John Morton's old clearing, just a little clearing, less than an acre, with a board shack big enough for two people. The trail through the trees was so narrow, and lined with bushes so close and thick, that a woman had to draw in her skirts close around her legs."

JOHN MORTON'S CLEARING.

"Morton's clearing was only a small place; just about half an acre or so," said Mr. W.D. Haywood, formerly of the Commercial Hotel.

"I came here in 1885, in September 1885. The ravine or gulch of which you speak as first shown in Corporal Turner's map of his survey of Burrard Inlet in 1863, was located, well, it crossed Pender Street West where the house now numbered 1030 West Pender Street stands; because, I distinctly remember the hollow being filled in when the house was built in 1890. I think it, the house, is on lot four, block two, D.L. 185.

"On the southwest corner of Pender and Burrard streets there is a little lane running north and south—just fifty or sixty feet west, where the Pender Street sidewalk bends; the house is the second from the little lane, second to the west, and is the one which stands on the filled in gulch; it is not more than sixty feet or so from the bend; Frank Holt will tell you all about that location; he has lived there for thirty-five years or more."

JSM, 28 July 1932.

JOHN MORTON'S CLEARING. SPRATT'S OILERY.

Frank Holt, now aged 77, who came to Vancouver on or about 13 July 1886, a month after the fire, and now lives at the back of 1003 Hastings Street West, in an old house on the edge of the cliff—a sheer drop of thirty or forty feet from his verandah, which faces north, to the C.P.R. tracks *directly beneath*, that is, a few feet from the Quadra Club building, and about sixty-six feet from the western wall of the Marine Building. He has lived in this same house for thirty-eight years.

"This old house was built by Spratts of Victoria in 1875, and was used in early days as a bunk house for the employees working in the oilery operated by Spratts. Come outside, and I will show you the charred boards" (on northern front); "these charcoal marks were caused by the fire" (11 August 1886) "which destroyed Spratt's Oillery, and nearly destroyed the old house. I moved the old house some years ago; it used to be 66 feet east of here. This house is actually on the C.P.R. right of way, but the garage people in the front there let me have access.

"When I came here about a month after the fire, 13 July 1886 I came, the only clearing out this way was just west of Burrard Street, from about Burrard Street as it is now to the old brewery on the edge of the creek; the brewery was not there then; nothing. The clearing went back a few yards from the northern side; went back about as far as Seaton Street" (Hastings Street West.) "The edge of the cliff was the northern limit of Morton's clearing. Beyond these boundaries was stumps and fallen trees as far south as about Pendrill Street, and from there on westwards was pretty solid forest. There was a trail along the top of the Bluff, a trail through fallen timber, leading towards the westwards and Coal Harbour, about as far as Broughton Street, where it entered the trees.

"The little clearing—about an acre, more or less—was very clearly outlined, because it was in grass; no fruit trees or fences. The cliff bent back to about where the Blue Ribbon Tea Company's warehouse is now, and on the corner, as it were, above the creek, was a little cottage. Another building stood on the northern end of, I think, Lot 4, and behind it was a big building afterwards used as a mattress factory. Another cottage with a fence about it stood on Lot 3; all were used by Spratts. The approach to Spratt's Oillery was exactly where we sit now. At that time the waters of the inlet came right up to the base of this cliff."

JSM, 15 August 1932.

JOHN McDUGALL

Now, 1932, of Quesnel, B.C., known to pioneers by the sobriquet "Chinese McDougall," who cleared the forest off 440 acres of the "West End," etc. Letter received 8 August 1932 from Quesnel.

"Mr. Morton's house and garden was on the shore directly south of Deadman's Island. It was used for a logging camp after his time; it was my camping place whilst slashing down the timber on the 440 acre Brighthouse estate in the months of April and May 1886 (?) 1887."

W.H. GALLAGHER

Formerly Alderman, and one of the two known survivors of those present at the first meeting of the City Council, 1886. See *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931.

"Sam Brighthouse and John Hailstone, they kept their cows out on a ranch on the cliff at the foot of, and to the west a little, of Burrard Street, overlooking the inlet.

"I have been up at John Morton's, up on old Seaton Street.

"He had a small piece of land cleared there; an acre or so partly cleared, and had some cows.

"Brighthouse and Hailstone wanted the land for their cows; that was what they preempted D.L. 185 for; they had no idea there would ever be a Vancouver.

"Brighthouse himself told me what they wanted the land for. He preempted it because he did not want others bothering him. He also told me that when the man who was surveying it was laying out the boundaries, the man said to him, 'I will put in the island (Deadman's Island) in your preemption for five dollars.' Hailstone, so Brighthouse told me, said, 'Don't give it him; we've enough stuff now.'"

FRANK H. HOLT

Resident in 1932, so he states, since 1894—38 years in the same house, now numbered 1003 Hastings Street West, standing on the extreme edge of the cliff, with a sheer drop to C.P.R. tracks beneath, and which house he states was formerly one of the buildings connected with Spratt's Ark. The tide formerly washed the foot of this cliff. Conversation, 15 August 1932.

"When I came to Vancouver, about a month after 'The Fire,' 13 June 1886, the only clearing in the West End was just west of what is now Burrard Street—from there to the creek and back from the shore to about the north side of Seaton Street; just a little clearing in extent about one acre, more or less, clearly defined because it was all in grass; no fruit trees or garden. The bit of cleared land sloped steeply, but it was not a cliff, down to the shore on the north and the creek on the west. High up on the corner where the slope bent back up the creek was a cottage, about four rooms. What its early history had been I do not know, but it was used then in connection with Spratt's Oilery, which was on the water to the east of it. That cottage, whatever cottage it was, was on the top of the slope and overlooked the inlet."

Note: nothing has been revealed at this date to show whether this was the original cabin, or any part of it.

R. KERR HOULGATE

To whom Mrs. Ruth Morton, now very elderly, entrusts the management of her private interests. Conversation, 19 August 1932.

"I have read Mr. Joseph Morton's narration of March 3rd from end to end twice over. My experience has been that Joe's memory for historical detail is quite good, and, so far as I have knowledge, the narrative is all right, except perhaps that you might see the Yorkshire and Canadian Trust, who may perhaps verify what the amount of the estate was.

"Mr. Williams of Williams and Barker of the old Red Cross Brewery was a close friend of mine, and I often used to go down there to visit him. The exact location of the road Joe speaks of is difficult to explain. The bank dropped down to the creek bottom quite a distance; it was a big hole in the ground, and the path up from the bottom, I think, at first wound up on the western side, then crossed over to the eastern, and in that way ascended the steep slope. A lot of water came down that creek; there was a small dam.

"John Morton was a dour Yorkshireman, solid, very devout, and of quite determined character."

CONVERSATION WITH MR. WRIGHT, VICE-PRESIDENT OF YORKSHIRE AND CANADIAN TRUST LTD., 22 AUGUST 1932.

"Mr. E.B. Morgan was not himself the executor of Mr. Morton's will, but the North West Trust Company, a British Columbia trust company with which he was associated, and which became insolvent in 1915, when the Courts appointed us as executors.

"Mr. Joseph Morton's statements as to the probated value is about right. The Baptist Church does not get the one hundred thousand dollars until Mrs. Ruth Morton's death; they did not get a previous one hundred thousand.

"I am afraid there was some strange administration until the estate came into our hands; it was in an awful tangle when we took it over."

CITY OF VANCOUVER, BUILDING DEPT.

Record of building permits issued.

"8th July, 1905. G.F. and J. Galt, Lot 6, Block 1, \$21,000.

"17th August, 1917. Addition, west twenty feet, Lot 6, Block 1, \$17,000."

Note: prior to 1 January 1928, the firm known as Blue Ribbon Limited, tea merchants, etc., was known as G.F. and J. Galt, tea merchants and vendors of the "Blue Ribbon" brand, well known throughout Canada.

COPY OF LETTER DATED 18 AUGUST 1932, RECEIVED FROM BLUE RIBBON LIMITED, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Dear Major Matthews:

Replying to your letter of August 12th. We have checked carefully the description of our property as outlined in your letter and find that your information is correct, excepting that our building on Lot 6 is 56' wide instead of 66'. Our portion, therefore of Lot 6 is the west 56'.

The property is described as Lots 6 & 7, Blk 1., D.L. 185. It is now owned by Blue Ribbon Limited, as G.F. and J. Galt sold out their interests to this Company over four years ago.

The first part of our building was put up in 1905, and the addition of 20' to the west, in 1917. All of our building stands on Lot 6, Lot 7 being at the present time vacant.

Yours very truly,

BLUE RIBBON LIMITED,

per Fred T. Moore.

NARRATION, JOSEPH MORTON, ESQ., 2116 YORK STREET, KITSILANO, TO MAJOR J.S. MATTHEWS, ARCHIVIST, 3 MARCH 1932.

(Proof subsequently corrected and approved by Mr. Morton.)

"Father has told me, upon many occasions, the story of how fate brought him to Vancouver. I am his only son. This is how it was.

"Father was born in Yorkshire, at a little village called Salandine Nook, three miles from Huddersfield, famous for its pottery. Father was a potter, so was his father. The firm of Joseph Morton and Sons, that is, my grandfather and his sons, still functions. You will see later how this avocation of Father's had much to do with his subsequent fortunes and his establishment at Vancouver.

"Father was born on the 16th April 1834, so that he must have been about 27 or 28 when he left England for the Crown Colony of British Columbia on that famous leviathan of the nineteenth century, the paddlewheel steamer *Great Eastern*, the vessel which laid the first Atlantic cable. It seems to me that Father told me that he came out on her on her first trip, but I don't see how that could be, as I think she made her first trip in 1858. Anyway, he came to British Columbia in the spring of 1862.

"Sam Brighthouse and Father were first cousins, travelling together to make their fortunes in the Cariboo goldfields, and they met William Hailstone, also on his way to the Cariboo, on the *Great Eastern*. Father has never intimated to me that they knew Hailstone before they met on the ship.

"The three travelled together to New York and from there by way of St. Louis and the Union Pacific Railway, then under construction, down to the coast to Panama. Father told me that, whilst travelling on the Union Pacific, it was necessary upon one occasion to stop the train for a quarter of an hour to let the buffalo pass, or rather, to work through them. The buffalo were crossing the track and were strung out as

far as he could see in all directions. The buffalo must have been travelling north as it was springtime. He also told me that, whilst waiting at St. Louis, they were walking together one evening and saw a man lying in the street gutter. Examination proved he was dead. They stayed near and presently drew the attention of a passing stranger, who remarked, 'Oh, that's nothing; he's only a nigger.'

"They made two trips together to the Cariboo; one in 1862, and one the next year, each time walking the whole distance 400 miles in and 400 miles out both trips, 1600 miles in all. I presume they took a boat to Yale, but what I do not quite understand is how they took up land and held it and at the same time went to the Cariboo as well, for a preemption requires someone to live upon it. They had not the means to travel to the Cariboo by stage. Father told me that while they were on their way in on one of their trips, I do not know which one, he took a little pail to get some fresh water for supper from the lake, and just as he was dipping the pail into the water, noticed a corpse in the water. After examining it he moved off to one side to another place to get some clean water. He got his water, took it back to their bivouac, told his two companions of what he had seen, and they all returned to the corpse to view it.

"It was then noticed that the head had been smashed in, so they looked around for further evidence, finding two more bodies, three in all, all with their heads smashed in. There was a lot of lawlessness about at that time.

"Father also remarked to me on how they slept in the snow, and how, in the morning, the first one up would see two mounds of snow on the ground, 'like a graveyard,' to use Father's own words.

"On the second trip out Mr. Hailstone got a job as blacksmith's helper, and remained behind, I believe, at Clinton."

THE FAMOUS JOURNEY TO BURRARD INLET.

"I feel quite sure it was before they made the first trip into the Cariboo that Father made the celebrated journey to Burrard Inlet. He has told me that they were looking around New Westminster. They were recent arrivals, all things were strange to them, they were curious, looking at anything and everything, and waiting to start out for the Cariboo.

"One day Father wandered past a cobbler's shop in New Westminster and saw a piece of coal in the window. He entered, and was told by the cobbler that an Indian had brought it to him wrapped in a blanket. Possibly the Indian had heard of the coal at Nanaimo, knew that the White Man was interested; perhaps he had seen coal used by the Royal Engineers in New Westminster.

"Father's interest was excited. As a potter he knew that certain kinds of clay are found near coal. The cobbler promised to locate the Indian, and soon after the Indian and Father were brought together in New Westminster.

"An arrangement was made for the Indian to guide Father to the coal deposit, and so they started off one day and came by forest trail to the head of False Creek. Just what trail they took I do not know; there must have been many trails through the forest known to the Indians, and, from what you tell me John McDougall says, the growth of trees was so prolific over that country that the tops shut out the light, and there was very little growth of any sort near the ground. Anyway, Father told me the Indian led him to the head of False Creek, that they then skirted the head of False Creek, and after that cut through the trees to the Inlet, somewhere about Carrall Street now, and the Indian got a canoe. The Indian showed Father the coal seam, but whether the one at the foot of Burrard Street or the one at Prospect Point, or both, I do not know. Father told me he did not think much of the coal.

"You must remember that, as the years pass, the locations of places to which names are applied change a little. For instance, the head of False Creek today is a very different place to that which Father and the Indian circled around, which was at the foot of the Grandview slopes. Then again, the Coal Harbour of today is a mere section of the Coal Harbour of 1862 or 1863. What prompted the Indian to take Father out of the First Narrows I have no knowledge, but whatever it was, they went out of the Narrows in the canoe and circumnavigated the peninsula. Perhaps it was that the tide was rushing out, and it was easier for them to come back to English Bay than to re-enter the Narrows; that would be quite like an Indian. Anyway, the facts are that they went out of the Narrows and clear around until they finally landed on the English Bay bathing beach at the foot of Denman Street.

"Father has distinctly told me many times that it was near the foot of the present Denman Street. It is quite reasonable he should know, for, as you yourself recollect, the sand of the English Bay bathing beach was, until quite recent years, but a very short strip of perhaps no more than one hundred yards.

"They jumped ashore from the canoe, and the Indian then began to behave strangely. He pulled the canoe high up on the beach and into the bushes, led off on a trail into the woods, and beckoned Father to follow. Father demurred, and stood still on the sand. He had no knowledge of Chinook at that time, so, gesticulating, he pointed to the sun, suggestive that it was getting late and time they were getting back to New Westminster.

"The Indian was obdurate, and Father had nothing to do but to follow him. To his astonishment, after a short walk, they arrived back on Burrard Inlet. The Indian was saving the long trip back around the peninsula. Just what happened before they got home again to New Westminster I do not at this moment recall having been told.

"Father next informed Sam Brighthouse and Mr. Hailstone, and persuaded them to come back with him and see the fine piece of land with a natural harbour. He was struck with the site, with the beauty of the spot with the sea on one side and a magnificent natural harbour on the other. In the land and its location more than in the coal and the clay, neither of which impressed him greatly, was his greatest interest."

THE "THREE GREENHORN ENGLISHMEN."

"Father told me that when some of the New Westminster people heard that they had agreed to purchase or preempt the land at one dollar per acre, *payable to the government*, that the three of them were dubbed the 'three greenhorn Englishmen,' and some people enjoyed a great laugh at their expense. Of course, the land was covered with dense forest, some was swampy, and it was twelve miles out in the woods without access save by trail through the trees.

"The original boundary of the Morton-Brighthouse-Hailstone area was, on the eastern boundary, the western side of what is now Burrard Street, and extended north and south from water to water. The western boundary was the present Stanley Park. Father related to me that they were told that they were entitled to a preemption of 160 acres each, that if they staked out too little it would be their own fault, and that they could not come back for more, but that on their western boundary they could go as far as the Naval Reserve, now Stanley Park, only. Ultimately they got in all about 540 acres, or 180 instead of 160 acres each. My understanding is that they took up the land in 1862; certain it is that Father had some sort of a cabin at the foot of Burrard Street in March 1863." (Interjection: now in the shadow of the most pretentious building in Vancouver, the Marine Building, 22 stories high, 541 feet above C.P.R. tracks. "True enough," said Mr. Morton.)

"Well, the three of them arranged with the Government that one of them could live in the cabin and that his residence would qualify for the whole three. That arrangement allowed the other two to go out to work; they were all poor. They took it turn about, a month at a time each. In later years they had a milk ranch up there, and sold milk in Granville."

INCIDENTS WITH THE INDIANS.

"Father told me of an exciting incident which took place during one of his turns to stay on the preemption.

"One morning he was aroused from sleep—he was alone at the time—by a tremendous shindy. Listening, he made out that it was the noise of Indians, and he thought for sure they were going to clean him off the Inlet, scalp him, kill him, do something to get rid of him. He slipped out of bed and dressed quickly, put his gum boots in the bed and covered them up, and, arranging the bedclothes to make the bed look as though it was occupied, someone sleeping in it, sneaked out into the bushes to await developments.

"Nothing happened, but the big shindy continued in full force, kyhying, jabbering and yelling in loud Chinook in a very excited manner. Then, out of curiosity, he went through the bush to investigate all the excitement.

"Going down to the head of Coal Harbour he saw there a great crowd of Indians excitedly dancing, throwing up their arms, and yelling about the place where now is the 'Zoo,' at the entrance to Stanley Park. Hanging to a tree and swinging and swaying, he could see a body, and approaching more closely,

keeping well out of sight and well concealed, got so close that he was able to discern that the swinging body was that of a klootchman (Indian Woman).

"His curiosity was satisfied, but not knowing the reason, he immediately headed for New Westminster and reported the incident to the authorities. They in turn investigated and brought some of the Indians to Westminster to give evidence.

"The Indians said that the Indian woman had killed another woman's papoose and that they thought it was a fit instance in which to exercise the King Georgeman's law, so they had taken her and hanged her.

"They were warned not to do it again; that the King George men would attend to that in the future, and that they, the Indians, would be severely punished if they took the administration of justice into their own hands.

"Another incident: I don't know where it was, but it was soon after they came out and before they learned to talk Chinook. They had a cabin somewhere that they had built themselves; I presume it was the cabin on their preemption, but am not absolutely positive. Anyway, one day an Indian came along and brought with him two young women. They did not know much about the habits of Indians, and were very suspicious of the visitors. I do not know if all three preemptors were together, but anyway there was someone with my father at the time. The Indian and the two klootchmen approached the cabin and started to talk Chinook. They did not understand the Indians and could not make the Indians understand them. They were sitting on a form or bench outside the cabin. This may not be exact but it is so near as I recall it. The Indians were trying to impart some information but could make no headway, so at last, how they managed it I don't know, but the Indians got them to leave the form and set it out a few paces from the cabin wall. Then the two Indian girls started bouncing about, jumping in the air backwards and forwards over the form like two wild things, and they could jump like deer. This went on for about fifteen minutes with the White Men very much puzzled, not understanding what it all meant. Eventually the girls tired themselves out and had to give up the performances. Neither succeeded in making themselves understood, and by and by the Indians walked off in disgust.

"When Father made enquiries as to the meaning of such a peculiar performance the old timers, with much merriment, told him the Indian was simply trying to hire out a servant, one who was young and supple, and who proved it by her agility.

"Another incident afterwards was when my father and the two others had more or less overcome the difficulties of speaking Chinook. A Yorkshireman came out to New Westminster and made their acquaintance, Jim Holroyd by name, and was staying with them at their cabin on Burrard Inlet. Holroyd, later of Victoria, of course knew nothing of Chinook, but had read a great deal about the scalping proclivities of the North American Indian.

"There was a grindstone set out in front of the cabin for grinding axes and tools, and as my father and the others were very friendly with the Indians, the Indians were allowed to use it, a privilege which they appreciated. Early one morning before anyone was out of bed a noise was heard outside the cabin, and Holroyd asked somewhat anxiously, 'What's that? What's that?' Father replied, 'Don't pay attention; I expect it's some of those Indians around. Go to sleep.' But no more sleep for Mr. Holroyd if Indians were in the vicinity. He got out of bed and got ready for action. He opened the door about an inch, peeped out, and saw the ugliest looking Siwash with an axe in his hand standing beside the grindstone. The Siwash grinned, which made matters worse; it was enough to scare any greenhorn from Yorkshire. Holroyd slammed the door and bolted it and called out to Father, 'Indians, John, and they've got their tomahawks and are ba'an going to scalp us.' Knowing that there was no danger, Father smiled and said to Jim, 'They're only going to grind their axes.' But Holroyd was not so sure and had made up his mind that there was going to be no axe grinding by savages while he was lying in bed. His faith in Father's assurances was completely outbalanced by the blood-curdling yarns he had read. He got quite excited and said to Father, 'What have I got to say to those fellows? They've got to go.' Father said, 'Open the door and say, "Mika Clattawah," which in Chinook means "Go away."' Holroyd opened the door about one inch, peeped through the crack, and roared with the full force of his lungs, 'Michael, Clatter away, damn thee.' The Indians enjoyed his speech immensely; they grinned still more and went on grinding."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_027

SALE OF THE "CITY OF LIVERPOOL," I.E. "WEST END."

"The details of how my father and his two comrades afterwards divided the property I do not know, but I do know that the C.P.R. got one lot in every three. It was surveyed and set out in lots before it was deeded to the C.P.R., then each of the three took his own section, minus those for the C.P.R., and every third lot was deeded to the C.P.R."

THE KNOLL.

"I was walking down Seaton Street, now Hastings Street West, with Father one day about 1905 or earlier. We had met downtown and were going home to his residence at 1151 Denman Street together, and for some reason unknown to me now we had gone down Seaton Street on our way. Father halted, and we peered over a rail fence onto a vacant lot. He pointed his finger and said, 'Do you see that knoll? That is where we built *our* cabin.' Be careful to note that he said, 'where we built *our* cabin,' not 'where I built *my* cabin'; I recall his words very distinctly. The location of the knoll is where the Galt people, now the Blue Ribbon firm, have their tea warehouse, 1043 Hastings Street West. On the other bank of the gully, the west bank, you can still see the ruins of the basement walls of the old Williams and Barker Brewery, and at that time there was an old, narrow, disused wagon track which led up the hill between the brewery and the knoll."

FAMILY GENEALOGY.

"Father was born on April 16th, 1834, and married in England to my mother, Jane Ann Bailey, born at Old Lindley, near Salandine Nook, Yorkshire, about 1878. She was the sister of James Bailey, Councillor and Justice of the Peace at Blackpool, and of Sam Bailey, tea merchant of Blackpool, with whom she was in business partnership, a partnership which she retained until her death. A daughter, Lizzie, was born to the union in 1879 at Blackpool, Lancashire. In 1880 Father returned to New Westminster, and Mother came with him, and I was born in New Westminster on the first of February 1881. Two days later Mother died, and was buried in the Oddfellows Cemetery, Sapperton. My sister is now Mrs. W.E.A. Thornton, of Sardis, B.C.

"At the time of Mother's death Father was in limited financial circumstances, and did manual labour such as digging ditches on Lulu Island, for which I am told he obtained government scrip which went to pay for the preemption, and also 'peddled' milk on a milk round in which, I understand, he had an interest. Under these circumstances it was necessary for we two children to be taken care of. My sister was placed in the Roman Catholic Convent at New Westminster, and I was placed in a private family. Father purchased a farm at Mission in 1884, and shortly afterwards, married again to Miss Ruth Hunt, now his widow, and still living. There is no issue of the second marriage.

"The farm at Mission, purchased in 1884 from a Mr. Passmore, was 363 acres of land on the north bank of the Fraser River and immediately west of the C.P.R. Fraser River bridge. It was used for general farming. I have heard my stepmother say that on the night of 13 June 1886, they could see in the sky the reflection of the burning of Vancouver. I was but five at the time, and have no recollection of it. I left Mission in 1898; Father followed in 1901 and came to Vancouver but retained the farm, which his executors sold after his death.

"After leaving Mission he lived at 1151 Denman Street, leading a retired life. Then, at the end of 1911, moved to his new home in the 1900 block Pendrill Street where he died the following April. It has been stated in the press that Father went back to England. This is not true. He made several trips to England, but they were all business trips of limited duration. One trip was that of 1888 when we all went, and came back in 1892, to find that the C.P.R. had built a bridge across the Fraser River at Mission, close to our farm, during our absence. His last trip was in 1905.

"Father died in Vancouver on April 18th, 1912, aged 78 years and 2 days. During his last moments he expressed a wish to me that his body should be cremated. At that time the first crematorium in Vancouver was under construction, but not completed, and it was necessary to take the body to Seattle for cremation. The ashes were afterwards deposited in an urn and then placed in a niche in the Centre and Hanna Columbarium Room, where they have remained for the last twenty years.

"His will, dated 22 May 1911, was probated in June 1912 at over seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand dollars. The will left one hundred thousand dollars to the Baptist Educational Board of British Columbia

together with some seven acres of land in South Vancouver. In 1910 he laid the cornerstone of the First Baptist Church on Burrard Street, Vancouver. He also set aside the equivalent of eleven thousand dollars to build the Baptist church since known as the Ruth Morton Memorial Church, South Vancouver, and the cornerstone of which was laid by my stepmother, Mrs. Ruth Morton.

"Sam Brighthouse married a Spanish lady of noted beauty, the widow of Captain Pritchard. Michael Brighthouse Wilkinson was a nephew who, to conform to his uncle's will, changed his name to Michael Wilkinson Brighthouse." (He died nine days after this narrative was written—12 March 1932.)

"William Hailstone married, sent his earnings to his wife in England. Then came a cable saying that she had died. Her will left her property to her two daughters, thus depriving her husband of his own earnings—a matter which was afterwards, I understand, adjusted. I heard afterwards that he fell down stairs and died of a broken neck." (Hailstone was in 1895 living in Rose Villa, Quay Road, Bridlington, Yorkshire. He had returned and was personally known to J.M. Heselton, 2248 East 25th Avenue, Vancouver. The two daughters were then about 12 or 15.)

"All three pioneers died very wealthy, and within about thirteen months of each other. Though all married, one son only was given to them; myself. My wife was Miss Florence Appleyard, second daughter of Mr. C.H. Appleyard, Town Councillor, Mirfield, Yorkshire. We have no children."

All above as recounted to me.

J.S. Matthews, August 1932.

THE ROUTE OF JOHN MORTON'S FIRST TRIP TO BURRARD INLET, "WESTMINSTER TO WEST END."

See *The First Settlers on Burrard Inlet and Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.

Narration of conversation between Joseph Morton, son of John Morton, and Major J.S. Matthews, V.D., City Archivist, 3 March 1932, wherein Joseph Morton states:

"The Indian and Father were brought together in New Westminster. An arrangement was made for the Indian to guide Father to the coal deposits, and they started off one day and came by forest trail to the head of False Creek. Just what trail they took I do not know." ... "Anyway, Father told me the Indian led him to the head of False Creek, and after that cut through the trees to the Inlet, somewhere about Carrall Street now, and the Indian got a canoe" ... "What prompted the Indian to take Father out of the Narrows, I have no knowledge, but whatever it was, they went out of the Narrows in the canoe, and circumnavigated the peninsula" ... "They finally landed on the English Bay bathing beach at the foot of Denman Street ... They jumped ashore" ... "He" (the Indian) "pulled the canoe high up on the beach, and into the bushes, led off on a trail into the woods, and beckoned Father to follow" ... "To his" (Morton's) "astonishment, after a short walk, they arrived back on Burrard Inlet" ... etc.

MORTON'S PROBABLE ROUTE FROM NEW WESTMINSTER.

It is assumed to have been via the Douglas Street trail (now Douglas Road) to Burnaby Lake, thence via Still Creek, Trout Lake and China Creek to the mouth of the latter at the old southeast corner of False Creek, now approximately the foot of St. Catherine's Street.

AND FOR THESE REASONS.

1. H.M.S. *Plumper's* chart, No. 1922, 1859-1860, shows an unsurveyed trail from New Westminster to a large unsurveyed lake known to exist, now Burnaby Lake.
2. Excerpt, *Victoria Colonist*, 4 July 1859: "The pleasure walk" (political sarcasm) "to Burnaby Lake is completed." (Geo. Green quotation.)
3. Geo. Green quotation: "In February 1861, John Murray and Daniel Kelso contracted to open up two miles of Douglas Street Road" ... "The work was finished by July."

Excerpt, *Columbian*, 25 June 1862: "We hear great complaints from settlers on this road" ... "the prospect of securing an abundance of coal on Coal Harbour has caused a flood of applications for preemptions there."

4. Excerpt, Preemption Record, 205, 17 October 1860, 250 acres, Col. R.C. Moody, R.E.: "On False Creek, near the trail, to include clear land around the two ponds, and abut on the upper end of False Creek."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

One of these "two ponds" was no doubt Trout Lake, and the other a much smaller one, now dried up, which straddled what is now Renfrew Street, at a point where the Great Northern Railway crosses that street in Blocks 35 and 36, and shown in a map issued in 1906 by the Provincial Government for use at the sale of government lands at auction by Messrs. Rankin and Ford, Auctioneers, 1906.

5. Excerpt, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, conversation with C.E. Pittendrigh, New Westminster: "There were, in the early days, many dried weather-whitened antlers of elk lying around Little Lake" (Deer Lake).

Note: Indians, when travelling in the forest, naturally follow the easiest grades, and the lowest grades are the creek beds, and a route from Burnaby Lake to False Creek, via Still Creek, Trout Lake and China Creek—at the mouth of which there was an Indian clearing—would not rise more than 100 feet above sea level. An Indian trail from False Creek to the swamps of Trout Lake, "Renfrew Street Lake," Still Creek, and Burnaby Lake muskegs—in all of which elk and beaver abounded—would naturally have been used by Indians to bring out the heavy carcasses of meat for consumption by the hundreds, perhaps thousands, living in the villages east of Point Grey and Point Atkinson. The trail mentioned by Col. Moody, R.E., was probably an old Indian trail as well known to Indians as Kingsway is to us.

J.S. Matthews, 14 April 1939

EXCERPT FROM LETTER, DATED 26 NOVEMBER 1932, FROM THEO. BRYANT, LADYSMITH, B.C., SON OF REV. CORNELIUS BRYANT, METHODIST MINISTER AT GRANVILLE, B.C. IN EARLY '80s.

Copied from lead pencil postscript of back of letter of 26 November 1932 in ink.

"You mention a place, Morton's, of 1862.

"I may say that I was at an old log house on the edge of the woods about 1879 or 1880. It was towards Coal Harbour, as was known then. The old house was in disrepair then, but had been inhabited for some time, and the trees had grown into the clearing. The currants and raspberries were growing wild, and also the foxgloves were in bloom; it was quite a climb up the bank to the top where the old place was. I never had any information as to who it belonged to; perhaps it was Morton's."

Comment on above: it undoubtedly was, for no other hut or clearing other than Morton's clearing could possibly have existed in that neighbourhood which could conform with the above description.

J.S. Matthews, 1932

"Province"

2

June 26, 1934

MORTON WILL CASE SETTLED

Surplus Income From West
End Estate Will Go
To Daughter.

TOTAL \$350,000

By order of Mr. Justice Robertson in Supreme Court the surplus income from the estate of John Morton goes to his daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Thornton, aged 54, of Sardis.

Morton, who died on September 23, 1915, owned a large portion of the West End before the advent of the C.P.R. At the time of his death his estate was valued at \$772,000. On April 18, 1933, it had shrunk to \$536,591. This has since been written down to \$350,000.

The will left an annuity of \$1200 to his wife, Mrs. Ruth Morton, aged 86, of Sardis.

\$100,000 TO BAPTISTS.

Interlineations in the will by the late Mr. Morton indicated that the surplus income should not be distributed until after the widow's death.

After hearing argument from counsel, Mr. Justice Robertson decided that Mrs. Thornton did not have to wait for that eventuality, with the result that the surplus income from the whole of the estate will be paid to her.

On Mrs. Morton's death, \$100,000 is to be paid out of the estate to the Baptist denomination of British Columbia for educational and religious purposes.

The remainder will be divided among Mrs. Thornton's three children. She has come into the share left to her brother, Joseph Morton, on his death.

After his lordship decided the surplus income issue in favor of Mrs. Thornton, counsel stated that they did not think the court would have to be troubled about other points which they had been prepared to discuss.

One was a request of Mrs. Florence Morton, widow of Joseph, for payment of a \$1000 annuity, left him by his father; and another was a suggestion that a granddaughter, Mrs. Edna Ruth Rennie, should settle her claim for \$20,000.

Mr. R. L. Reid, K.C., was counsel for Mrs. Thornton, Mr. J. G. Gibson for the trustee, Yorkshire & Canadian Trust Ltd., Mr. J. P. Hogg for infant children of Mrs. Thornton, and Mr. G. Roy Long for Mrs. Florence Morton.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_028

Copy.
(Excerpts only.)

R.R. No. 1
Sardis, B.C.
September 1st 1932

Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.
Archivist,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear sir:

Your letter of the 29th of August 1932 with data enclosed re the early settlement of Vancouver by my father, Mr. Brighthouse, and Mr. Hailstone, received, for which I thank you very much.

My brother, Joseph Morton, has pretty well covered the ground. I might add that I am the mother of four children.

Edna Ruth, who is now married to George H. Rannie. They have one son, Floyd Norton Rannie, nine years old.

A son, John Edward, recently married to Miss Evelyn Betts.

Another daughter, Mabel Elsie, who passed about 30th September 1928, and a daughter, Viola Heather, who is now attending Columbia College, Westminster.

There are three or four incidents which might be of interest. On one of my father's trips to the Cariboo; on his way out he met a pack team the owner of which shod his mules, and he had two dozen horse shoe nails which he didn't wish to pack, so he gave them to my father. He carried them one day, and met another pack train going into the Cariboo, and sold the nails for four dollars each, \$192.00, in all.

He told me on different occasions about wanting a canoe on Coal Harbour; they bought one in New Westminster, and it took them two days carrying it through the woods from New Westminster to Coal Harbour on their backs.

Another time, while my father was on his preemption with Hailstone and Brighthouse, an Indian called at the door holding a salmon. Brighthouse went to the door first, and could not understand the Chinook language. The Indian kept saying, "sit-cum-dolla," "hiash close," which meant 50¢ for the salmon. Mr. Hailstone then went out, and returned the same as Mr. Brighthouse. The last to go was Mr. Morton, and the Indian still repeated, "sit-cum-dolla," "hiash close." My father said, "What! Six dollars and all my clothes for one salmon?" The sale was not made.

(signed) Mrs. Lizzie Thornton (née Morton)



Item # EarlyVan_v2_029

Copy.

*McCarter & Nairne
Architects and Structural Engineers
1930 Marine Building
Vancouver, B.C.*

September 7th 1932.

Major J.S. Matthews,
Archivist,
Vancouver Public Library,
Vancouver, B.C.

Re Marine Building

Sir:

In reply to your favor of the 25th ulto with regard to the above building. We are glad to be able to furnish you with the following information, which we trust may be of use to you.

The MARINE BUILDING erected by the E.J. Ryan Contracting Company Limited for the Stimson's Canadian Development Company Limited, Captain J.W. Hobbs being the Vancouver manager.

The first sod was turned and excavation commenced after a ceremony on the morning of April 2nd 1929, presided over by Mayor W.H. Malkin, and attended by the Architects, Contractors, members of the Vancouver Board of Trade and representatives of many prominent city business organizations.

The building is 349 feet high from the C.P.R. tracks, and 304 feet above Hastings Street sidewalk, has 18 storeys served by elevators and is 25 storeys from C.P.R. tracks to Observation Tower, and is at this time the tallest completed building west of Toronto.

Construction of the building was completed and the building was formally opened by His Honour the Hon. R. Randolph Bruce on the 8th day of October, 1930.

The total cost of the land and building was approximately \$2,500,000.00.

The Architects and Structural Engineers for this building were Messrs. McCarter and Nairne of Vancouver.

Yours truly,

(signed) MCCARTER AND NAIRNE,

per John S. Porter.

COPY
DEPARTMENT OF LANDS
Lands Branch

Victoria, B.C.
22nd Sept. 1932.

Sir:

Please refer to File 286/73

Attention: "Pre-emptions"

Replying to your letter of the 15th instant I enclose you herewith Photostat of the official copy of the application of William Hailstone, Sam Brighthouse, and John Morton for the parcel of land afterwards surveyed as Lot 185, Group 1, New Westminster District, containing 550 acres.

The consideration was four shillings and two pence per acre a total of £114.11.8 as shown by the official receipt dated 7th December 1865 and the price was paid in scrip.

In the District Registrar the price is given as \$1.01 per acre, and the total price of the lot being \$555.75.

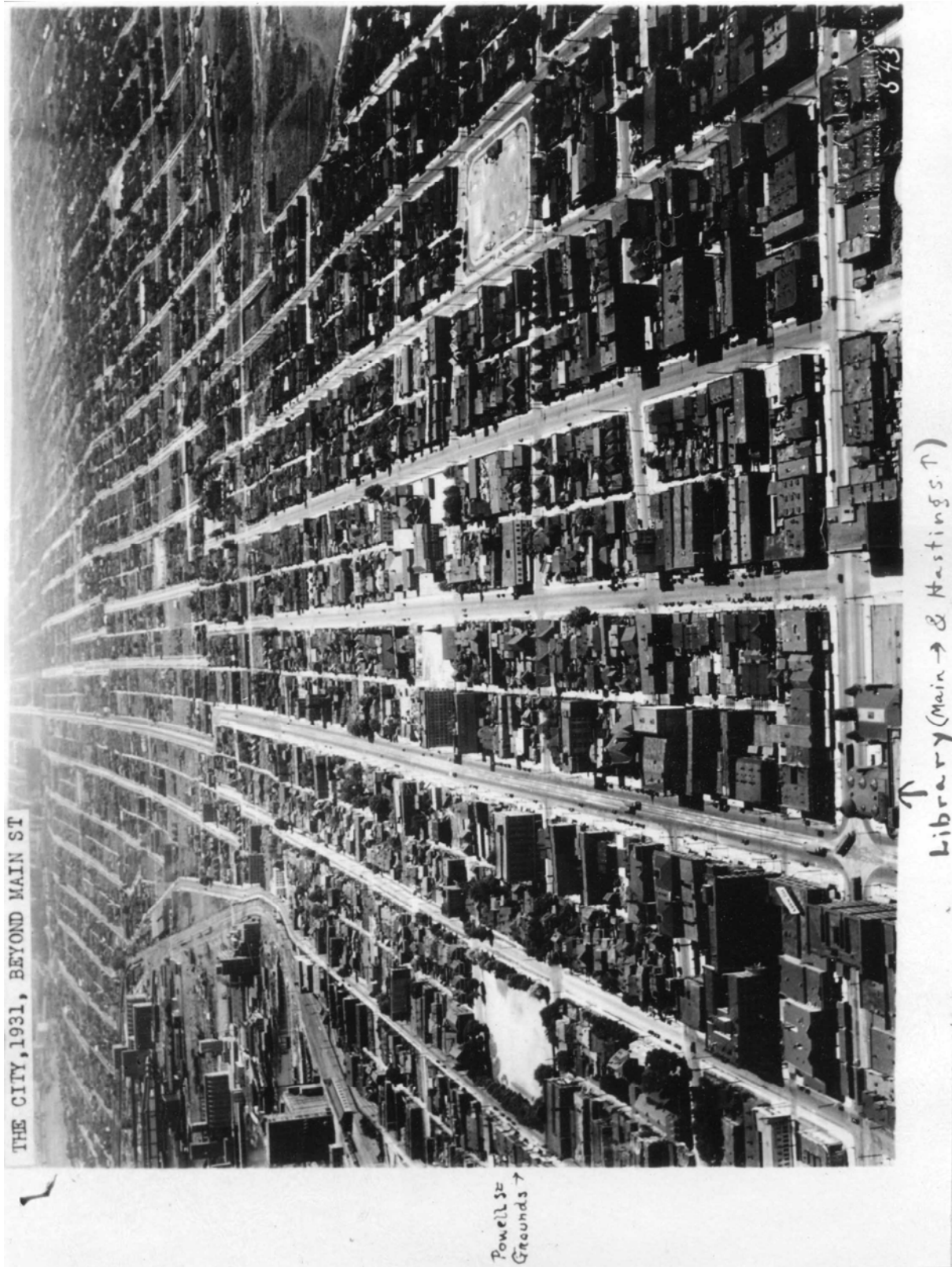
Your obedient servant,
(signed) Norman Taylor
Superintendent of Lands.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_030



Item # EarlyVan_v2_031

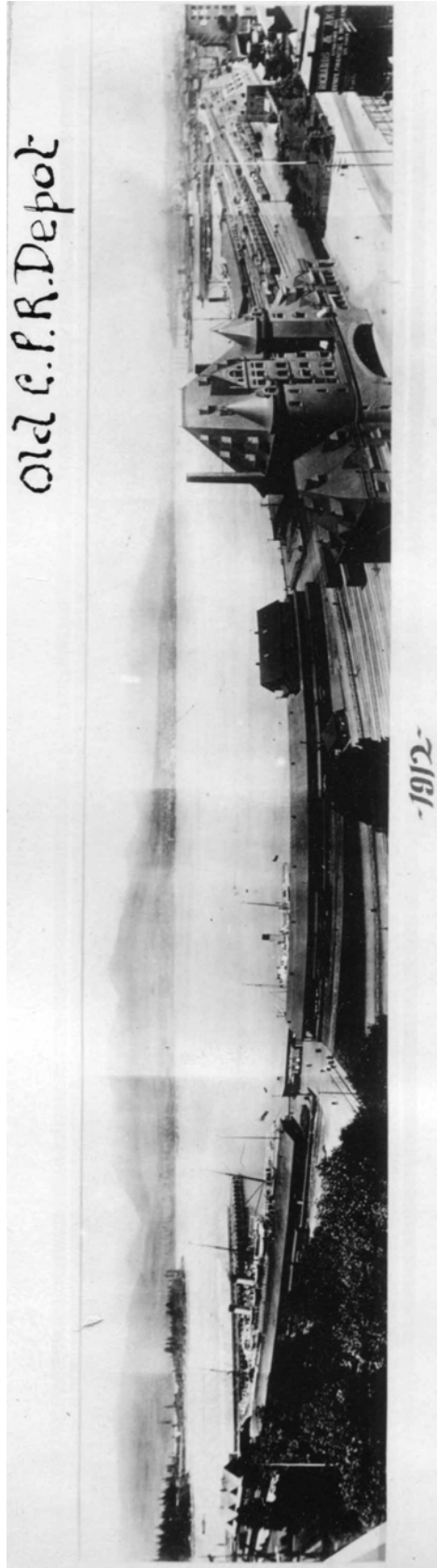


Item # EarlyVan_v2_032



Item # EarlyVan_v2_033

Old C.P.R. Depot



-1912-

Item # EarlyVan_v2_034



Item # EarlyVan_v2_035



Item # EarlyVan_v2_036

JOHN MORTON OF BURRARD INLET AND ENGLISH BAY, VANCOUVER, B.C., 28 JUNE 1932.

The attached statement, headed "John Morton, Vancouver's early pioneer," was written by his son, Joseph Morton, and is a carbon copy of a statement which he (Mr. Joseph Morton) requested the Vancouver newspapers, *The Sun* and *The Province* to publish—according to his own statement made to me this 28 June 1932. He delivered the statement to me at my house after, he stated, unsuccessfully attempting to get it published by these newspapers.

Mr. Joseph Morton has been well known to me for many years, and he has always laboured until intense emotion when discussing the manner in which his father's estate was bequeathed, afterwards administered, and its present inaccessibility to him. He stated to me today that "all I have" is the "Morton Rooms," facing the beach at English Bay, that the revenue from these rooms is annually \$2,460, that the expenses are approximately \$1,200 per annum, and that, within a recent time, \$3,000 was spent on repairs. He said, "You see, that does not leave much for me." And he added, "I was given this property, or \$30,000, but was not given the option of a choice."

Mr. Morton is not now employed, nor has he been, to my knowledge, for some years; he spends much of his time experimenting with machinery, etc. in his basement. Three or four (roughly) years ago, his wife was employed in a clerical capacity in some office, I believe a medical practitioner's.

J.S. Matthews

The impression might be gained from this statement that Mr. Joseph Morton's filial attachment to his father is or was not what might be expected of a son, but this is not the case in fact. Except when discussing the manner of the distribution, etc. of the estate of Mr. John Morton, his references to his father are such as one would naturally expect from a dutiful son, and his references to his mother—who died three days after his birth—are as affectionate as though he had known her. She is, to him, a sort of beautiful legend.

J.S.M.

Joseph Morton died in the Asylum for the Insane, New Westminster, eight months later, on 2 March 1933. He had been ailing for months; about a week before his death was taken to the general hospital, became violent, was sent to Westminster, and died shortly after admission. For years he never ceased to talk of the supposed undue influence of designing friends over his father before his father's death, and the fraud and manipulation of the estate after his father's death. It was an obsession.

MEMOIRS AND FACTS RELATING TO THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN MORTON, VANCOUVER'S EARLY PIONEER.

Mr. John Morton, accompanied by his cousin Mr. Sam Brighthouse and Mr. William Hailstone arrived in New Westminster, B.C. in the year 1862.

Shortly afterwards they came over to Burrard Inlet and preempted from the government all the land situated west of what is now known as Burrard Street and extending to Stanley Park. All three pioneers died very wealthy and within about thirteen months of each other, Mr. Morton passing away on the 18th day of April 1912. His wife, Jane Ann Morton, was the mother of his two children who survived him and who were Mrs. W.E.A. Thornton of Sardis, B.C. and Joseph Morton of 2116 York Street, City.

Mrs. Morton was formerly Miss Jane Ann Bailey of Blackpool, Lancashire, England and was the sister of James Bailey, Esq., Councillor and Justice of the Peace of Blackpool and she was also the sister of Mr. Sam Bailey, Tea Merchant of Blackpool. Mrs. Morton was also in partnership with her brother James in business in Blackpool which partnership she retained even during her married life to Mr. Morton until the time of her death in the year 1881 at New Westminster, B.C.

She is also one of the old pioneers but apparently has been forgotten though she is still resting in the Odd Fellows Cemetery at Sapperton, New Westminster, B.C. It was the wealth from her share in her business venture in which she formerly worked and helped to build up the business with her brother as above related that allowed Mr. John Morton to hold onto his preemption here

in Vancouver and which at the time cost him one hundred and eighty dollars or thereabout to purchase. Mrs. Morton died before the Woman's Property Act came into force and therefore Mr. Morton claimed her entire share in her brother's business and purchased a large farm with it at Mission Junction, B.C.

Joseph Morton was three days old when his mother died and Mrs. Thornton was twenty-one months and one day. There is a copy of a letter written by Mr. John Morton in the possession of the writer of this article in which he, Mr. Morton authorizes a Mr. Passmore to collect from Mr. James Bailey his dead wife's interest in the business in Blackpool. Mr. Passmore was the man from whom Mr. Morton purchased the farm. The writer understands that Mrs. Morton's interest in the business was in the neighbourhood of seven hundred pounds or about the equivalent of thirty-five hundred dollars and that the cost of the farm was two thousand dollars or thereabouts. Mr. Morton was a man of limited financial circumstances at the time of his wife's death and did odd jobs such as digging ditches on Lulu Island and peddling milk on a milk round in which it was understood he had a financial interest. His daughter he placed in the Roman Catholic convent in New Westminster and his son he placed out to keep with a private family. He purchased the farm at Mission in 1884 and shortly afterwards married again. His second and last marriage was to Miss Ruth Mount but there were no living issue from this marriage. His will was probated at over seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand dollars.

The will was dated May 22nd 1911. The witnesses to this will were a relative (nephew) of Mrs. Ruth Morton his widow and a Baptist preacher, P.C. Parker by name. The will left one hundred thousand dollars to the Baptist Educational Board of B.C. together with over seven acres of land in South Vancouver. Before his death he not only laid the cornerstone of the First Baptist Church at the corner of Nelson and Burrard streets but set aside the equivalent of eleven thousand dollars to build the Baptist Church since known as the Ruth Morton Memorial in South Vancouver. His only son he left in shabby circumstances for life and his daughter the same until after the death of his widow.

Practically all the cash from his estate disappeared soon after August the fourth 1914. The Yorkshire and Canadian Trust were not the trustee at that time.

Joseph Morton (only son to represent the three pioneers.)

MRS. JOHN MORTON. ENGLISH BAY BATHING BEACH. CARRALL STREET BEACH.

Memo of phone conversation, Mrs. Ruth Morton, 1190 Montrose Apartments, 11 May 1932, whilst arranging for her to be a guest of the city of Vancouver at the opening of the Burrard Street bridge.

"Mr. Morton and I came over from New Westminster one summer's day in 1884 for an outing, just my late husband and myself. We had to buy our tickets for the stage the previous day, and afterwards we drove over the old Hastings Road, then a corduroy road through the trees. Mr. Morton was anxious that I should see the white sand at English Bay, and we tried to hire a boat by which we could go out of the First Narrows, but no seaworthy boat could be procured—they were all leaky—so we did not go. He was very fascinated with the beauty of Vancouver as it was then. Whilst Mr. Edmund Ogle, my nephew, and I were waiting on the beach for Mr. Morton at Gastown, in front of us was a sow digging up the clams, and a crow hopping in front of her getting a meal from the bits of the clams. Edmund Ogle started a dry goods business in Vancouver, on Carrall and Powell streets I think, a week before the fire; all was destroyed; he lives in Toronto now. We saw the English church" (St. James) "and at George Black's" (Hastings) "had lunch, and then went back to New Westminster on the stage, and from there up to Mission to the farm. At the time of the fire we were living at Mission. That Sunday afternoon a cloud of black smoke hovered high in the air across the river; it was evident a big fire was burning somewhere.

"I never saw Mr. Morton's clearing at the foot of Burrard Street."

GEO. R. GORDON. CHINAMEN. ABBOTT STREET. PIGS.

Geo. R. Gordon, 30 April 1932. "After the fire, June 1886, Chinamen kept pigs in a sty at the northwest corner of Abbott Street. They got so big that they had to be killed before they could be got out of the doorway of the sty."

"Vancouver in ruins after fire," photograph. "The white tent in the photograph of Vancouver the day after the fire belonged to me. It stood on the street on the southeast corner of Carrall and Cordova streets. Seventeen men slept in it the night of the 14/15th June, and the night after, still more, because it rained. The stump in the foreground is on the C.P.R. right of way between Carrall and Cordova Street East, on the east of the track; it is still there." (1933.)

Query: What rebuilt Vancouver, Mr. Gordon?

Mr. Gordon: "What rebuilt it? Why, faith; it was all we had left; Vancouver had vanished; faith and the character of its people. Throughout all that trying time I saw no tear or whimpering; just 'better luck next time.'"

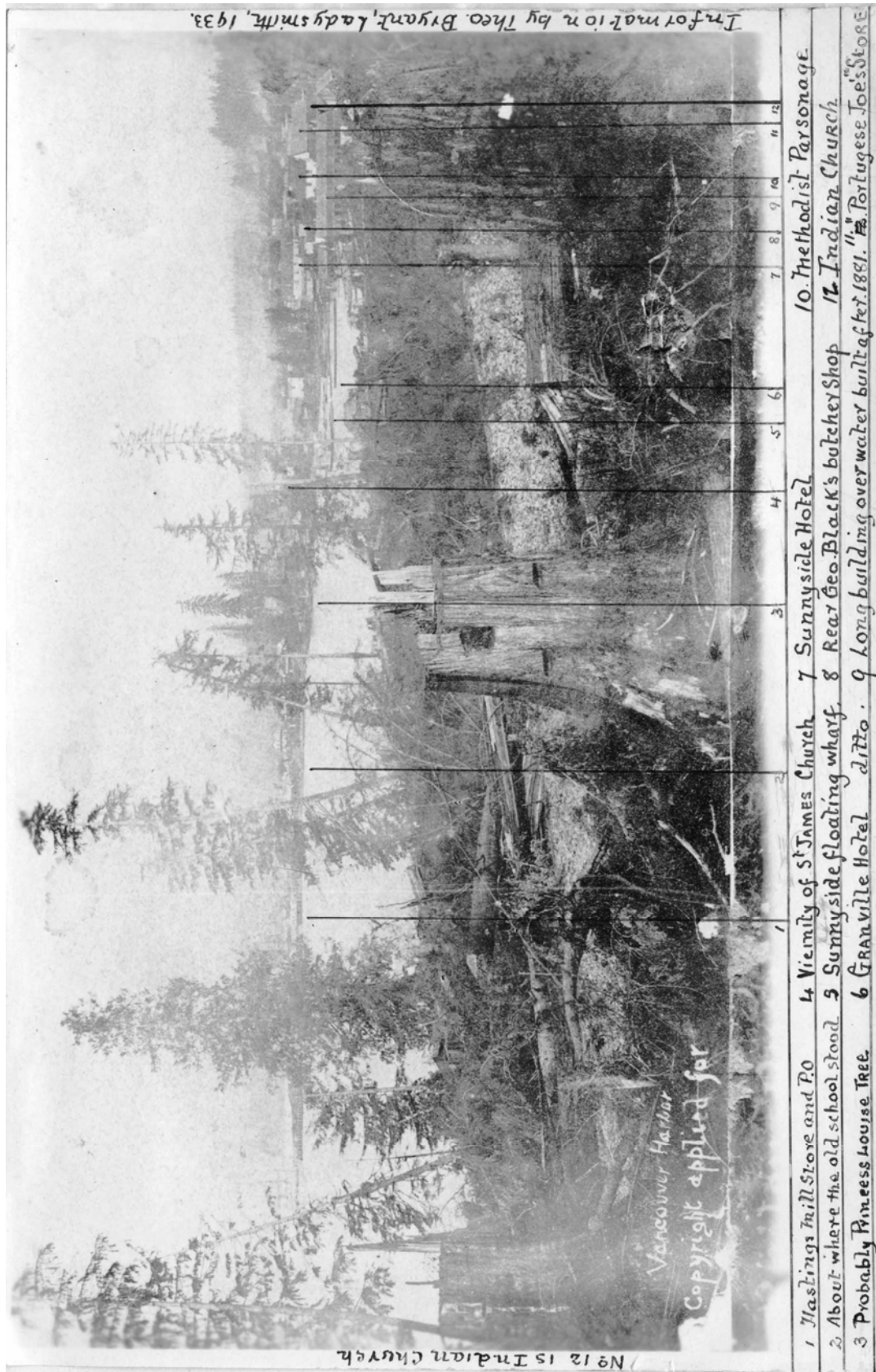
1 NOVEMBER 1932 - GEORGE TURNER, CORPORAL, ROYAL ENGINEERS. FALSE CREEK BRIDGE. NORTH ARM ROAD. CAPT. E.S. SCOLLAR.

Capt. E.S. Scoullar, Westminster Rifles. "Corporal Turner married the widow of Sergeant McColl, whose name appears on Col. Moody's letter of instructions of 26 January 1863 ordering a survey of Burrard Inlet. One of Sergeant McColl's children was Helen McColl, whom I married in 1883. His eldest son was William, now dead, but there were descendants. Corporal Turner surveyed all the land around Vancouver in almost every direction."

(Corp. Turner, R.E. was directed by Capt. Parsons, R.E. on instructions from Col. Moody, to survey Burrard Inlet, and did so in February and March 1863. His original field notes, drawing in his own handwriting, are in the Court House, Vancouver, and duplicates in the Provincial Library and Vancouver Public Library.)

"The False Creek Bridge at Main Street, or Westminster Avenue, was cut long before the 'New Road' (Kingsway). The property around Mount Pleasant, to an extent of about six hundred acres, was owned by Mr. Edmonds, who was a power in political circles, and that may have had something to do with the building of the bridge. It led to the River Road (now Marine Drive) by the North Arm Road (now Fraser Avenue). Afterwards a short cut was wanted from Granville to New Westminster, and the 'New Road,' now Kingsway, was cut by John McDougall."

Note: a survey of the Indian Reserves on Burrard Inlet was made by "W.S. Jemmett, 1880," and shows the False Creek Bridge and the road leading from Granville to it, and from it up Mt. Pleasant. This linen map is in the possession of Andrew Paull, Secretary, Squamish Indian Council.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_037

EARLY GRANVILLE.

Theo. Bryant, Ladysmith, 19 October 1932, writes in part:

“PORTUGUESE JOE.”

“There are a 2nd, 3rd and 4th generation of Portuguese Joe living on an island about fifteen miles away from here—it was only by accident that I got a line on these some years ago, but there was no demand for any enquiry re old Gastown then. I asked the son if there was any connection in the names—and the old store which was erected many years before we went to Granville.”

Second letter, 19 October: “I have seen a man here, Ham Hayden, who came to Vancouver '88, and I asked him about Portuguese Joe, and he said he knew two by that name, and I thought the man who lived at Deadman's Island and the point was the man who built the store in question as marked on the map. He says that this man lived at Pender Harbour, but of course may be dead; was living there with some of the progeny of those who were evicted from (squatters) Stanley Park.”

BEN WILSON.

“There was a Ben Wilson in the '80s about Westminster, and if I remember right married to some pioneer family there—it is a little hazy—but he and a man went out of Port Moody after a demented logger up the North Arm of Burrard Inlet; one of them was shot and bled to death before they could get back to Port Moody for medical attention.”

“PORTUGUESE JOE” OF GASTOWN.

Theo. Bryant, Ladysmith, writing 29 November 1932, says:

“I went to Hayden here; his boathouse was at the foot of Cambie Street; about September 1888 he arrived in Vancouver; came to Ladysmith about 1906.

“Being hazy as to the Portuguese Joe—I could not see the Silva family living near here whose father went by that name. I find that he died about thirty years ago, so I wrote to Mr. Hosie in Victoria to see what the Land Department had in the matter of the sale of those original lots in Vancouver or Granville. I should say—I am enclosing you the letter from Mr. Hosie's dept., and you see that the both of these Portuguese Joes had a hand or some money in the old place. Joe Silvey is the man whose children live near here and was on the spot in 1868—I haven't got the full details as to this man, but am awaiting the coming of the oldest son—he was quite a trader with the Indians in the vicinity of Portier Pass, commonly called Cowichan Gap.

“It looks as though Gregoris Fernandez was another Portuguese Joe as that is the man who apparently owned the building on Lot 16 next to the Methodist church lots—I looked up an old directory of Pender Harbour, and find a Greek or Portuguese name of a man who runs a store there—I think it is Gonsalves and Dames; perhaps this is the second one.

“I have marked the enclosed photos. Think I am nearly right in this except the place where the store was located at Hastings; the trees are in the way; the harbour does look small in this photo.

“As far as the store of Portuguese Joe it was not located where it is shown on the map; it was right on the foreshore, in fact the slide was made of heavy plank to take goods from the scows up to the back of the store and on the east side steps were in use from the bank to the beach. Would say that the building you say is the Deighton House was a long way from the foreshore, must have been nearly on Lot 1, and it was not far from the jail, and would be farther back from the street than it. The Sunnyside Hotel was opposite the Deighton, and it was built the rear on piles; the front was just about on earth.

“No. 4 could not be Sullivan's as that was built about '79 when we were living there. I will clear that up for you in another letter. In the photo the long building on the foreshore, No. 8, was built after we left, and I think at the rear is the building that Johns the Customs man lived in. It has a chimney at the peak of the house, but I may be wrong in this as to whom the house belonged; it was not the church.”

Etc., etc.

SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.

Letter, 7 December, 1932. "I would presume that it" (photo of Granville, December 1885) "is east to west view. The large building nearest was the Sunnyside Hotel, and was quite a different building when I was a boy there—probably they anticipated a boom." (Note: this photo shows, indistinctly, the scaffolding around the Sunnyside Hotel, as though it was being enlarged or altered.)

MAXIES. GEORGE BLACK. GRANVILLE. THEO. BRYANT.

"Hastings, as you may know, was where the Second Narrows is, was known as Hastings and Maxies—I think the latter was the same place—George Black had buildings there, a stable and a skating rink—roller skates—the first I ever saw, and one winter day George Black came up to the old school house just as school came out and took all the kids in a big sleigh to Hastings for a ride, which seemed quite a ride in those days. We had skates free, and of course George Black was a very good man and was much thought of by the citizens as well as the boys and girls. His home was next to the Sunnyside, almost adjoining, a cottage built over the water, and almost adjoining his home was his butcher shop; it was also over the water at high tide, and almost opposite the jail and customs house. The whole space between these houses and the land which terminated about at the customs house was *covered by plank*.

"Re Hastings. Hastings was the end of the inlet road, or where the road from New Westminster reached Burrard Inlet—the passengers got off here for Moodyville, it was only a short distance across—Jack Fannin was a shoemaker there, he *stuffed* birds, etc., and some years after he got the job of Curator at the New Museum at Victoria. A telegraph line was run from here across to Moodyville."

TELEGRAPH LINE TO MOODYVILLE FROM HASTINGS. KINGSWAY.

"I think a man by the name of Milligan was the operator, he also was the bookkeeper for the Moodyville Sawmill and storekeeper. This line I think was private, and went from Hastings to New Westminster. While we were living there the government put in a telegraph line that came over a different route—probably much the same as now being followed over the False Creek, up Main Street, and then Kingsway. This was in use as a road in a way in those days, but nearly all traffic went via Hastings to New Westminster, but I remember walking on this old route to New Westminster out about four or five miles—the trees encroached on the road. My father used to walk this road to New Westminster and back in those days.

"I don't remember any Spanish in Vancouver in those days, but there were Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands—we had a girl of that nationality at school—Christine Nahu—a long memory—perhaps because it was a hard time for me to keep ahead of her in school."

Letter, 30 December 1932. "Your last picture of the waterfront" ("Granville, January 1886 or December 1885") is not as good as the first as it is on the foreshore, and the buildings on the front have cut off all the rear ones except two. The large building in the foreground is no doubt the Sunnyside Hotel that is being rushed to completion as the scaffold is still in place, then the gap to the next building leaves two facing the water—which should be Water Street, they seem to be quite a way along, and the furthest reminds me of Robertson's dwelling—he was proprietor of the 'Hole in the Wall' saloon. Since writing the last sentence I got a microscope and checked this over—I now see that it is a business house—and looked like the front of the Granville Hotel—Joe Mannion's—if so, the house on piles this side, that's the camera's side, would be George Black's butcher shop, but I cannot think that it would be so far away from the Sunnyside."

GRANVILLE HOTEL.

"From the front of the Granville Hotel a floating wharf went out to the bay, to a float used for small craft and Moodyville ferry in my day. There should be boat house men in Vancouver that could let you know who that boat house belongs to—it was before Hayden's time there—Hayden is our boat house man here. The Methodist Church and parsonage is prominent in the roofline, just above the front part of the boat house. This is about the size of Granville when I was there as past the parsonage were only a few buildings and mostly of the batch variety with an Indian colony at the extreme end. Am returning the other marked photo."

NORTH ARM ROAD. FALSE CREEK BRIDGE. FIRST HOUSE IN GRANVILLE.

"Re the road to New Westminster via False Creek and North Arm Road, this, while I don't know if it was the original—I think I can remember something about it being put through by the military—the Sappers and Miners you know were located at New Westminster, and this would be pie for them compared with the Cariboo road—the road turned at the Maple Tree from the Deighton House, and, only from memory, would say it went nearly due south for some distance, and came to False Creek at a narrow place. The bridge across was made of piles—the hill across I suppose is Fairview" (Note: Mount Pleasant) "of years ago. On top of it there was a swamp, some way past the top, we used to call it the 'Tea Swamp,' owing to California tea—commonly called so by the Cariboo miners—growing there. Just before getting to the swamp the road turned to the left almost at right angles towards New Westminster. I have been down this about a mile. Jonathan Miller, late postmaster at Vancouver, then had a farm down on this road; I went towards this with one of his boys. If you searched the land registry department in N.W. or Victoria no doubt you would find some record of this. No doubt that a record of the lot holders of '85 or '86 could be had, and that would give you some clue as to the houses in the pictures submitted to me, Portuguese Joe's being the first, so the Indians say, would be a starter. The store no doubt was erected for sea connection as the sign on the building, large square store front sign was facing the water when we went there—and big heavy steps up the side from the gravel to high land would indicate that it must have been canoe or boat trade that was expected.

"I think Mr. and Mrs. Gold and son Ed came there and occupied the building for a short time; look up Ed Gold, he was mayor, or tried to be, of South Vancouver some years ago; he may be able to give you some highlights of the old building. A few days ago I was messing through some old papers, I came across a butcher bill of Geo. Black's for my father, it was receipted G.B. per Jon Murray, I saw his name, some time ago, as being in Prince Rupert."

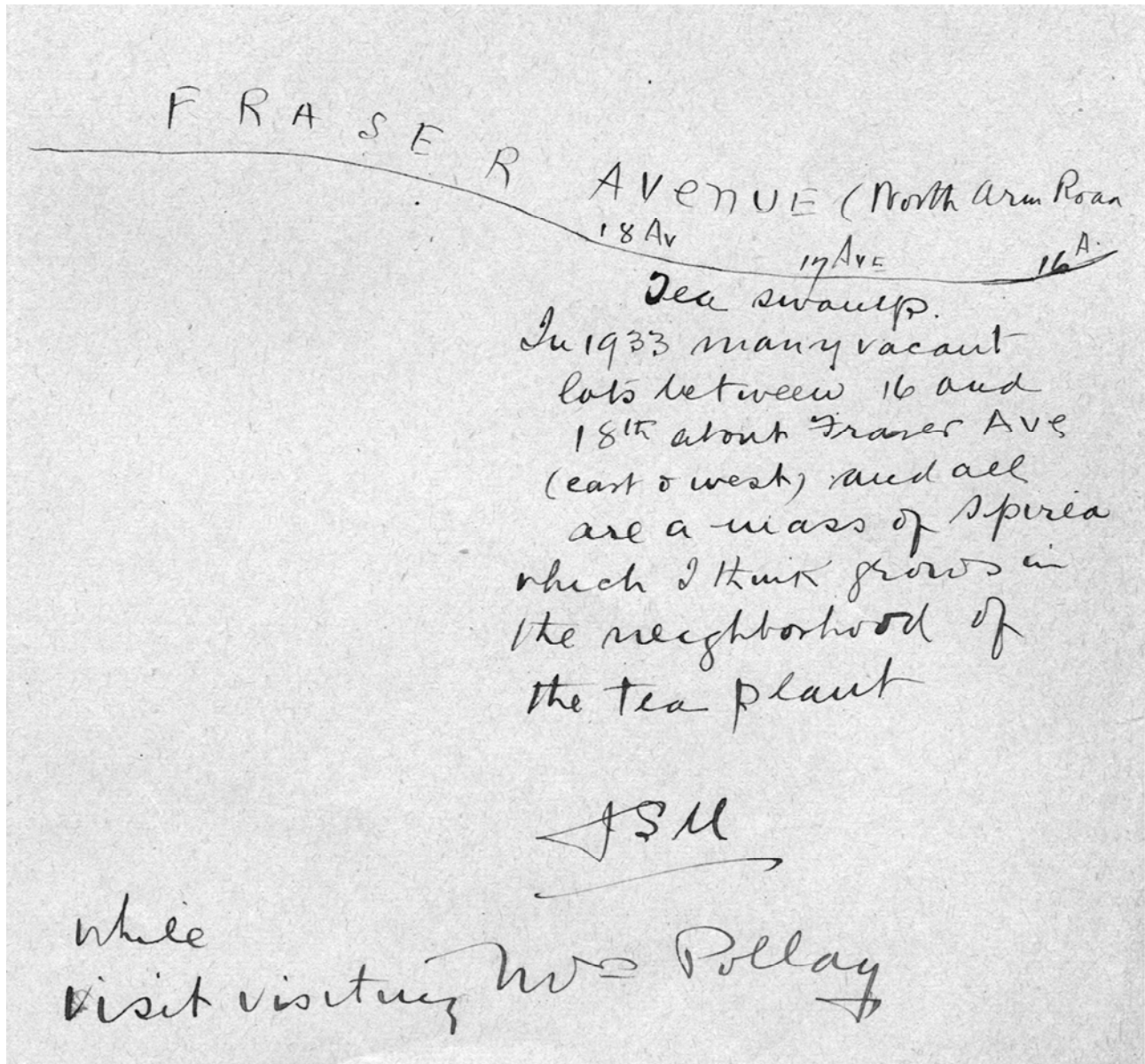
BOAT RACES. FIRST SAFETY BICYCLE. TELEGRAPH TO VANCOUVER.

"He and his brother and Alex Johnson worked for George Black, and used to be three of a four oared race boat crew. The first safety bicycle came to New Westminster in 1887. George and Henry Ashwell of Chilliwack got them.

"Re telegraph to Vancouver, the first operators were McClure's of Matsqui, I don't remember if it was Sam, but I think he was one of them. He was afterwards one of Victoria's architects and passed away a few years ago."

TEA SWAMP. INDIANS. MRS. CORDINER.

Letter, 1 February 1933. "Tea Swamp was located on the left and some on the right hand side of the road leading to the North Arm, only a short distance over the hill, which would be Fairview Hill" (Note: he must mean Mount Pleasant); "been there many times, most of those places could be drained easily. No doubt this is entirely forgotten or never known by the present owners of this particular property. I don't remember anything about the Capilano chiefs, and very little about the Indians generally. A few families lived at the Coal Harbour end of the village" (Granville) "in my time, some at Prospect Point—why was that point named that?—some above Hastings Mill up the inlet, but most across the harbour at the present large reserve. I got a picture that was put on the Vancouver *Sun* some years ago of the old school house at Hastings Mill. I often wonder if there were any records of that old school house preserved. Mrs. Cordiner was the teacher, and then a Mr. Johnson, A.G. I think his initials were. The last I heard of Mr. Johnson was through the District Supt. of P.O. who told me he was a postmaster in the Lardeau Country; that was some years ago."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_038

HASTINGS SAWMILL. R.H. ALEXANDER. THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN, MRS. R.H. ALEXANDER. MOODYVILLE SAWMILL OR “MOODY’S MILL.”

Excerpt from letter F.W. Alexander, 725 Henry Building, Seattle, 26 May 1932, son of R.H. Alexander, one of the “Overlanders of 1862.”

“The Hastings Sawmill was not built until 1865, and my father, the late R.H. Alexander, entered that company’s employ in 1869, the family following him in December 1870. My mother was the first white woman to live in what is now known as Vancouver, and my brother, the late H.O. Alexander, Stipendiary Magistrate, was the first white child born there in 1873. There was a mill at Moodyville before the Hastings Mill was built, and white families living there, but they cannot of course be deemed as living in Granville or Gastown.

“Cannot state positively, but am inclined to think there were no whites living on Burrard Inlet in 1858.”

BEAUMONT BOGGS. HASTINGS STREET.

“I was in Vancouver in February 1886 and purchased the northeast corner of Hastings and Carrall streets from Graveley and Spinks for \$650.” Beaumont Boggs, 13 June 1932.

HASTINGS SAWMILL. PETER BILODEAU.

“My father, Peter Bilodeau, came up from San Francisco on the paddle steamer *Propeller*, arrived Victoria 1 May 1873, Hastings Mill, 2 May. There were nine white men working in the mill, and they turned out about fifteen thousand feet per day. About fifty people here. A little boat ran from Gastown to Moodyville. Father is now 81.” Dr. Bilodeau, Vancouver, May 1932.

HASTINGS AND MOODYVILLE.

“John Strange arrived in Gastown from New Brunswick in July 1873. There were seven white families in Gastown and six in Moodyville. Jerry Rogers had three logging camps on site of Vancouver; one where Cordova Street is, one at Jericho, and one at Greer’s Beach. Jericho was the headquarters of camps. Robert and Sam Preston” (note: who preempted Kitsilano Beach in 1873) “were the foreman and brother-in-law of Jerry Rogers.” John Strange, 6th and 6th streets, New Westminster, April 1932.

BUSH FIRES.

“I took a walk from Sapperton to Port Moody; the blue sky showed only as a blue streak through the dense timber, which was mostly killed by the fires that devastated the whole province in, I think, 1867.” L.A. Agassiz, Agassiz, May 1932.

PLAN OF HASTINGS, 1869. SALE OF LOTS AT HASTINGS, 1869. HOCKINGS.

A map in the Land Registry, Vancouver, describes what is believed to be the first sale of lots on Burrard Inlet. It read as follows:

“Plan of Hastings

“The following lots were offered at auction 10th July 1869.

“2-20, 23-29, 33-36, 40-46, 48-50, 53-55.

“Lots sold are marked thus ‘O.’

“Lots reserved are marked thus ‘R.’”

Fifty-three lots are included in the plan, of which two groups of three lots, and one single lot, seven in all, were sold. There were eleven lots reserved as follows:

For Government buildings	3
For Church buildings	1
For Hospital buildings	2
For Waterfront lots	<u>5</u>
Total Reserved	11

The old plan shows a house, "Hockings," and nearby, at the "End of the Road" from New Westminster, a stable; some distance off a float; it was cedar logs and rose and fell with the tide; and on the shore nearby two buildings, probably boat houses. A shed stands on the bank across the creek from the stable, probably a pigsty. This creek now runs through the Hastings Park (Exhibition Grounds).

Two streets are shown of which one, a very short one, still exists as "Douglas Road," the other has been obliterated by the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway which passes also over the site of Hockings and the stable and pigsty. Hockings stood almost exactly at the foot of the present Windermere Street; access to Douglas Road is now by McGill Street, which enters its western end.

So far as is known, this is the first instance of the sale of lots of real estate on Burrard Inlet. In 1868 Joseph Silvy asked permission to purchase a piece of land with waterfrontage on the "Government Reserve," afterwards Granville, and his request was refused, but on 11 April 1870 Gregoris Fernandez bought, and in the same month, April, John Deighton and E. Brown also bought, lots in the Townsite of Granville, which had been surveyed into 94 lots as shown on Trutch's map of 10 March 1870. During the remaining months of the year and in 1871, several more lots were sold in Granville. Trutch's map of 10 March 1870 shows nine buildings at Granville ranged crescent shaped along the shore, two on the street, two standing on more than one lot, and all built at different angles, from which it is quite evident that Granville was a more popular location than Hastings, for while one building only, Hockings, is shown at Hastings on 10 July 1869, eight months later, 10 March 1870, nine are shown as existing at Granville together with jail and customs house.

GRANVILLE, 1870.

Excerpt, letter from Miss Alma M. Russell, Assistant Provincial Archivist, Victoria, to Theo. Bryant, 31 October 1932.

After careful search in the Archives Dept. we were able to find a letter written by Joseph Silvy asking permission from the government to rent a piece of land with waterfrontage on the government reserve. This was in 1868, and was refused.

As we did not have a copy of the map of Granville surveyed by Joseph Trutch in 1870 I went down to the Survey Department, Government Bldgs, and found that they had the original map.

On this map Lot 16, Block VI, was owned by a man named Gregoris Fernandez. He bought it on 11 April 1870. But on the same map lot No. 7, Block 2, was sold to Joseph Silvia on 9 May 1871.

Lots on this block were numbered from 1 to 7, and were sold as follows:

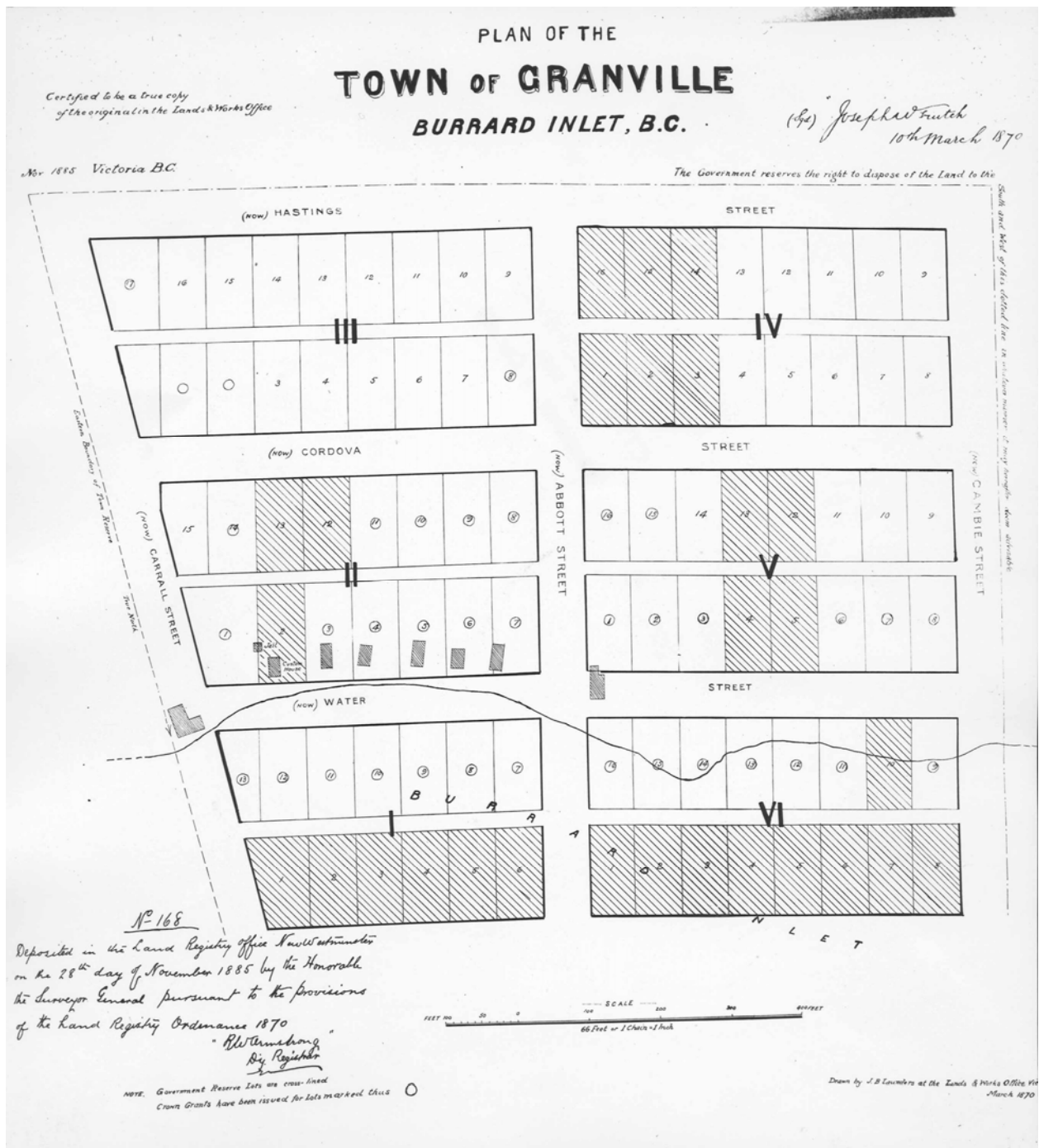
- No. 1 Block 2 sold April 1870 to John Deighton.
- No. 2 Block 2 Jail and Customs House.
- No. 3 Block 2 sold April 1870 to E. Brown.
- No. 4 Block 2 sold May 1871 to Geo. Brew.
- No. 5 Block 2 sold December 1870 to John A. Webster.
- No. 6 Block 2 sold May 1871 to Alexander McCrimmon.
- No. 7 Block 2 sold 9 May 1871 to Joseph Silva.

At the time the map was made, all these lots had buildings on them.

On Silvia's or Silvy's letter his name is spelled Silvy, his X mark, so it is difficult to decide which should be the proper spelling, as the man himself could not write."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

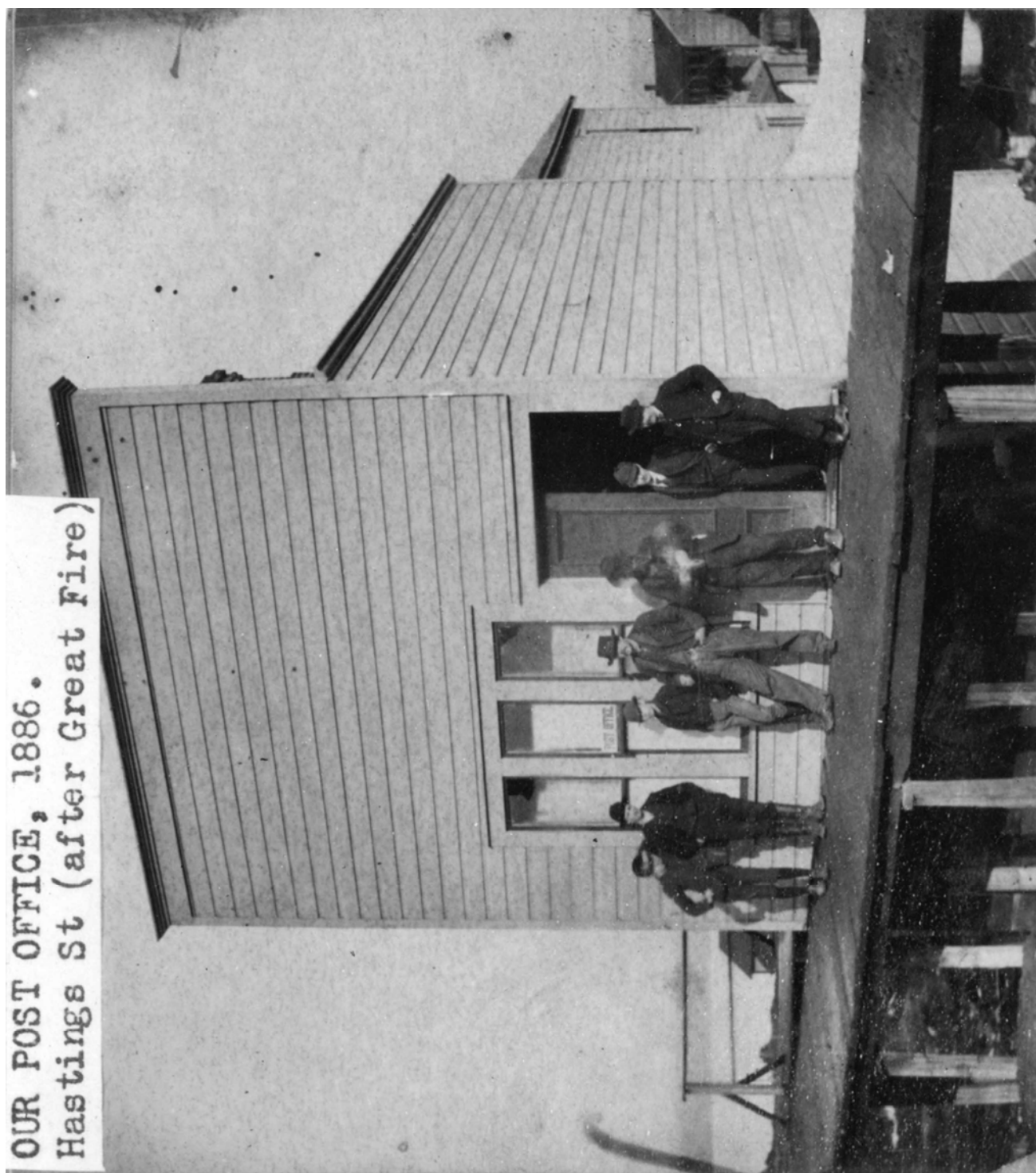
The Silvy or Silvey family now live at Egmont, B.C. See Genealogy form, Vancouver City Archives. September 1934. JSM.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_039



Item # EarlyVan_v2_040



OUR POST OFFICE, 1886.
Hastings St (after Great Fire)

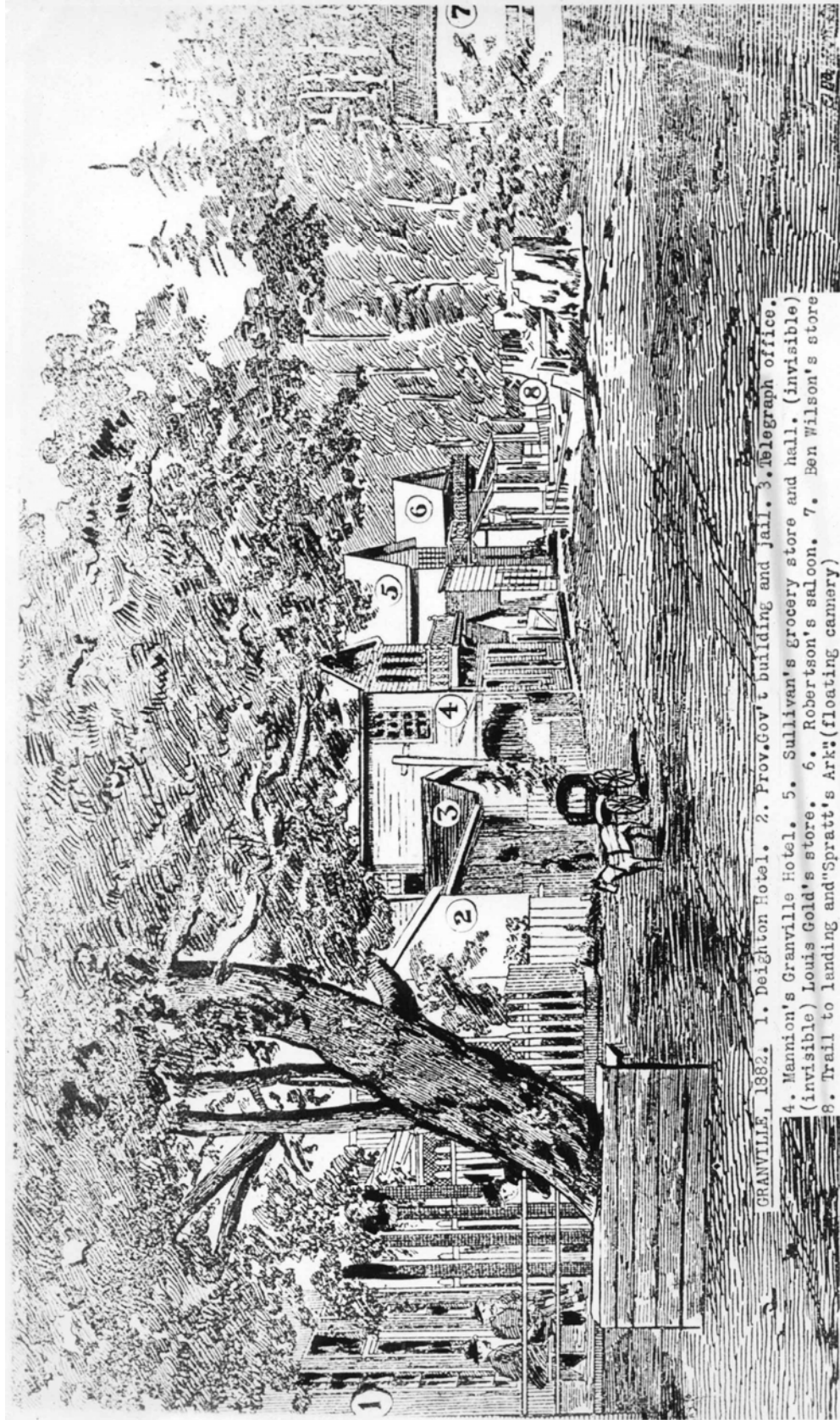
Item # EarlyVan_v2_041

Part of the former
"C.P.R. Townsite" as
it appeared in 1930



VIEW FROM ROOF GARDEN, HOTEL VANCOUVER, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_042



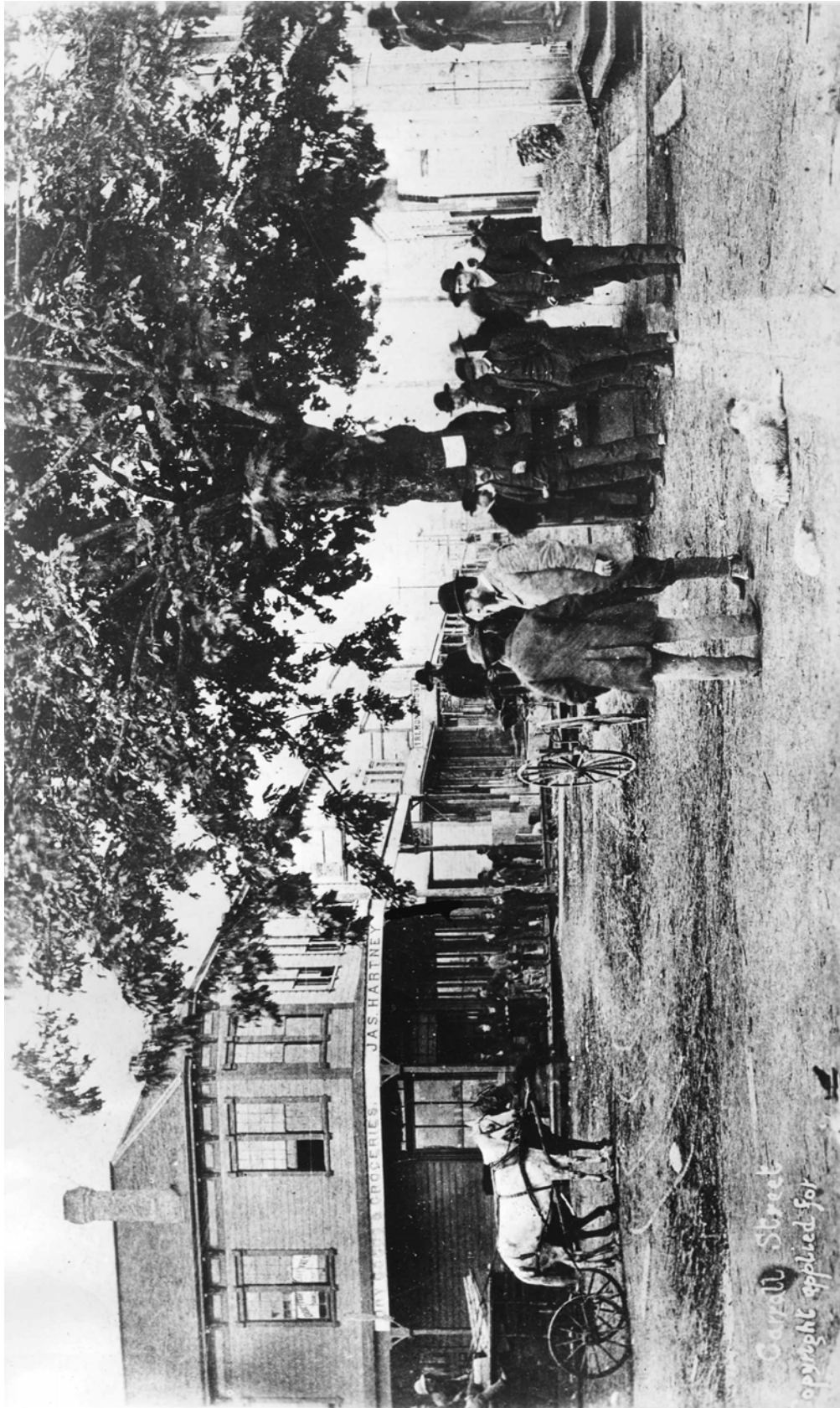
Item # EarlyVan_v2_043

GRANVILLE and Sunnyside Hotel at
foot of Carrall St. December 1835.



Copyright. NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF B.C. Post No I Vancouver. Moore Photo

Item # EarlyVan_v2_044



Item # EarlyVan_v2_045



"GASTOWN" and "The Maple Tree Monument", 1931

Buy Your New General
at STONEHOUSE MOTORS

1887

VIKING CAFE

NAGLE GATE

Corrall St and Water St

MONUMENT on site of FAMOUS MAPLE TREE

"GASTOWN" IN 1931

Where the first fire hall "No. 1" stood.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_046

GRANVILLE.

The photograph "Vancouver Harbour, Copyright applied for," identified by big stump in centre with ragged splinter on right top, also big stump on extreme left of photo and ship at Hastings Sawmill almost exactly above.

It is reputed that this photograph was taken from the foot of Granville Street, but careful measurements would indicate that this is not so, but that it was taken from the foot of Richards Street, probably where the Canadian Pacific Railway had a small building which escaped the Fire of June 1886. This is borne out by the nearness of the town of Granville to the camera, and further it is unlikely that such a picture could have been taken from the foot of Granville Street on account of the contour of the land. The photograph was taken *about* February or March, perhaps January 1886, but most likely late February or early March 1886.

Theo. Bryant, Ladysmith (son of the Rev. Cornelius Bryant, minister of the Methodist parsonage and Indian Church at Granville, and who arrived in June or July 1878 to take up his residence—date of arrival about 20 July 1878—and who lived there about "three years"), has, after careful scrutiny and examination with a microscope, written the following explanation of the buildings and landmarks in this photograph, 1932, from memory.

1. Methodist Parsonage, two storey house painted white with two windows.
2. "Portuguese Joe's" store, to the right and adjoining above.
3. Indian Church, partly obscuring "Portuguese Joe's" store.
4. St. James' Church of England in this vicinity.
5. Probably "Princess Louise" Tree, about foot of Columbia Street.
6. Hastings Mill store and Post Office.
7. Approximate location of Old School House.
8. Rear of Geo. Black's butcher shop.
9. Sunnyside Hotel floating wharf.
10. Granville Hotel (Joe Mannion's) floating wharf.
11. Long building over water, erected after Bryants left in 1881.

GRANVILLE, 1882. MR. CARTER-COTTON. *NEWS-ADVERTISER*.

The *Province*, 9 September 1929, published an article, written by Mr. Carter-Cotton, an early reporter on his father's (Hon. Francis Lacy Carter-Cotton) newspaper, the *News-Advertiser*, and illustrated with a photograph of a sketch of "Granville, 1882." Mr. Carter-Cotton—the reporter—died soon afterwards.

GRANVILLE 1882.

1. Deighton Hotel, Bill Blair, proprietor.
2. Provincial Government Building and Jail, residence of Jonathan Miller, policeman and tax collector.
3. Telegraph office.
4. Mannion's Hotel.
5. Sullivan's Grocery store, hall above, where fraternal societies met.
6. In this location was Louis Gold's general store, which seems to be out of focus (?).
7. Robertson's Saloon.
8. Ben Wilson's store, afterwards conducted by Mrs. Wilson.
9. Trail leading to Spratt's Wharf.
10. On the other side of Wilson's store was Methodist Hall where Rev. C.P. Thompson preached.
11. On the other side of Deighton Hotel, out of sight, was McKendry's shoe store.

It would appear that Mr. Carter-Cotton, in writing the above, mixed his years slightly. There was no Methodist Hall until a month or so before the Great Fire of 13 June 1886; prior to that only the Indian Church and the Methodist parsonage, the latter, a house.

EXTRACTS FROM B.C. DIRECTORY, 1885.

GRANVILLE, PORT MOODY, YALE.

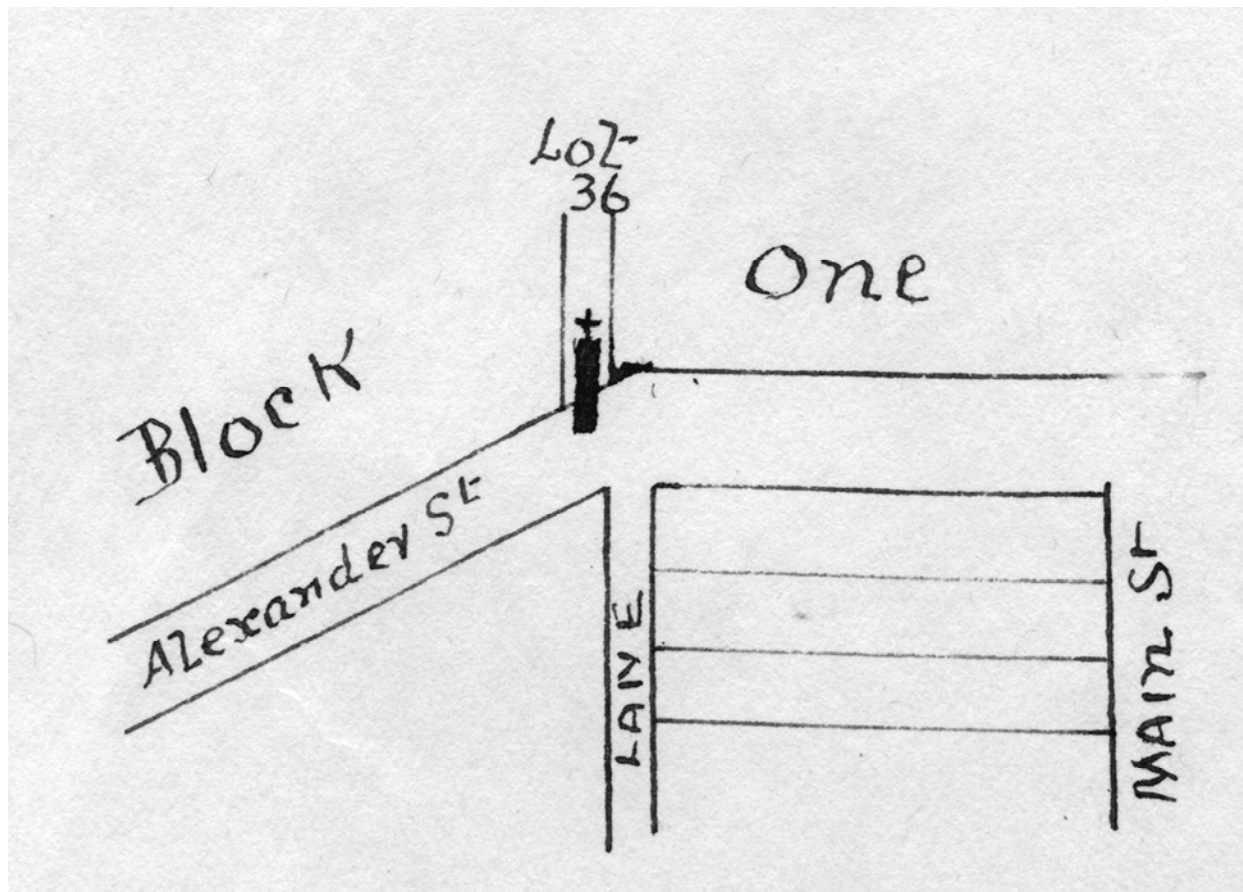
"The first through train from Port Moody to Yale, Wednesday, Jan. 23rd 1884."

The number of names in Granville directory: "about 131" and "some Chinamen."

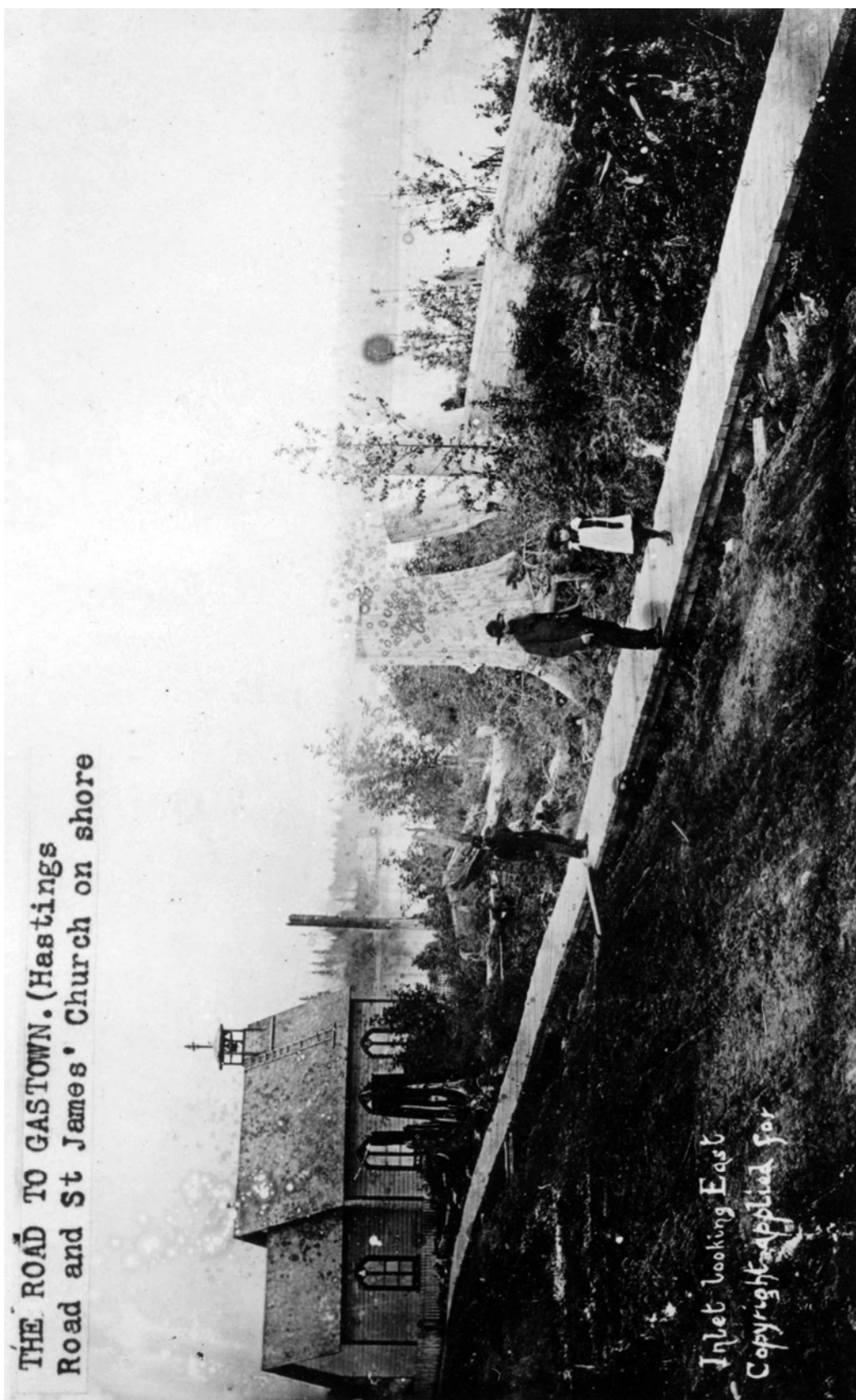
SEA ISLAND, POST OFFICES.

Despatch to *Daily News-Advertiser*, 3 July 1888. "Ottawa. Mail service between Sea Island and Vancouver via North Arm will be established."

The despatch does not say by what route. Without investigation, it suggests via what is now known as Granville Street, and the "new" Granville Street bridge, and the "new" road to the North Arm through the C.P.R. Grant, but the new bridge was not formally opened until 4 January 1889, so it must have been some other route. [NOTE ADDED LATER: Fraser River.]



Item # EarlyVan_v2_047



THE ROAD TO GASTOWN. (Hastings
Road and St James' Church on shore

Item # EarlyVan_v2_048



Item # EarlyVan_v2_049

GASTOWN. HASTINGS ROAD.

Hugh E. Campbell, 10 August 1931. "Hastings Road from Gastown to Hastings Mill was, when I first saw it, quite a good road; there may have been a few planks on it from the Sunnyside Hotel going a short distance eastwards, but not where it began to go up the hill." (A photo, "nigger minstrel" fire brigade, shows part of Hastings Road.) "There was a ditch to let the water run from the south side under it into the inlet; the ditch was about Columbia Street. The shore, of course, ran along outside the road, except just west of the No. 1 Fire Hall, or what was afterwards No. 1 Fire Hall, which stood on the old provincial government lot where the Court House and jail had stood from early days. At that point Water Street was afterwards bridged to cross the lower beach; the shoreline ran back about as far as Trounce Alley between Cordova Street and Water Street."

Note: in 1898 and for some years after, the waters of Burrard Inlet seeped through the fill—on which the C.P.R. railway ran—onto the low land below Water Street. This low land ran from about the foot of Carrall Street to at least beyond Abbott Street—the old Methodist Hall stood on stilts, and so was the sidewalk in front of it. The land of the beach would be from eight to ten feet below the present level of Water Street, and was a stinking hole. In 1933 the only lot on Water Street which has never been built upon is one next door westwards of W.H. Malkin's wholesale warehouse; it has been partly filled in, but is still seven or eight feet below the level of Water Street and is now used for a car storage yard.

GASTOWN, OR BY ITS INDIAN NAME, LUCKLUCKY.

The question might be asked, "Why was Gastown located in the particular spot it was in view of the fact that John Morton, our first settler, located just west of the foot of Burrard Street?" The name "Lucklucky" (Indian) is equivalent to "grove of beautiful trees," and it may be presumed that the little beach with its pretty trees and its small cove, attracted both Indians and afterwards whites. For the Indians before the white man came, it must have been a convenient spot to cut across from Burrard Inlet to False Creek—when they did not use the Campbell Avenue route—for the waters of the creek and the inlet could not have been more than 300 yards apart, and at high tides perhaps much less; at extreme high tide the whole ground was a sopping bog. The whole area from Abbott Street to Columbia Street was very swampy, as several narratives recount. J.A. Mateer (20 July 1931) says, "I helped to pile, cap, bridge and plank Dupont Street" (Pender Street East) "between Carrall and Columbia; the tide came right up to the corner of Columbia and Dupont." Another authority says, "Hastings Street was an awful hole, almost impassable even in summer for a team." W.F. Findlay speaks of portaging canoes, large canoes, across Carrall Street. Mrs. D.R. Reid speaks of escaping from the Great Fire by taking refuge in a ditch with water in it—in June 1886, that is, midsummer and after an extremely dry spring—on Pender Street. At the foot of Columbia Street there was, in 1898, the Champion and Whyte garbage men's yard and office—an awful smelly place on account of the creek water coming to within 30 or 40 yards of Pender (Dupont) Street and the effluvia which arose from the muddy shore. Even after much filling by slab lumber and sawdust from the Royal City Mills, the work of ten years or more, the water of False Creek must have been within 75 or 100 yards of Pender Street at Carrall in 1898, and were deep.

That the Indians had a name for the location shows that it was occupied by them before the white man came; that it bore the name of Lucklucky, "grove of beautiful trees," indicates a pleasant place. Then came the whiteman who settled at Hastings Sawmill. After him came the very early roamers. To the east would be the Hastings Sawmill where they could not very well establish as the mill people would not want them; to the west was Puchahls, or "white rocks" (C.P.R. Station) known as "The Bluff" to early Vancouver pioneers, and on account of its steep cliff and narrow shore, impossible of settlement. The low sheltered picturesque spot on which Gastown was built would be the natural selection, especially as it had a little cove into which canoes could be drawn for safety. Probably there were trails leading across from False Creek to Burrard Inlet; it was the natural point at which to establish.

The Indians state that "Portuguese Joe" was the first white man to start a trading establishment there, at the foot of Abbott Street. The records of the former members of the Royal Engineers show that when they surveyed the townsite of Granville in 1870 there were nine buildings grouped in a crescent along the shore between Abbott and Carrall Street. Corporal Turner, R.E., makes no mention of them on his survey notes of February and March 1863, although he shows John Morton's cabin and Indian huts (at Capilano).

Until further research discloses more authentic information, it might be safely assumed that Granville grew from "Portuguese Joe's" store or trading post on a low lump of land on the shore at the foot of Abbott Street, and that it grew between 1863 and 1870, when it was surveyed by the ex-Royal Engineers, (at least, the 1870 survey of six blocks was, but the proposed extension to the west was by a man, believed to be a Mr. Green) and laid out in lots, as the result of logging operations, Indian trading, the necessity of having some point for government buildings off property privately owned (Hastings Sawmill and others) and the attractions perhaps offered to sailors from the ships at the mill, and loggers, who sought privileges not permitted on the company's property.

EARLY TRAILS.

Chillahminst (Jim Franks), North Vancouver, 2 March 1933. Jim Franks was born at Skwayoos, afterwards Greer's Beach, still later Kitsilano Beach.

"No trail to Jericho from Skwayoos, go beach, no trail. Trail to Gastown from about Granville Street, from about Snauq, go all along through tree to about Westminster Avenue; just little trail, about wide enough one man; don't know just about where go; all long Fairview to Westminster Avenue from about Granville Street.

"Oh, I remember, my father make canoe up on hill above Kitsilano Beach. Loggers just take fir, leave cedar; my father, Chillahminst, make canoe up on hill, have Hudson's Bay file for chisel, stone for hammer. I go up see him; go up log road, meet oxen come down; I little boy, run away, very frightened at oxen come down trail. My father bring canoe down beach, take him out Point Grey, hook sturgeon, oh, big, twelve feet, 'bout four inches thick, very heavy; tow sturgeon to beach, turn canoe over, take stakes" (cross pieces) "out, slide sturgeon into canoe, turn canoe over again when sturgeon in canoe.

"My father tell me he see first whitemans ship up Squamish.

"Two log road up hill from Skwayoos, one go one way, one go other way; little swamp up on top hill, logging road go 'round swamp."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_050

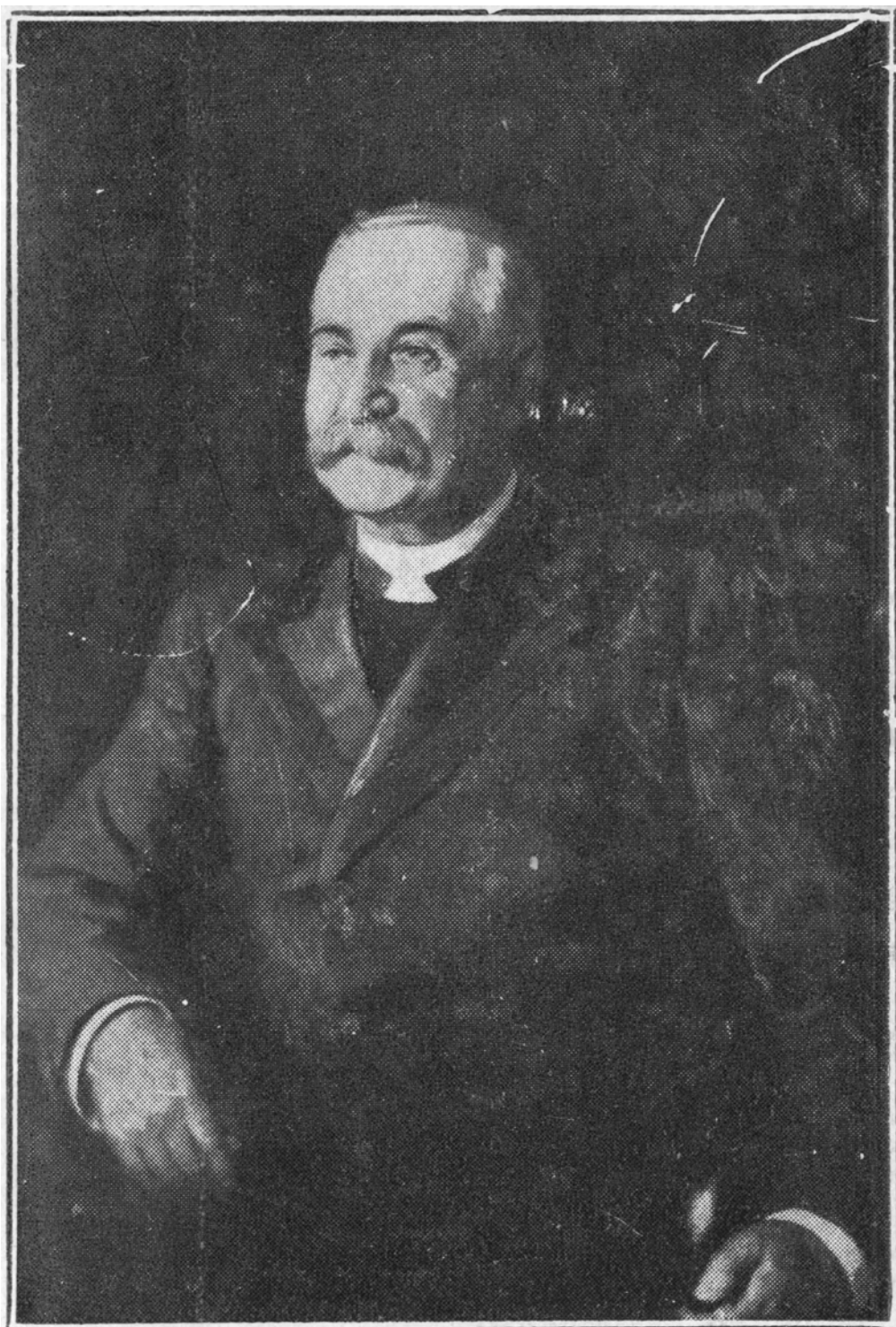


Rev. James Turner
First Resident Clergyman on Burrard Inlet
Granville, 1873

Item # EarlyVan_v2_051



Item # EarlyVan_v2_052



REV. JAMES TURNER
FIRST MINISTER. GRANVILLE, 1872

Item # EarlyVan_v2_053

REV. CHARLES M. TATE. THE INDIAN CHURCH AT GRANVILLE.

Conversation with Rev. Charles Montgomery Tate, Dominion Day, 1932, and subsequent days during July and August 1932.

The following statement, after successive typings, is as finally approved by the Rev. C.M. Tate.

Other comment: Professor Chas. Hill-Tout. "I am returning the MS. Taking Mr. Tate's statement as a whole I think you are doing good work in making a record. I shall be glad to look over your final proofs."

Rev. W. Lashley Hall, White Rock, B.C., 7 July 1932. "I am glad to discover a man who believes in accuracy. Therefore let me offer my congratulations on the story you have compiled. The best compliment I can give is that it brings Rev. Mr. Tate before me, and accords with all I know of him. I know Mr. Tate very well, and I am sure I could rely implicitly on any statement he makes of things happening within his own ken. Whatever he presents would, ipso facto, command great respect."

Rev. Charles M. Tate, the Indian Church at Granville:

"The first church in Granville stood on the boulder and seaweed strewn shore of Burrard Inlet, on a blunt point of land jutting out into the water at the foot of what is now Abbott Street. Together with the Rev. Thomas Derrick, I dedicated it in 1876," remarked the Reverend Charles Montgomery Tate, Wesleyan Methodist Indian Missionary, once a butcher boy, now a venerable cleric of pioneer days resident with his nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watson, Lilfred Apartments, Cornwall Street, and today, despite his eighty years, a picture of physical and mental activity, and will be, this afternoon, a guest of the city of Vancouver at the opening of the Burrard Bridge which passes over the Indian village, or rather its site, where once he preached in its potlatch house.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN VANCOUVER.

"The tiny house of God," he continued, "was a little box of a place, perhaps thirty feet long by twenty wide, built on the edge of the low bank, perhaps three or four feet high, of the shore, surrounded by a bit of clearing in the forest, say half an acre, more or less, at a point where the shoreline bulged outwards. It was so close to the shore that the Indians used to tie their canoes to the front steps. This position gave it a certain prominence as a landmark in a marine and forest scene which, in all directions save perhaps the First and Second Narrows, was a verdant forest, covering, as a green blanket, everything from mountain top to water's edge. In the immediate foreground, the shallow shore lay littered with large and small boulders, kelp, seaweed; in the background a narrow fringe of bushes, stumps, etc., and behind that, within a very few yards, were the tall timbers of the woods, wrapping the little grey edifice and its parsonage in a frame of green. The colouring was enhanced by a number of maple trees with light green foliage which, in the sunlight, gleamed against the darker green of fir and cedar; it was a pretty scene in summer.

"To the west, the branches of the firs and cedars overhung the shore, and at high tide the waters of the inlet almost touched the lower branches. To the east were the few houses, curved along the beach, forming the townsite of Granville, in all nine or ten small buildings scarcely visible from the parsonage because of the intervening small trees and bushes. Granville was reached by a single plank laid on the earth from the parsonage."

THE INDIAN CHURCH AT GRANVILLE.

"The path dipped down to the shoreline as it passed Granville, curving somewhat irregularly as it went, and then continued on through the trees to Hastings Mill, at that time the centre of almost every activity on Burrard Inlet. Two or more narrow tracks up and down the low bank from the shore to the church had been worn by the Indians coming and going from their canoes.

"Both buildings, the church and the parsonage, the latter most easterly, were crowded between forest and shore; there was little room. A small garden clustered around the parsonage; there were a few flowers, that was all; space did not permit a vegetable garden or fruit of any sort."

THE METHODIST PARSONAGE.

"The parsonage was the first building used by us for devotional purposes on what is now the site of the city of Vancouver. The lot on which it stood had been bought for three hundred dollars" (one authority

says two hundred) “from the government at Victoria by the Reverend James Turner, the first resident minister in Granville. The front of the parsonage faced the water, and at high tide the steps from the doorway were lapped by the waters of the inlet, and to them the parson tied his boat. It was a very convenient location for the Indians, who came from all parts of the inlet in their canoes, and also for the preacher in his boat, the only means of getting about amongst his parishioners. I never saw a survey map of the townsite of Granville, but I do know that, when the lot was surveyed, the parsonage was found to be on Water Street. Corporal Turner, of the Royal Engineers, whom you tell me made the first survey of Burrard Inlet in 1863, was still surveying when I came; perhaps he surveyed our lot.”

THE FIRST MINISTER.

“An itinerant Methodist missionary to the native tribes, I made several visits to Granville between 1872 and 1876. The Rev. James Turner was itinerant preacher to the English speaking residents. In 1873 the parsonage was built by the Rev. James Turner, who had been appointed to the Burrard Inlet Mission by the Toronto Methodist Conference, and who selected the site as being the most central for his large field; his portrait in oils is in the Columbian College, New Westminster. It was a two-storey building of the simple frontier type, with a peak roof and a very large kitchen in which the first services were held and in which I participated. Then, during 1875, the Indian converts to the Christian faith became too numerous for the kitchen; that is, during the incumbency of Rev. Thomas Derrick from Cariboo, who had gone to Cariboo, the Indian church was built on the same lot as the parsonage.

“The Rev. Mr. Derrick had collected subscription in cash and material—the Hastings Sawmill gave most of the lumber—and superintended its construction. He, of course, was actually minister to the white people. When the Indian church was completed, I, as Indian missionary, together with the Rev. Mr. Derrick, dedicated it.

“This will set at rest any misunderstanding as to the priority of parsonage or church, both the first of their kind built in the city now possessing over two hundred sacred edifices. I do not know when the first church services were held in the old Hastings Mill store, but I clearly recall the purchase of an organ with funds raised by public subscription for the services held in the Hastings Mill school house. I presume it is the same organ as is now in the Vancouver City Museum.”

THE INDIAN CHURCH.

“The outward appearance of the Indian church was just boards and a hand shaved shake roof; above was a small bell tower, a sort of cupola with a bell, and I can still [hear] its solitary toll tinkling out over the silent waters of Burrard Inlet calling the worshippers, principally Indians, to Sabbath morning devotions. There were a lot of northern Indians working at the Hastings Mill, and they, as also those from Stanley Park, Capilano, and Seymour Creek, came in their canoes. The location was most convenient for the Indians coming by canoe, and was the reason for its being built in that location on the shore; it was equally convenient for the preacher, who did most of his work by boat as the only means of getting about; all landed almost on the steps of the church or parsonage.

“When we went to civilization we first went by trail passable for pedestrians only, a single plank laid on the earth through the trees to Hastings Mill, and then took the old steamer *Senator*—Captain Stevens, I think, was her master, but am not sure—as far as Hastings Landing, quite a bit up the inlet, and then took stage, a wagon with leather springs, cross seats and two horses, from the end of the road to the Royal City.

“The interior of the church was as unpretentious as the exterior; just rough, no attempt at embellishment or ornament, rough, as befitted the circumstance, the general situation, and the tenets of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination. In the spring and summer, the whole scene, church and parsonage, was romantically picturesque, a picture of wild primeval beauty.

“The fact that the crown grant for the property was granted to the Rev. Mr. Pollard on 5 January 1877, that is, four years after the parsonage was erected, is probably explainable by the fact that the Rev. Mr. Pollard, who was chairman of the B.C. District of the Methodist Church, was acting for the Rev. Mr. Turner, and further, that it took some time for the application for the grant for funds to purchase the land to be granted by the Missionary Board at Toronto.”

PASTORAL TRAVELS AMONG THE INDIANS.

"People would not believe it now, but the fact is that the district under my care was, from my headquarters which were supposed to be in Nanaimo, down the east coast of Vancouver's Island as far as Victoria, then all Victoria, then over to the Musqueam Indians at the mouth of the Fraser River, and thence up the Fraser River as far as Yale, and an occasional side trip to Nooksahk in the territory of Washington.

"I first saw Granville in 1872. The Rev. Mr. Turner lived at New Westminster, at the parsonage there, and used to come out from New Westminster and return the same night; I came with him sometimes. My duties demanded periodical trips from Westminster to Hastings; sometimes I walked, sometimes staged—to tell the truth I preferred walking to riding in the bumping stage—and then took the ferry to Moodyville where I preached to the Indians working in the sawmill there. Then I would cross to Gastown by canoe, and sometimes traverse the woods to the False Creek reservation, or as we know it now, the Kitsilano Indian Reserve. Bear in mind, I was itinerant preacher to the Indian tribes; Mr. Turner was itinerant preacher to the English speaking people. I had plenty of opportunity to become familiar with the Indians, their trials, triumphs and customs."

THE FALSE CREEK VILLAGE.

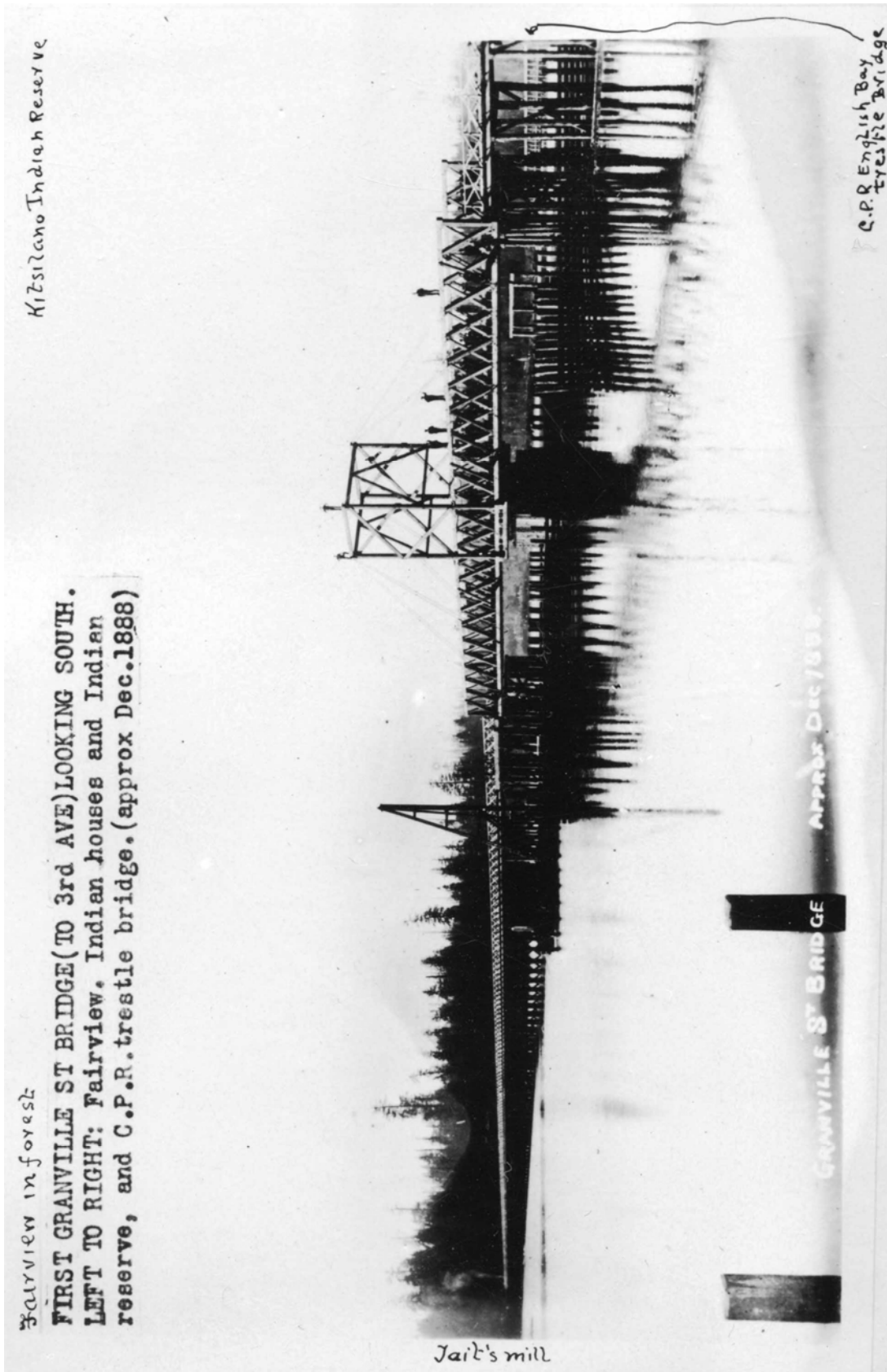
"I often visited the Kitsilano band in the '70s. There were a hospitable lot, and I was entertained by Chief George and his band in their community house. Old Chief George's community house (potlatch house) was right under the present Burrard Bridge which we have opened this afternoon; I believe a stone dropped from the bridge would strike in the centre of the site on which the village stood."

The Burrard Street Bridge and Kilsilano Indian Reserve

Burrard Street Bridge crosses, 1931,
old Indian village. Last ragged
survivor of great forest (right)



Item # EarlyVan_v2_054



Fairview in forest

FIRST GRANVILLE ST BRIDGE (TO 3rd AVE) LOOKING SOUTH.
LEFT TO RIGHT: Fairview, Indian houses and Indian
reserve, and C.P.R. trestle bridge. (approx Dec. 1888)

Kitsilano Indian Reserve

Jait's mill

GRANVILLE ST BRIDGE

APPROX DEC 1888

C.P.R. English Bay
Trestle Bridge

Item # EarlyVan_v2_055

THE KITSILANO INDIAN RESERVE. CHIEF GEORGE, INDIAN NAME CHIP-KAAY-AM.

"At the end of the meeting I would call out, asking if anyone had anything to say, or sometimes old Chief George would do it himself. In any case he would usually get up and make some remarks, giving the young men some good advice as to how to deport themselves, and the proper things to do."

Note: in reviewing the MS Professor Hill-Tout margins, "I spell the name 'Khātsalānoogh.'" (See below.)

"What do I mean by 'entertain'? Oh, well, something to eat, and the privilege of gathering the people together for services; probably some bread baked in the ashes, and a cup of questionable tea; the teapot was not always cleaned out when tea was scarce; in fact, when tea was very scarce, the Indians used the leaves of some swamp shrub which grew with a kind of thick leaf, 'Hudson's Bay' tea, we used to call it. The tea was commonly made in a tin 'billy,' a small tin pail with wire handle for carrying it by, and a lid with a wire finger ring in the centre of top. Chief George of the False Creek Reserve, Snauq was the Indian name for it, was an Indian of the best sort, and his band were a most hospitable lot. His wife was a Nanaimo woman. There was quite a settlement at Chief George's False Creek reserve, probably a dozen houses, built of split cedar, sawboards and slabs, and the big community house; a total population perhaps of fifty persons all told; it was a settlement of consequence. There were no Indians living further up the creek.

"'Kitsilano,' as pronounced by the Indians of that reserve, was Haat-sa-lah-nough, the last syllable being given a shorter and more guttural sound than 'nough' in 'enough'; more like Scotch 'lough' (loch), but actually there is no sound in the English tongue akin to it. 'Haatsa' means swamp or lake.

"I have heard that Professor Chas. Hill-Tout, well versed in Indian custom and lore, explains that 'Kitsilano' was the hereditary name or title of the chief of the tribe, or some such thing, and perhaps this is true, but the first syllable is geographical in its meaning. The place always has precedence over the man; the chief's name is usually taken from the place; a similarity is in the British baronial system of nomenclature for titles of nobility."

CHIEF HAATSALAHNOUGH (KHAT-SAL-ANOUGH).

Query: What did August Jack mean, 24 August 1932, when he said that his father, Hey-tilt (Khay-tulk), son of Chief Haatsa-lah-nough, was buried in a little glass house and red blankets at Chay-thoos (Prospect Point in Stanley Park)?

"Oh, that was a dead house. The Indians had them all along the coast, used them for putting the dead in; some of the dead houses were quite pretentious, even fixed up with doors and windows, and in some cases, even had easy chairs, sofas and such and such—" (significant pause and resigned nod) "for the repose of the soul' of the dead. On the west coast of Vancouver Island they put the dead in the trees; rolled the body up in a blanket or mat, tied it up with a rope and as soon as the person was dead and" (significantly) "very often before they were dead, hang the body up in a tree. An Indian, Joe Smith of Claoquaht" (Clayoquot) "told me with his own word of mouth that he had been wrapped up in a blanket, and put in a cave. After he had lain there a day or two he became conscious, and managed to untie the ropes and walked out. When he walked across a bare piece of land he met another Indian who accosted him with, 'What are you doing here, you're dead? You go away, or we shall have no food for winter, no salmon.' Joe protested that he was not dead, but the other Indian ran off and got a rifle, and returning, raised it. Joe protested, 'Don't shoot, don't shoot, I'm not dead.' Joe told me that himself at Claoquaht.

"If August Jack is the grandson of Chief Haatsa-lah-nough, he is most certainly entitled to be known as August Kitsilano in English."

VISITS TO MUSQUEAM.

"From the False Creek reservation I walked by Indian trail through the forest to Musqueam where Thit-see-mah-lah-nough was chief; the names of many of the chiefs ended in 'nough.' I cannot say exactly how I got from Granville to False Creek, but my impression is that it was by a trail which ran from somewhere about Abbott Street through the forest cross country to the foot of Granville Street. There I crossed False Creek by canoe, and struck out for the north arm of the Fraser River by logging trail. There was one good logging trail which led to Rowlings Landing," (Mr. Tate omitted to state where) "another to Eburne, that is, to the McCleery farm near Eburne, and from there down to the Musqueams there was a

pretty well beaten track. It is doubtless difficult for people of Vancouver to picture the dry well drained site on which they live as, in parts, a wet soggy swamp. Behind the Kitsilano Beach was a muskeg of twenty or more acres alive with muskrats. Much of the high land in the West End was very swampy—the Royal Engineers noted that on their first maps—another very large peaty area was what I think we call Dunbar Heights now, and of course behind Jericho there was an enormous area of swamp, and there were others.

“After preaching to the Indians in Chief Thit-see-nah-lah-nough’s house at Musqueam, I returned to New Westminster either by canoe, or to Granville, via Main Street” (North Arm Road) “as we call it now, then across the False Creek Bridge to Hastings Mill, and on by Steven’s ferry to the ‘end of the road’ at Moodyville Crossing” (Hastings) “where I took Lewis’s stage, or walked—which actually I preferred to staging over corduroy roads in a vehicle swung on leather straps instead of springs—to New Westminster.”

INDIANS AT STANLEY PARK AND CAPILANO.

“As a side trip I frequently took a rowboat or canoe to the First Narrows to visit a small band living in Stanley Park where the Lumberman’s Arch” (Whoi-Whoi) “now stands. Chief Thomas of the Squamish tribe lived there. There was a community house at Stanley Park, and I should not be surprised if the posts are not there yet, beneath the surface; they were probably chopped off level with the surface when the buildings were demolished. The biggest community house there was probably one hundred feet long by forty feet wide; the Indians did not live in separate homes, but in one long community house.” (See Indian Villages and Landmarks, and Mr. Tate’s remarks there.)

INDIAN BUILDINGS IN STANLEY PARK (WHOI-WHOI).

“The Indian building in Stanley Park by the Lumberman’s Arch, indeed most Indian buildings, were constructed by first placing four tall posts in the ground, two at each end, and connecting each set of two end posts together with a stringer, twenty or more feet from the ground. A long beam was then laid at right angles from stringer to stringer, and served as a sort of ridge pole and carried the roof, but the buildings were not peak roofed—they were lean-tos—the roof had just one slope; the floor, of course, was just bare earth. The walls were generally made by driving a couple of small poles or stakes close together in the ground along the line of the wall, and slipping, or dropping, boards, usually split cedar boards, very thick, between the two stakes, and then tying the two stakes, lashing them together with some sort of cedar rope. The roof was also made of split cedar shakes, split with a wooden maul and deer horn wedges.

“There was no real door; usually a mat was hung over the opening which served as an entrance. When they wanted light, they poked a stick up, and slid aside one of the roof boards, and let the light in that way, and the same thing when there was too much smoke; the smoke went out through the roof. These buildings have all been cleared away now.”

Note by Prof. Hill-Tout on MS. See example of one in Hill-Tout’s *The Far West*, page 50.

CHIEF LAH-WA.

“Then there was Chief Lah-wa of the Capilano band, and several of his members who were our earliest converts. Chief Lah-wa, poor fellow, was drowned while crossing the First Narrows in a canoe; it is presumed the someone had given him some liquor, with tragic results. He had been baptized and married in the little Indian church at Gastown. Another small band lived in a community house at Seymour Creek, near Moodyville Sawmill.”

ORIGIN OF SQUAMISH TRIBE.

“Where the Squamish Indians came from is a question of conjecture. On one of my visits to the Indians at Nooksahk, Washington, I asked if they could give me any reason for their language being similar to that of the Squamish Indians. They said to me, ‘They are our people,’ and told me the following legend.

“A long time ago when the salmon were very plentiful about Point Roberts and Semiahmo Bay, a number of our people went fishing with sunken nets, called swahlah, when a heavy southeast storm came up and carried them away north. The storm kept up day after day which made it impossible for them to return to the mouth of the Nooksahk river, so, finding it quite calm under the shelter of Point Grey and in English

Bay, they went on shore and made themselves comfortable in a temporary camp. Finding plenty of food and abundance of cedar timber for building purposes and to make their canoes, they decided to remain permanently.'

"Cedar was very useful to the Indians, and cedar always grows more prolifically in swamps than elsewhere. I think it must have been, in part at least, the cedar which attracted and kept the Indians in the neighbourhood of Burrard Inlet and English Bay. The reason why they are scattered about in small bands is the common reason with all Indians—petty jealousies, family quarrels, disagreements between would-be chiefs, and many other causes. Hence the little band at Seymour Creek, another at the head of Howe Sound, in Stanley Park, Capilano, False Creek and other places. The Indians at North Vancouver are accounted for from the fact that the Roman Catholic Mission was established there in early days, and the Indians have been encouraged to build their homes in the neighbourhood of the church. The two key words in the Nooksahk tongue which particularly attracted my attention were the words 'haatl' and 'sneetcham,' meaning 'good' and 'language or talk.' After long experience with Indians and their languages in various parts of this country, the Nooksahk explanation seems reasonable enough to me."

INDIAN CONVERTS.

"Among our converts at the little Indian church at Granville was a husky fellow from Bella Bella named Jim Starr. I think he must have been named after old Captain Starr. Jim probably worked for Captain Starr on his boat, and after a time became known as Jim Starr; it was in some such manner that most of the Indians got the names by which they are known today." (Note: Johnny Scow of Alert Bay was named by Mr. Munn, cannery man of Westminster, after Johnny had saved the lives of Indian women and children adrift on a scow in a storm on a scow at Steveston; there are now many Scows at Alert Bay.) "Shortly after his conversion, Jim Starr went to Victoria Indian Mission, and married a Kit-a-maat woman named Esther, also of the Victoria Indian Mission. They were about the happiest couple I ever met. Very soon after their marriage they went north together, and sought to lead their tribes people in a Christian way. Jim and Esther both died several years ago, but their names are still fragrant at Bella Bella, and the Indian Church at old Gastown must be long credited as the spiritual birthplace of one of the most saintly men British Columbia has ever known."

A continuation of this narrative of Rev. C.M. Tate's experiences with Indians in other parts of the Province, etc., will be found elsewhere.

REV. C.M. TATE, METHODIST INDIAN MISSIONARY.

"Gold brought me to British Columbia. I was born in 1852, and my first work was as a butcher boy. I recall very vividly the long miles I used to walk to get cattle, sheep and pigs for my employer; they were terribly long walks, but I suppose they fitted me physically for the work I was destined to do in British Columbia. I was 18 when I came out, via the Panama to British Columbia to go to the Cariboo goldfields. There is a long account of it entitled 'Fifty Years with the Methodist Church in British Columbia' which I have written and which is published in book form, *Review of the United Churches in British Columbia*, 1925. But on arrival in Victoria it was clear that there was no sense in going to the Cariboo; all the miners were returning, some of them starving. I got a job in Nanaimo looking after a bit of a donkey engine which, when sailing ships were not in for coal, hauled the coal cars up a slope from which the coal was dumped in to the coal bins. Thus it was that when I first came to British Columbia in 1870, I became associated with the Wesleyan Methodist church at Nanaimo, and through them with the uninstructed Indians. The Indians interested me; I was little more than a lad, just 18, got talking to them, spent my evenings with them, started to learn their language, and ultimately suggested that they start a night school amongst themselves. 'But,' their reply was, 'how can we get someone to teach us,' the problem of a teacher was seemingly, to them, an insurmountable difficulty, and no doubt they were a little astonished when I said, 'I will.' So in the evenings I used to go down to the village and teach them, and of course when the strike came—it was a long strike of seven months—I was able to do it in the daytime. All voluntary, of course, no salary.

"The strike ended, and I applied for my old job back again, but Mr. Mark Bate—you have heard of him, he was manager of the coal mines—told me there were a lot of older men who wanted the job, men who were 'up against it'; and that I was a young fellow and could look after myself, so I was not taken on. I

was 'flat broke,' had not a cent in the world, but kept on going for a week or two. Just then the superintendent of missions from Toronto came along, and he said to the Rev. Mr. Crosby who was in charge of Nanaimo, 'Why not start a school, do you think you could find a teacher?' Mr. Crosby replied, 'Yes, one right here, one who has been teaching them voluntarily.' I got the appointment, at \$300 a year and paid my own expenses.

"My directions I got from the Mission Board at Toronto; my salary gradually rose until it reached \$500, always without travelling allowance, and out of which I had to find my own horse, or canoe, or steamboat fare and expenses; pretty hard going at times with sugar at 25¢ a pound and other things in proportion.

"How did I obtain my ordination? Well, I can best explain that, perhaps, by relating the story of a question which was once asked me when travelling in eastern Canada. A gentleman enquired of me what college I had been in. I replied that I had been in most of the colleges of Canada and the United States, but that my collegiate training I got mostly in a canoe or on horseback; that was where I did most of my studying.

"When it came to the actual ordination which was in Victoria at the time of the Methodist Conference of 1879, I had already passed my examinations, but as a final test, was required to preach a sermon before three examiners. My examiners and I repaired to the Indian church on Herald Street and with the three examiners and Indians as my congregation, I preached a sermon in the Ankameenum Indian language, that is, the language of the Indians on the east coast of Vancouver Island; not one word of which my examiners understood.

"Next morning, to my astonishment, I listened to a most glorious report upon my preaching given by my examiners to the conference, and"—here Mr. Tate smiled—"I was ordained."

THE GREAT FIRE. REV. JOSEPH HALL.

"The Rev. Joseph Hall succeeded the Rev. Thos. Derrick in 1884, and it was he who was in charge when the Great Fire destroyed church, parsonage and stable. The stable for the two cows had been built in 1885, and, together with the cows, was owned by Mr. Hall. During the fire one cow escaped along the beach; the other was burned to death. I was in Chilliwack at the time of the fire; a good deal of smoke passed over the valley, some ashes, and small pieces of burned shingles.

"After the fire, neither parsonage nor church was rebuilt, but instead on the same lot there was erected the well-known Methodist Hall, which good service for our devotional exercises as well as for church services for such organizations as the Orangemen, for concerts, indeed I believe it was there that the first band concert of Vancouver's first brass band was held. Previous to the erection of the Methodist Hall, we held our services in the Hastings school house, together with the Anglican clergy, and an organ was purchased by public subscription and used by both denominations."

HOMER STREET METHODIST CHURCH

"As the city began to assume proportions, the old building and the lot were sold for \$8,000, and the money formed the nucleus of a fund with which the Homer Street Methodist Church, erected on the northwest corner of Homer and Dunsmuir, was built. The Rev. Ebenezer Robson was then minister; his son is in Vancouver.

"The old Methodist Hall was, after sale, used as a grain and feed store, first I think by Mr. Arkell, then by Mr. Fred Allen, and just before it was torn down in February 1924 by Rainsford and Co., wholesale fruit warehousemen."

Note: there was burned church, parsonage, stable and hall. The hall was new, had been opened on 23 May 1886 by Rev. Ebenezer Robson; the hall only was rebuilt, in the fall, after Fire; same shape, same size.

Marginal note by Prof. Hill-Tout in reviewing manuscript: "Mr. Tate is wrong in saying the 'Ankameenum,' otherwise called 'Malkomalem,' is the language of the West Coast. It is the tongue of the River Indians from Yale downwards, otherwise know as the 'Cowachin' tongue."

"I was told that the Musqueam Indians did not speak the Squamish tongue, but the River dialect."

THE INDIAN CHURCH AT GASTOWN.

Dick Isaacs, Indian name Que-yah-chulk, North Vancouver Indian Reserve, 14 October 1932.

"I remember old Indian Church over Gastown quite well. Little bit of place on shore. Not sideways to shore; one end nearest water. No tower like over here North Vancouver, but just little bit tower and bell. Inside not fixed up like Catholic fix up church, just plain, 'bout thirty feet long, wide enough for three benches for us to sit on, all in a row across church.

"Lots Indians go there from Whoi-Whoi" (Lumberman's Arch, Stanley Park). "Big settlement Indians Whoi-Whoi. Mr. Daylick" (Derrick) "was first minister I remember, then Mr. Bryant, Mr. Tate come sometimes too.

"I remember old chief Capilano. I don't know how old I am, may be 60, may be 70. When old Capilano die his son Lah-wa be chief. Lah-wa get married in little Indian Church in Gastown to Fraser River Indian woman. Lah-wa get drowned, then Joe Capilano chief, he some relation old Capilano's wife." (Incorrect.) "Chief Joe was good Catholic, that's why they make him chief.

"'Portuguese Joe' was the first whiteman to keep store at Gastown. He had store by Indian church. When Portuguese Joe go there first just one white man, just Portuguese Joe. He build store by Indian church before Indian church come; Ben Wilson he build store just behind Portuguese Joe place.

"My sister Aunt Sally, Stanley Park" (a famous character) "Puchahls name place where C.P.R. Dock now; lots big trees, lots bushes, lots shade, not much sun at Puchahls."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

February 1935, August Jack Haatsalano: "The little church was, I should say, 32 feet by 18 feet." JSM. See above.

THE INDIAN CHURCH AT GRANVILLE.

Theo. Bryant.

Copy of letter from Theo. Bryant, son of the Rev. Cornelius Bryant, minister of the Methodist congregation, Granville:

Ladysmith, B.C.
27 August 1932

I remember the Indian Church quite well; it was built and finished when we moved there—about June or July 1878, I am not looking up records on date. The parsonage for the Methodist Church was facing the waterfront, and at the rear of the lot a narrow sidewalk passed along it towards the Coal Harbour end; the Indian church faced this sidewalk, and next to that was a cottage occupied, I think, by Archie (Isaac) Johns, who was customs officer—past that, towards Coal Harbour, was mostly cabins, and then Indian huts and camps of a temporary nature.

St. James Church was built while I lived there—remember the first clearing of it—a narrow sidewalk, or rather walk was between Hastings Mill and Granville along the waterfront—should say thirty or forty yards from the shore; the wagon road going to New Westminster ran nearly parallel to this; would say about 200 or 300 feet further from the shore, and this clearance for the church was made between these two highways; the men made the shingles right on the spot from cedar trees cut there—I remember watching them shaving the shingles with big drawing knife—those shingles would last for fifty years.

Perhaps originally the Indian church was open to the back so that the Indians came to the shore to go to church, but my father had lot cleared between the church and the shore, and fenced in—can remember meeting at this church of Indians, but don't think it was used often in my time,

although in good repair, but if you at any time think I can be of assistance to you don't hesitate to write.

I just heard of Alex McLean's death over the radio. I knew him and of him quite well. Last time I saw him some years ago at the Exhibition Grounds looking after the water slide.

Theo. Bryant.

Mrs. Emily Strathie, now Mrs. Emily Eldon:

"We lived exactly opposite the parsonage on Water Street. There was no Indian church there when I came in the spring of 1886. The Indian trail up the bank was to the west of the stable. When the Great Fire took place one of Rev. Hall's cows escaped into the water, the other was found dead across the Indian trail."

James McWhinnie, at Moodyville in 1878:

"I was not much of a churchgoer in those days. I don't recall any Indian church."

W.D. Haywood, arrived Granville, 1885:

"I do not recall an Indian church on Water Street shore."

Mrs. Angus Fraser, who lived on the corner of Cordova and Carrall streets in 1873:

"Do not remember Indian church."

Mrs. Edith Nelson, née Cordiner, born in Granville, 187?:

"I cannot recall Indian church."

Rev. John P. Hicks, editor, *Western Recorder*, Victoria, 29 July 1932:

"The Rev. Jas. Turner was a close friend of mine. I doubt that a photograph was ever taken of the little Indian church, for I did my best to get one a few years ago."

Rev. J.H. White, D.D., Sardis, 11 July 1932:

"A reference to Cornish's Encyclopaedia shows that James Turner was stationed at New Westminster as assistant to A.E. Russ, M.A.; the New Westminster charge would certainly include Granville. This was in 1873. In 1874 James Turner was placed at Burrard Inlet, and for 1875, '76, '77, Thomas Derrick.

"For years before 1873 the minister stationed at New Westminster held services at Moody's Mill, and doubtless from the earliest days at Granville. I know that my father did, and distinctly remember going with him more than once to Moodyville. I have some of his journals but they are very fragmentary. The only record I have been able to find is dated Tuesday, September 4th 1866, 'Drove Mrs. White to Burrard Inlet today in buggy. This is the first buggy ride we have had since coming to British Columbia. I had intended preaching at Moody's Mill, but met the foreman coming into town' (New Westminster) 'and concluded to postpone the visit to the mill.'"

Archives Dept., Victoria. Newspaper article in *Province* by A.E. Goodman:

"Mrs. Fraser said that the first church here was undoubtedly the little Episcopalian place of worship, St. James Church, just off the trail leading from Granville to Hastings Mill."

Note: Archives Dept. are without sketch of Indian church.

From "Romance of Vancouver," published by Native Sons of B.C., 1926, page 8, being a copy of an unknown article written by "Old Timer" in the *World* newspaper, Vancouver, 6 January 1912:

"During the pastorate of Rev. James Turner there was a Methodist Church and parsonage built, all, or most of the money being subscribed by the iniquitous Gastown. Both were swept away by the fire of 1886."

Mrs. Emily Eldon, 20 July 1932:

"I lived across the way from the parsonage, but I don't remember the Indian church. I came here in March 1886, March 1st 1886. I remember them building the hall, it was just a few feet, only a little, east of the parsonage; the hall had just been completed a short while when it was burned in the fire; a second one was built in the same place, just like it only larger perhaps, after the fire. The stable was west of the parsonage, not far, perhaps fifty feet. They might have turned the Indian church into a stable; I am quite sure we never worshipped in the Indian church."

EXTRACTS TAKEN FROM RECORDS OF BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS, UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA, 299 QUEEN STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO, 10 SEPTEMBER 1932.

1. EXTRACT FROM *VOLUME III – METHODIST MISSIONARY NOTICES OF CANADA*.

Burrard Inlet, Thomas Derrick, page 85, 1876.

When at home he also preaches to a congregation of Indians in the afternoon. This work amongst the natives has so increased on his hands that he finds it necessary to erect a church for their accommodation, and a subscription has been taken up for this purpose. The people of the Inlet are remarkable for their public spiritedness and liberality.

2. EXTRACT FROM *METHODIST MISSIONARY REPORT, 1875-6*.

Burrard Inlet, page XI:

This branch of our work has been assuming a most interesting feature on this Mission. Not only has there been a spirit of enquiry after the God of Missions, but evidence has been given of faith in Christ, the possession of spiritual joy and the strength of grace. We have been trying to teach them that, as Christians, we are to make sacrifices for Christ, and become workers for God. To this their response is most pleasing, as will be seen by the following facts: by contributions among themselves they have purchased the lumber for building a church; by free labour they have cleared the ground and placed the lumber in readiness for building. We hope soon to see, by another effort, a House of God erected in which the Indians around the shores of this beautiful inlet shall worship their God. Hitherto they have been worshipping in the parsonage, where we have formed a class, and where among them baptisms have been administered and marriages solemnized. The scene will not soon be forgotten when the tribe witnessed the public baptism and marriage of the chief Lah-wa. On the review of the past year of mercies we thank God and take courage.

[Signed] Thos. Derrick.

Sumas and Chilliwack, page XII:

During the year we have included in our circuit a little village named Popquom, where we have succeeded in building a church. We have now five Indian churches; a membership of 60, with 15 on trial, making a total of 75.

[Signed] Charles M. Tate.

3. EXTRACT FROM *METHODIST MISSIONARY REPORT, 1876-1877*.

Burrard Inlet, page XI:

The Indian church which, in my last report, I referred to as a thing being prepared for, has been completed, and I am happy in being able to report that by the liberality of the Indians, and a few white friends, that it is free—no debt, thank God.

A visit from our dear Bro. Tate during the past year in his missionary rounds, was a great blessing to our Indians, and as night after night, he (in their own tongue) preached to them of Jesus, their hearts were filled with joy. We pray that your missionary income may greatly increase, and that we may soon see the right men appointed to the Naas and Fort Rupert.

[Signed] Thos. Derrick.

Note: Rev. Tate told me (JSM) he was not present at the marriage of Chief Lah-wa, but heard all about it at the time, and remember him well.

EXTRACT FROM *COMMEMORATIVE REVIEW OF THE METHODIST, PRESBYTERIAN, AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA*, BY REV. E.A. DAVIS, 1925:

From this centre [*New Westminster*] regular preaching was maintained at Ladner, North Arm [*Eburne*] Burrard Inlet, in the school house at Hastings Sawmill, and in the cookhouse at Moodyville, Chilliwack, Langley and Maple Ridge. In 1874 Burrard Inlet became a separate charge, and the Rev. James Turner was stationed at that point, Granville, which was then known by the more popular name of Gastown. Gassy Jack was the nickname of a saloonkeeper from which Granville received its name. A lot was purchased from the government for the sum of two hundred dollars on which Mr. Turner built his parsonage. The following year an Indian church was built on the same lot for the use of the Indians who were working at the Hastings Sawmill. This was the first church of any kind to be built on the site of the city of Vancouver. The lot was lapped by the waters of the inlet. The disastrous fire which destroyed the first Vancouver took both church and parsonage. A large hall was afterwards erected on the lot which served for church purposes until the waterfront property was needed for business purposed when the Homer Street Church was built [*now Labor Temple*]. When residential Vancouver moved to the West End the present Wesley Church was erected, and may well feel proud of being the mother of some thirty churches throughout the city and district.

***METHODIST MISSIONARY NOTICES OF CANADA*, VOL. III, PAGES 84 AND 85, 1876:**

Burrard Inlet, Thomas Derrick. The full quotation given on previous page reads:

This is one of the busiest places in the province. The two sawmills employ in their different departments not fewer than five hundred men. Vessels from almost every part of the world come to the inlet for lumber. A fleet of eight or ten ships may be seen lying in the harbour at one time waiting for cargoes. Bro. Derrick feels especially at home among these shipmasters and lumbermen. He preaches at each mill three Sabbaths in succession, and on the fourth goes to the North Arm of the Fraser. When at home he also preaches to a congregation of Indians in the afternoon. This work among the natives has so increased on his hands that he finds it necessary to erect a church for their accommodation, and a subscription has been taken up for this purpose. The people at the Inlet are remarkable for their public spiritedness and liberality.

Thos. Derrick died on a train whilst going east from San Francisco in Spring of 1880. Authority Eb. Robson who (son of Dr. Robson) met him in San Francisco at that time, 1880.

Memo of conversation, 31 July 1936 with Mrs. R.M. Bower, daughter of Benjamin Springer of Moodyville:

"David Milligan was a Methodist, I know that. He had something to do with Sexsmith, out in Richmond, Lulu Island.

"Jonathan Miller's wife was an Anglican; Jonathan was not a very churchy man; all the Miller girls were married in the Church of England. Mrs. Todd Lees (Carrie Miller) tells me she knows nothing of any Methodist Church; she says she was christened in Church of England.

"My father, Benjamin Springer, together with all his brothers and sisters, were baptized in the Roman Catholic Church, but turned Anglican. I was born in 1882, and I remember going to our Moodyville schoolhouse to church, then to St. James, and finally father helped to build Christ Church; my godmother was Mrs. Bishop Sillitoe.

Mrs. Hugh Nelson: "He is an adherent of the Episcopal Church." *Biographical Dictionary of Well Known British Columbians*.

Memo, conversation, 31 July 1936, Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp (of Hastings Sawmill, 1873) and close friend of Miller girls:

"Capt. Soule was Church of England. David Milligan was storekeeper at Moodyville and a Methodist; Cordiner was a Freemason. Mr. Miller was a Methodist but Carrie was confirmed at old St. James Church." (See above.)

EXTRACT FROM RECORDS, LAND REGISTRY, VANCOUVER.

5 JANUARY 1877, LOTS 14 & 15

Grant from Crown to William Pollard. Lots 14 & 15, Block VI. O.G.T.

This property was partly on dry land, partly on beach of Burrard Inlet, see plan, Granville Townsite, 1870. Lot 16 is the northwest corner of Water and Abbott streets. Each lot was 66 feet wide. Rev. W. Pollard was chairman of the B.C. District of the Methodist Church.

12 APRIL 1877, LOTS 14 & 15

William Pollard conveys property to the Trustees of the Burrard Inlet Congregation of the Methodist Church of Canada. Trustees, as shown by Land Registry books, *Registry of Absolute Fees*, Vol. 5, page 13. Jonathan Miller, Rev. Thomas Derrick, Hugh Nelson, Peter Cordiner (Mrs. D.R. Reid says Presbyterian), William Soule (Mrs. D.R. Reid says Anglican), Benjamin Springer, David Milligan.

"William Pollard," says Ernest Hall (1932), son of Rev. Joseph Hall, Methodist minister at time of Great fire, "was my grandfather."

Springer baptized R.C., turned Anglican. Auth. his daughter Ruby Bower: Church of England.

27 DECEMBER 1886, LOT 14

The Methodist Church, under corporate seal, conveys lot 14 to Robert G. Tatlow. Page 253.

4 JANUARY 1887, EAST ½ LOT 14

Robert G. Tatlow conveys east half of lot 14 to Rt. Hon. Ernest King, Earl of Kingston, who, 1 September 1890, conveys it to Jessie M. Major.

31 MAY 1890, WEST ½ LOT 14

Robert G. Tatlow conveys west half of lot 14 to John Hill Twigg (General Twigg of Twigg Island).

21 SEPTEMBER 1888, LOT 15

Methodist Church conveys lot 15 to John B. Lovell.

THE METHODIST HALL.

(Stood on Lot 15, afterwards numbered 113 and 115 Water Street.)

Extract, article by Mrs. Mary O'Connor, *Western Recorder*, October 1893.

"Every Tuesday evening a class meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Josephine Sullivan, when seven was the largest number present." (March 1884.)

"The school house became too small," "decided to rent a place," "only available place was Blair's Hall, a saloon in front, hall at back," "decided to build a hall for ourselves," "Rev. Robson preached at opening services, May 23rd 1886," "big fire, June 13th 1886," "after fire rebuilt same shape, same size." (Fall of 1886.)

Altered 1920. Demolished 1924. Building permit 19 February 1924. \$22,000.

19 JULY 1935 – INDIAN CHURCH AT GRANVILLE, 1875-6. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN VANCOUVER. FIRST CHURCH IN VANCOUVER.

In conversation today with Mr. Ernest Robson, son of the late Dr. Robson, pioneer Methodist minister, he told me that, while his father was never stationed at the parsonage at Granville, he had often visited there and that his recollection was, and that he had confirmed it by conversing with Mrs. [blank] née Thompson, daughter of the Rev. Thompson who was stationed at Granville, that the old Indian church was during later years, and prior to its destruction by fire on 13 June 1886, used by the children as a playhouse. He said that Mrs. [blank] said she had often played in it.

Upon showing him the map of Granville, August 1885, made for insurance purposes showing the exact locations of every building, and pointing out a small building touching the shoreline immediately in front of the parsonage, he said he thought that was the boathouse, and recalled it because as a boy, he slipped through the slats of the wooden ways up which they drew their boats, dropped as far as his neck, and had to be sawn out. I pointed out that the Indians tied their canoes to the steps and he replied that he was under the impression that the Indian church adjoined the boat house.

J.S. Matthews, City Archivist, Vancouver.

See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.

THE FIRST METHODIST IN VANCOUVER, MRS. JOSEPHINE SULLIVAN.

Rev. C.M. Tate, Methodist Indian Missionary, 16 July 1932:

"Mrs. Josephine Sullivan was the first Methodist in Vancouver, a coloured lady, wife of 'Old Man' (also coloured) Sullivan, cook at the Moodyville Sawmill. When her husband died, Arthur, her son, moved over to a new sort of place which was starting at Granville, and brought his mother with him. Arthur was 'sort of dark,' too."

See *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931, re Sullivans.

THE FIRST METHODIST HALL (USED AS FIRST CHURCH).

Extract, Letter, Ernest S. Robson, son of Rev. Ebenezer Robson, D.D., 10 July 1932:

"My statement re first Water Street hall is correct, as can be proved by my father's diary. The following extracts from the article by Mrs. N. O'Connor of New Westminster, as published in the *Western Recorder* of October 1893 will be of interest:

Every Tuesday evening a class meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Josephine Sullivan, when seven was the largest number present. This was the extent of the membership at this time, March 1884. Thursday evening was prayer meeting at the parsonage. Mr. W.H. Irwin, the school teacher in Granville, was the local preacher and he would take charge of some of the church services. He has since become minister in the United States. The school house became too small to hold the congregation, so it was decided by the officials to rent a larger place. The only available place was Blair's Hall. A saloon was on the front of the lot, and the hall at the back; the access to it was through an alley. There was a Chinese washhouse on the side where the entrance to the hall was. A Chinese lady was shot one Saturday night in the washhouse and it cast quite a gloom over the service the next day.

In the fall of 1885 revival services were held.

About the time the meetings closed there was a great influx of people from everywhere, as the C.P.R. terminus was to be at Coal Harbour. The Presbyterians were holding services at this time, too; had not been long in the field. It was not very satisfactory to hold services in the hall any longer, so it was decided to build a hall for ourselves. Mrs. B.H. Wilson donated the lot, if my memory is correct, and the hall was built with some volunteer labour. There were subscriptions to the building fund. Rev. E. Robson preached the opening services, May 23rd 1886, and three

weeks later the big fire of June 13 1886 came and the hall and parsonage were both burned with contents. After the fire it was rebuilt, same shape, same size. Services were held in different buildings until the hall was finished.

"I am sorry there are no illustrations with Mrs. O'Connor's article. Mrs. O'Connor's wedding was the only one solemnized in the second Water Street Hall; this took place 19 June 1887.

"Ernest S. Robson."

THE FIRST METHODIST PARSONAGE.

Extract, letter, 5 July 1932, by Ernest S. Robson, son of Rev. Ebenezer Robson, D.D.:

"I was a guest at the old parsonage, built by the Rev. James Turner, during the summer of 1880. I have never seen a picture of it. The services were held in the village school house until just before the Fire, when the first Water Street Hall, built by the Rev. Joseph Hall was dedicated, my father coming over from Nanaimo in order to take part in the services."

The placing of these buildings may be inexact in view of account, see *Weekly News-Advertiser*, 3 October 1888, which says, "the first parsonage was built on lot 14, which, together with the adjoining lot, No. 15, was kindly donated by the Provincial Government."

The Rev. Mr. Tate, since died, once said, "When the survey was made, the parsonage was found to be on the street."

The facts probably are that no one knows exactly where it did stand. Probably, like many other early buildings, it was built on ground which the builder thought or guessed to be the location of the lot of land.

J.S. Matthews, June 1933.

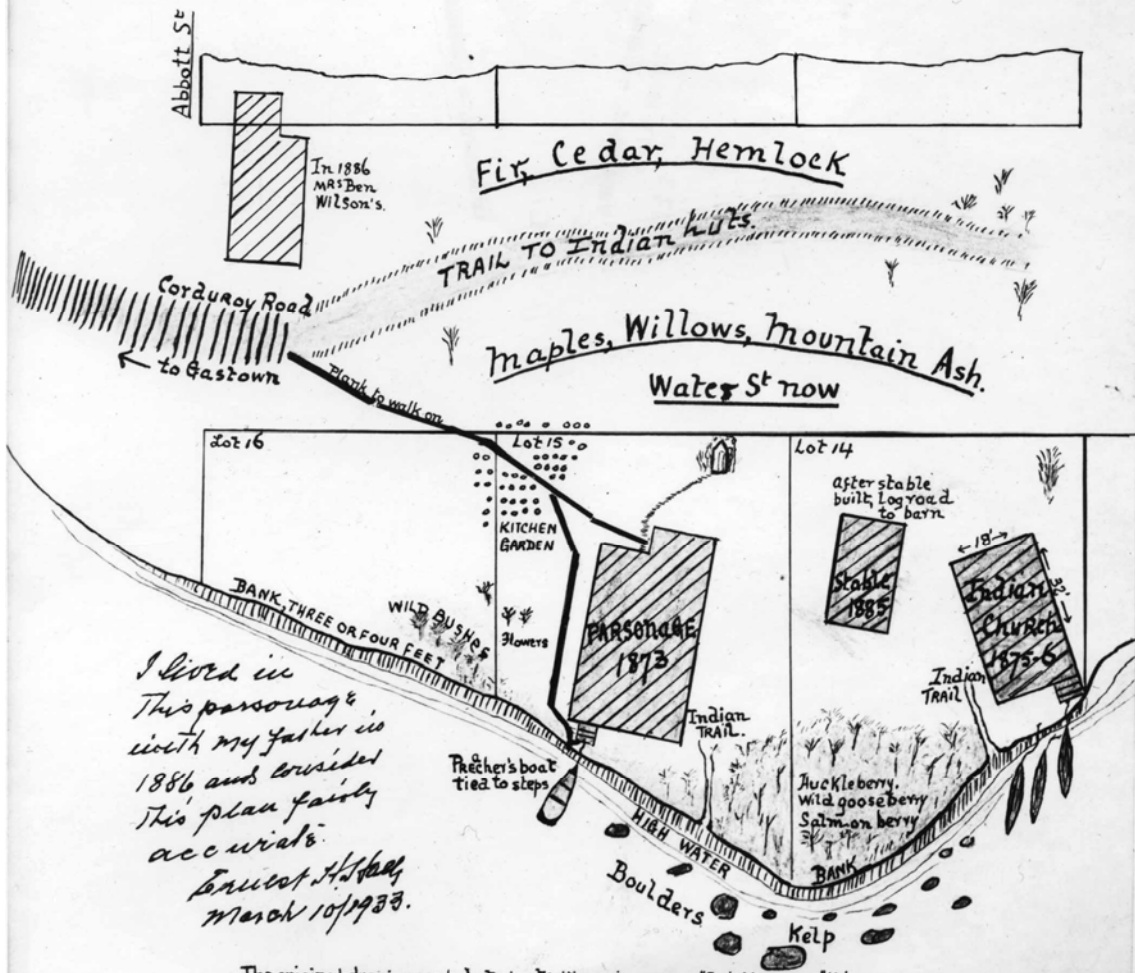
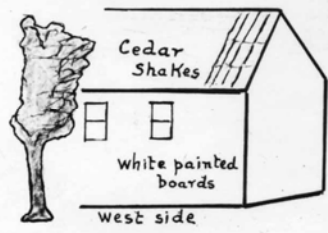
NOTE ADDED LATER:

Maps of the location since found. JSM, 1934. See World newspaper, 1896. See Sanborn Fire map, 1885.

The Methodist Parsonage and Indian Church.

A purely imaginative design of the probable arrange-
ment after description by two persons last resident
there ~~forty~~ fifty years ago.

A.S.M.
1932



I lived in
This parsonage
with my father in
1886 and considered
this plan fairly
accurate.
Ernest H. Hall
March 10/1933.

The original drawing made by Major Matthews, is page 147, "Early Vancouver", Vol. 2.

CAPT. JAMES COOK'S ARRIVAL AT NOOTKA.

Rev. C.M. Tate conversation, J.S. Matthews, 19 December 1932.

Rev. C.M. Tate, Methodist Indian Missionary, just celebrated his 80th birthday, and suffering in bed in consequence of too many visitors, helped to consecrate the first Indian church in Granville (Vancouver) soon after his arrival in British Columbia in 1870, and afterwards served as itinerant missionary to Indians at various places, for instance, Fort Simpson, Bella Bella, Ocean Falls, Rivers Inlet, Yale, Nooksahk, Chilliwack, Musqueam, Snauq, Nanaimo, Nootka and Victoria, etc.

"Oh, I must tell you what they told me on the west coast" (of Vancouver Island). "When I was over there, the west coast Indians told me—that's quite a long time ago, too, in the 1870s or 1880s—that their ancestors saw the first ships coming to Nootka; Capt. Cook's ships; they sent for the conjurers; wise men you can call them if you like.

"I suppose the Indians first saw the ships far off on the horizon; anyway their sails were seen some distance out to sea, and with the hull half or completely out of sight owing to distance, would look rather mysterious to people who had never seen such things. The white sails were heaving and rising with the waves; the sails probably were not very white; anyway, they were very visible as the ships were tacking up and down in order to make the land. The conjurers said that the moon men had come down, and were using big snakes for a canoe, tacking backwards and forwards.

"When the ships finally got to Nootka they dropped anchor and, of course, as the anchor chains dropped through the hawse pipe, they made a great noise. The conjurers said that was the moon men speaking, and the Indians fled to the woods.

"After a while, so I was told, the young men, the young braves, said, 'You only die once, let's go out and see what it's all about; suppose we take a canoe and go out.' So they did. They wore sea otter garments; very valuable furs now, very valuable indeed, but quite common with the Indians at that time. When they got out to the ships and saw the white faces of the men, why, that confirmed what the conjurers said about the moon men; it looked as though the conjurers were right. Finally they approached closer when some of the moon men came to the edge of the ship and let down some coloured beads on a string; some of the braver Indians went closer, and then beads were dropped into the canoe. Ultimately one or two of the moon men came down the ladder a little way, and dropped some beads into the canoes, and finally three or four of the Indians were persuaded to leave their canoes, and climb up the ladder to the ship's deck.

"Everything pointed to confirm the conjurer's statements that these were the moon men. The moon men wore yellow, they had a brass band around their caps, they had brass epaulets and brass buttons. Then the captain of the ship came, and blew on the fur of their sea otter garments, and his features showed surprise at the fine furs.

"One of the young Indians said to the other, 'I think he wants our coats,' and the companion replied, 'if you will give him yours I will give him mine too,' so both did, and then the captain of the moon men said, 'you have given me your coats; now I will give you mine,' and then some undervests and underdrawers were brought, and the Indians were shown how to put them on. They were well pleased.

"Next, the two young men were invited down in the ship, and the captain called to the steward or someone to bring some biscuits, and ship's biscuits or something of the sort were brought on a pan, and the captain pointed to his mouth. The two Indians looked at each other, and said, in their own language, of course, 'we never eat bones.' Then another pan was brought, this time with some red stuff on it, jam, and the same performance of pointing to the mouth repeated. The two young Indians decided that these moon men eat blood and bones. One of the moon men took one of the 'bones' and broke it, and placed a piece of blood (jam); I think they told me, 'dipped it in the blood,' and ate it. The two Indians decided they did not care for that sort of food, and abstained.

"The captain then sent for some new tin plates from below. These were brought and held up to the light of the port hole and, of course, reflected their faces, the ceiling, and everything else. The two Indians now concluded that the moon men had brought the stars with them. Finally the tin plates were presented to the Indians.

"When the two young fellows went on shore, highly delighted, they told the conjurers that they had seen the moon men all right; the conjurers were right, they were the moon men and they had brought the stars with them.

"The whole incident," concluded Mr. Tate, "I was told, put the Nootka Indians forever on a higher plane than any other tribe, and made them the most important tribe on the coast, for it was they who had brought the moon men and the stars to the Indians.

"About their houses. I never saw a palisaded Indian fort; their houses were their forts. When they were attacked, they ran, I suppose, to their houses. They cut little holes in the thick sides of their houses, and shot at their enemies with bow and arrow through those little holes. Then again, in many of the houses, the earthen floor was two, perhaps three feet below the bottom of the outside wooden walls and the ground level outside the house, so that when the Indians were squatted on the floor inside, their heads were below the ground level outside, and that afforded still more protection from arrows, etc.

"The tops of the four corner posts of their houses were grooved to receive and hold the cross logs or plates; then right down the centre, longways down the middle was a great beam to carry the roof. Inside, the four corner posts were usually ornamented with carvings. The sides of the building were of thick cedar slabs, split with deer's horn wedges, and laid horizontally not perpendicularly one above the other to form the wall" (see Captain Cook's *Voyages*, drawing of Nootka) "between two upright stakes of moderate dimensions, and these stakes were lashed together with green cedar bark, or some such strapping, which held the stakes together and thus kept the slabs of the wall in position. There were no windows, just an entrance without door, and usually there were no curtains or such protection from the weather across the entrance. The beams above the wall were very light; they carried little weight, only the roof, or such weight of the roof as was not taken by the big beam down the centre; the walls supported themselves only; they had no part of the weight of the roof to carry. The light stakes holding up the walls were at intervals, the horizontal wall boards or slabs slipped in between them, and then the stakes strapped together."

POTLATCHES.

"For use at the potlatch, there was a sort of platform which they used to build in front of their houses. It was supported on four stout posts with the usual grooves at the top to receive the cross log or plate. The platform was high in the air, oh, perhaps ten or fifteen feet, and was perhaps five feet wide by fifteen or twenty feet long, just a very high platform from which they threw the blankets or other gifts at the potlatch. The name of the man for whom the gift was intended would be called out, and a blanket from the pile on top of the platform would be thrown, and come flying through the air to the crowd below; if the proper man caught it, well and good, but it was quite a part of the proceeding for others to try and get it. There would be a sort of scramble. Some would have long spears and would spear the blanket as it came flying down; then four or five would grab at it, and cut off with a knife as much as he could of what he had grabbed; thus the blanket would be cut into four or perhaps five or more pieces, and each man would retain whatever portion he had cut off. Afterwards the piece would be unraveled, and the wool woven into a blanket more to their liking.

GARMENTS.

"The first Indians I saw were at Neah Bay, not far from Cape Flattery, in 1870. The garments they were wearing then were a sort of sack arrangement with holes for them to poke their heads and arms through. Today you see local Indians wearing headdresses of Indian feathers, etc. I never saw those headdresses in the early days, and it is my opinion that they are inventions which the coast Indians have copied from the pictures they have seen of prairie Indians." (Note: Paull says they wore eagle's feathers in their hair; see photograph of "Faithful Jim," drowned in Fraser River, 1902.)

CANOES.

"You can always tell a canoe belonging to a Squamish Indian. No other canoes I know of have the straight stem with the projecting counter above it." (Note: Paull looked at a photograph of Vancouver "Before the Fire," panorama view of waterfront and Hastings Mill, and on which two Indian canoes appear, and said, "Those are the canoes of our former enemies, the northern Indians." Both ends of the canoe sweep upwards.)

A cup of tea, afternoon tea, was brought in to Rev. C.M. Tate as he lay in bed, and he continued:

“Yes, the Indians have certainly been valuable friends to the whiteman; they are a sincere, honest, God-fearing race. To my own knowledge, up around Yale anyway, they succoured many a poor starving miner, and asked no return, nor told what they did.” (See Mr. Tate’s remarks elsewhere.) “And as for honesty, why, I remember Mr. Wells, the celebrated dairy farmer up at Sardis and Chilliwack telling me with much amusement how some man had come from eastern Canada to him for advice where to take up land, and he had shown him a place near at hand, remarking that an Indian reserve adjoined it. The man had replied, ‘Oh, that’s too bad; steal everything you’ve got.’ ‘Well,’ Mr. Wells told me he had replied, ‘you see that shed, it is full of bacon and ham, and there is another one full of vegetables; never have I missed a thing, and as for locking the doors of our house, why, we simply never do it.’

“Then again, when I was preaching at Snauq, old Chief George’s” (Chip-kaay-am) “community or potlatch house under the present Burrard Bridge, I would call out at the end of the meeting asking if anyone had anything to say, or sometimes old Chief George would do it himself. In any case, he would usually get up and make some remarks of some sort, give the young men some good advice as to how to deport themselves, and the proper things to do. Old Chief George was, as Jim Franks” (Chillahminst) “says, a very good, kind man, a fine Indian.

“Then, when I was up at Bella Bella, the Bella Bella Indians contributed their mite to the help of the poor in London, England. I had told them of how people in the poorer districts of London, England, were starving, so they, they themselves, took up a collection; my story had appealed to them. They said to me, ‘Why don’t they come out here; plenty of food out here if they would come.’”

I suggested to the Rev. Mr. Tate that the stories associated around the various legendary rocks around English Bay, etc., had been wrongly stressed by writers as tales of romance rather than, as they should be, allegorical truths illuminating morality, and that my interpretation of the legends of Chitchulayuk (Point Grey) and Slahkayulsh (Siwash Rock)—Indian men, in both instances, turned into stone for punishment—was that they were intended to be an exemplification of the truths of morality, and was, in the case of Chitchulayuk, for the purpose of illustrating the folly of jealousy, and in the case of Slahkayulsh, the folly of greed.

“Quite true,” replied Mr. Tate, “you know of course, that Mount Baker is the ‘Mother of All Indians.’ The Indians said to me once, ‘You say in your bible that Lot’s wife was turned into a pillar of salt; it’s just as reasonable for the mother of Indians to have been turned into a mountain of snow.’ It is a pity that the whitemen have not treated the Indians as well as the Indians have treated the whites.

“The Indians are a splendid people if treated right. The New Zealanders fought for their rights; it might have been better if the Indians had done a little fighting. But old Sir James Douglas was at the bottom of it; if he had not treated them squarely at the first we probably should have had a fight on our hands. He did buy a good deal of their land, but when he applied to the British government for funds to buy land from the Indians for the settlers, the British government said they had no funds for that purpose, and that the proper thing to do was to sell what land he had to the whites, and with that money buy more land from the Indians. As an instance of what went on: when the Indians were approached to sell the Songhees Reserve, I told them that if they sold any land they would sell it forever. I got a stinging letter from Helmcken threatening to put me in jail for resisting the government; I told him to go to it. I asked a man in Victoria how much the Songhees Reserve was worth, and he said three millions, but all the Indians got for it was \$400,000.

“Which reminds me that the Indians got their flour from dried fern root—saak is the word for fern; Sooke at Victoria is named after it—after it is dried, fern root breaks up into a white powder. The Indian name is Swymuth for New Westminster; ‘swy’ means ‘to buy’; the Indians gave it that name after they started to go down there to buy things from the traders. Esquimalt is much the same interpretation; both have the same meaning. The Indian name for the death dance was swyhee, quite different. Kokohpai on Marine Drive, now part of Locarno Beach, must have had a lot of crab apple trees there at one time; the Indian name for crab apple is kokwap; just another illustration of how dialects differ. I am not sure about the meaning of ‘Stuckale’ (Great Northern Cannery, West Vancouver); it seems to me there must be a head or something there, a mountain. I once composed a hymn, and wanted a title for it, so I chose ‘Stuckale to Jesus,’

which interprets 'head of all, chief of chiefs,' or 'Jesus, head of all,' but I believe the local Squamish Indians have another meaning for it."

FORT SIMPSON AND NORTHERN INDIANS.

"In 1874 I was appointed to Fort Simpson, now Port Simpson, for the purpose of opening up a mission in that district; I remained at Fort Simpson but a few months; I was exchanged with the Rev. Thomas Crosby, who was located at Chilliwack, and made my home at Chilliwack."

THE "BITING MAN" AND BELLA BELLA.

"In 1880 we opened a school for Indian youth—both sexes—at Bella Bella, and I was sent north again. It was at Bella Bella that my wife first remarked upon the sores upon the arms of the Indian girls, and urged enquiry as to how they were caused. We had been giving the girls medical treatment for sores on their arms, lacerations of different shapes but mostly crescent shaped, such as would be caused by teeth if the girls had been bitten, and some so septic as to be running sores. We discovered that certain of the male Indians belonged to a sort of secret order whose strange prerogative was that of biting people; this privilege was largely practiced on girls, rarely on men. The bites were on the thick of the arm, usually between elbow and shoulder; the teeth made marks like brands, and, of course, bites from teeth which knew no dentifrice from birth to death, might be expected to, and did cause, a good deal of blood poisoning. We were frequently obliged to cauterize wounds, to poultice them. Let me illustrate the situation by an experience I had; it must have been in 1882.

"I was going on a pastoral visit to one of the villages near Ocean Falls, a place called Kokite, in a canoe with several Indians from Bella Bella together with their wives. When we were about a mile distant from Kokite, we caught the first sounds of the beating of Indian drums, gongs, singing, and the general noise of celebration. My Indian companions, both men and women, became alarmed, said it would be impossible to go on, and proposed to turn back. I protested with vigour, and said, 'no'; we must keep on, I said, the Great Father would protect all. With much trepidation they finally resumed paddling, and as we approached nearer, we could see on the shore one of the dancers with a rope around his body making his way down the beach to the water's edge, and apparently dragging after him half a dozen men who were making pretence of holding him back. I learned afterwards that he was the 'biting man.'

"We landed, and I accosted the 'biting man,' who immediately withdrew to one of the houses with those men who had been pretending to hold him back. They barred the door after entering. My own Indian crew promptly took to the woods; they feared something or other, probably that the 'biting man' or his followers would attack me or us, or that there was going to be trouble. I protested to the 'biting man' and his companions against the manner of my reception. I told them I had come on a friendly visit, and what did it mean that they received us in this insulting manner.

"The 'biting man' and his companions remained closeted within the house all day. On attempting to approach the building I was told that the 'biting man' was within, that I could not enter; no one was allowed to enter."

THE CEREMONY OF INITIATION.

"As explained to me, initiation into the secret order of the 'biting man' was a barbarous, diabolical ceremony. I was informed that the proposed initiates first went into the mountains, washed themselves with mountain stream water, brushed themselves with spruce boughs, etc., all to cleanse themselves; and then came back and—almost too horrible to contemplate—went to a graveyard, or somehow procured a piece of putrefying human flesh, and gnawed at that; after which they were admitted a member of the 'biting man' order." (Note: Prof. Boas has written at length on this "order.") "One chief told me that, if they could, they would get instead the rib of a piece of deer with flesh on it, or something of the sort, and tear away with their teeth at that; deception, of course, he told me, but evidently they were not above avoiding the ordeal, if they could.

"My wife and I were teaching the girls at our school at Bella Bella, and of course ministering to their sores. When other tribes found that we were successful in our healing we were rather overrun with appeals to establish schools."

EXPERIENCES AT BELLA COOLA.

"I had another interesting experience at Bella Coola. We were endeavouring to get the Indians to accept the Christian teaching. You see, my tenure of office was at a period of time when the Indians were becoming fairly familiar with the white man and his habits. Prior to my period, the Indians had been left very largely to themselves, retained much of their old mode of living, kept very largely to old practices; but in my day, they had had, from their childhood, some sort of more or less remote association with the whiteman, spoke broken English, had a general conception of white man's methods. On the other hand, the whiteman had left the Indians pretty much to themselves.

"But the natives had by no means lost their fear of their old enemies; times were not so remote that they could not recall some of the terrors of the past; nor had they abandoned their precautions to protect themselves from the attacks of their native foes.

"In response to my pleadings I was told that it all sounded very good, but they enquired what, if they did as I asked, was to protect them from the attacks of their enemies. Their enemies would raid their villages, carry off such as they could catch of their women and children; the wolf dance was a protection against these depredations; it would make their enemies fear them. They agreed that they would be quite willing to accept our Christian teachings if we would first assure them of immunity from attack by killing off their enemies for them. Otherwise, what protection would they have?"

THE WOLF DANCE.

"The wolf dance was a representation of the wolf. The Indians had a couple of shutters or clappers which they clapped together, and at the same time they howled, 'whoaf, whoaf,' in imitation of the wolf. The wolf dance had nothing to do with the 'biting man'; that was a secret order, entirely separate.

"In this connection I might tell you that, whilst travelling with the Indians—it was in the seventies, on trails about Nanaimo—I asked the reason for the mounds of shells frequently to be seen deep in the forest. The reply was made me, 'that is where our people have been eating.' What had happened was this. When the enemy appeared, the warrior sent the weaker to the woods, and subsequently carried food, clams, fish, etc., to them; after the foe had departed the weaker would return again from the woods. The Yuclataws were the most dreaded tribe on the coast; they were not satisfied with killing their enemies, but, so the Indians informed me, cut off the heads of the vanquished, stuck the head on a pole, fastened the pole upright in the canoe, and proceeded home in triumph."

OOLICHAN GREASE.

"As you know, the Indians are very fond of oolichan grease, a rather disgusting edible for Europeans to whom it has a most repulsive odour. But Indians will smother it over all kinds of food, and smack their lips. I recall one instance when I arrived very late one night at an Indian fishing village. I was immediately ushered into the chief's house, and his wife began to prepare food for me. A fresh lot of halibut had just come in, and she began to cook. Out came her oolichan box, and the big horn spoon, a sort of great ladle, made I think from the horn of the big horn sheep. Of course, the more grease—they valued it—the greater the honour to the guest. I protested that I was unworthy of so much grease, but without avail; to my chagrin, she was lavish, and simply showered her esteem on me by smothering the halibut with the grease. I never acquired a taste for it; I am hopeless, without hope, that I ever shall.

"I recall most vividly the first time I consented to eat with an Indian family. It was in 1871 in the community house at Nanaimo. I happened to arrive just as the family gathered around a large wooden platter of boiled cod. I asked the privilege of dipping in with them, when, to their astonishment, they discovered that I was willing to eat with them; they seemed overjoyed."

INDIAN FOOD-GARDENS.

"The Indians had no gardens such as we know; they got their livelihood from water and beach. Then, too, they used a lot of berries, shalal and other berries, which for winter's use they dried and made up in big flat compressed cakes on the same principle as our raisins. When wanted, they would break off a piece, soak it in water, and cook. The Tsimpsons, in the north, preserved theirs in grease."

INDIAN FISHING.

"Originally, before they got our nets, the Indians fished with frames of slats placed close together to keep the fish from getting through—not small fish, but such as salmon. The frame was made of small round horizontal poles to which were affixed perpendicular slats of split cedar, fastened by rope or bark entwined so as to hold them to the poles and form a frame. The frames were sunk into the water, and put down in the gravel with stakes with sharpened points." (Note: see August Kitsilano's narrative explaining how the sandbar where Granville Island now stands was used to catch or trap fish by the Indians for Snaug, Burrard Bridge.) "The slats kept the fish from getting through. The Indians put the frames right across the river, leaving out a slat or two in the middle where the water was swift. Above this opening they usually had an overhead walk, upon which they would stand and spear—or jag with a hook—the fish, usually salmon, as they came through the opening. Sometimes they would have a canoe lying alongside the frame to throw the fish into; at Bella Coola I have seen a canoe almost sunk with the load of fish, generally salmon.

"In later days the poor Indians felt the effects of the white man's fishing laws; they fined the poor Indian ten or fifteen dollars if he went out and caught a salmon in a stream which, from time immemorial, his ancestors had caught their fish. Which reminds me that they took his land as well."

THE INDIAN LAND QUESTION.

"I remember once an assemblage of about one hundred Indians, mostly chiefs—I acted as interpreter for them—mostly chiefs, assembled at Victoria, and after discussing their land complaints with Sir Richard McBride for about three hours, he replied saying, 'You have no case.' A big raw boned Indian, a monster of a fellow, from Douglas Lake, got up and said, 'You say we have no case?'

"Then he made movements as though rolling up his sleeves, and said, 'McBride'—he did not even say Mr. McBride—'when men disagree they usually fight.' Sir Richard looked alarmed. 'Now I want to fight you; I will fight you; not your Indian law, but with your whitemans law. For money you give title to land; where did you get your title from? When people give title, they must first have acquired it themselves. Where did you get your title from?' That was pretty good reasoning, eh?

"Another chief from up the coast said, 'You say you got your title from the Queen. What is the Queen's' (Queen Victoria) "'title to us. Where did she get her title from that she can give it to you?'"

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.

"The Indians thought a great deal of Sir James Douglas. That land which he got from them around Victoria he bought from them. True he gave them only a few blankets, some biscuits and molasses, but he bought it. He once wrote to the British government that British Columbia was filling up, and that he wanted money to buy land from the Indians so that he could sell it to the settlers, otherwise there might be trouble but the British government's reply was that they had no money for the purchase of lands, that he had better sell a little and use the proceeds to buy more. My opinion is that if the whole case had gone to the Privy Council that the Indians would have won out." (See below.)

INDIAN RESPECT FOR BRITISH LAW AND JUDGE BEGBIE.

"The Fraser River Indians had a great respect for Judge Begbie. When the toughs from California bound for the Cariboo shot the Indians for sport, Judge Begbie came along with his bluejackets, held court in the open along the Cariboo road, and the offending white man would be strung up without much formality soon afterwards. I remember, soon after the occurrence, being told by white men how, at one of these open air courts, Judge Begbie had concluded his remarks to the offender whom he had sentenced to be hanged for shooting Indians (above Yale) in cold blood, by saying, 'I wish you to understand that, under the British flag, an Indian's life is just as valuable as any other life.'"

KINDLY DISPOSITION OF INDIANS.

(See above.) "I quite agree with you that the Indian people are a splendid people if treated right; it's a pity the whiteman has not treated them as well as they have treated the whiteman. The New Zealand Maoris fought for their rights; it might have been better if our Indians had fought for theirs, but old Sir James Douglas was at the bottom of it; if he had not treated them squarely at the first we probably should have had a fight on our hands. He did buy a good deal of their land, but when he applied to the British

government for funds to buy land for the settlers from the Indians, the British government said they had no funds for that purpose, and that the proper thing to do was to sell land to the white, and with that money buy more land from the Indians.

“As I found them, all Indians were a kindly, hospitable, joyful and entertaining people. Once you got on the right side of them there was little too good for their friends to whom they gave the best they had. Many of the miners returned down the Fraser from the Cariboo ‘dead broke,’ and without food, and were helped back to civilization largely through the kindness of the Indians who frequently gave them supper, bed and breakfast—such as it was—asking no return, and in that way the miners got one day further on their journey to the coast.”

CHRISTIANITY’S MYSTERIOUS POWER.

Query: Looking back over the years, Mr. Tate, and with the mellowed judgment which long experience and white hairs give, do you consider your life’s effort wasted?

“I should say not,” vigorously ejaculated Mr. Tate in his indignant retort; there was no mistaking the meaning of the answer to the impertinent question; then he continued.

“Critics have often told us of the futility of trying to civilize Indians by simply preaching to them without first educating them, but experience has taught that it is much easier to educate the head after the heart is made right. Lawless barbarians have never become law-abiding citizens by book learning, but by Christianity we have seen the cannibal savage become a docile member of the community, and literally ask for the education that would enable him to compete with the educated people who had invaded his territory, and not be forever playing a losing game.

“A lone result of missionary labour, the smoke-begrimed community house where a dozen families herded together under anything but moral and sanitary conditions, has given place to the individual family cottage, and war paint has been washed from their faces, the feathers combed out of their hair, and modern clothing has supplanted the blanket pinned around the body with a wooden skewer. The canoe has given place to the gas boat built by themselves, and so far as the Indians are concerned, life and property is perfectly safe for the white man in any part of the country, largely due to the work of the missionaries; at least, so said a government official to me a short time ago.”

MISSIONARIES MORE VALUABLE THAN WARSHIPS.

“Let me relate some of my experiences to prove that contention. Some time in the 1840s or 1850s the Bella Bellas made a raid on the Rivers Inlet Indians, carried off their women and children to be slaves, a most intolerable affront and degradation. A couple of decades later it fell to me to persuade some Bella Bellas to accompany me down to Rivers Inlet on missionary work. After our arrival at Rivers Inlet, one of my Indian companions brought the alarming report to me that he had overheard a conversation—the two tribes speak the same language—to the effect that under cover of the night, the Rivers Inlets proposed paying the Bella Bellas back. During the conversation overheard, the question had come up as to what was to be done with the white man, that was myself; the decision was that he would have to suffer the same fate as the rest of them, to cover up the deed. When they first brought the report to me, I said, ‘We are in God’s hands; he will take care of us.’

“After dark I got out my magic lantern and slides, and we all went into the community house, and there, whilst the Indians of both tribes were all seated together, I displayed the lantern slides portraying the life of our Saviour, and gave the necessary explanations. After the entertainment was over, I saw the Rivers Inlet Indians wrap their blankets around them in that particular crouching attitude common to Indians, and one by one, slide off out into the darkness, went to their own shacks, lay down and went to sleep. The Bella Bellas with myself stayed in the big community house and did likewise. In the morning I said to my Indian companions, ‘Do you see how the Great Father protects His children?’

MURDERS.

“Take the case of the schooner at Rivers Inlet whose crew was never again heard of. It is a legendary story, and it was in speaking to the Indians about the past that they told me of it. I don’t remember the name of the vessel; I don’t know that the Indians knew it themselves. From what I could learn, the schooner went into Rivers Inlet to buy furs, and an easy way to secure furs is to exchange liquor for them.

The whitemen offered liquor, and the Indians scraped together all the furs that they could, and got liquor in exchange. In due time, the Indians said, 'Give us more liquor.' The whitemen replied, 'More furs, more liquor; no more furs, no more liquor.' The Indians had no more furs, so they found a way to get the liquor; they murdered the crew to get it, but those whitemen, indirectly, murdered themselves.

"Then again, down at Victoria I have seen the Yuclataws and their old enemies from Cape Mudge and Campbell River sitting on the same bench singing hymns and prayer and—the Yuclataws were desperados.

BETTER THAN WARSHIPS.

"No warships, nor half a dozen of them, could have brought about changes like these. 'In the earlier days,' an old friend said to me once, 'a man's life was not safe beyond a few miles outside Victoria,' and then my friend added, perhaps a little cynically, but not much, 'now you are safer among the Indians than among whites.'"

The Rev. Mr. Tate was a guest of the City of Vancouver on 1 July 1932 at the opening of the splendid Burrard Bridge which passes directly over Snauq, the Indian village where formerly he preached in the Indian potlatch house. He was a somewhat prolific writer. His works include *Our Indian Missions in British Columbia*, published by the Methodist Church in Toronto; translated the Gospel of St. Mark into an Indian language, published a book of hymns in Indian tongue, and a dictionary of Chinook jargon. Now over 80, he is a tall, venerable gentleman of clear complexion, white hair, stately carriage and kindly bearing.

"Our dear old Dr. Tate," writes F.C. Stephenson of Toronto, "his life has counted for much. Any honour we can show him is small reward."

Also see "Indian villages and landmarks," "Burrard Inlet and English Bay," "Before the Whiteman Came."

Rev. C.M. Tate died at 9 a.m. today (whilst this is being typewritten) at the home of his nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watson, 1749 Nelson Street, Vancouver; an illuminating instance of the wisdom of getting historical material while it is procurable. J.S.M. 28 February 1933.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1933

The Moonmen at Nootka, 1778

J. S. MATTHEWS.

Snatches from recent conversations with Rev. C. M. Tate, a noble Methodist missionary, who gave his life to the Indians; a butcher boy whose ecclesiastical training college was the canoe; who assisted in the dedication of the first church in Vancouver—built in 1876 by the Indians—and who died last week, aged 81, a beloved and happy man.

"OH, I must tell you what the west coast Indians told me, a long time ago, too, about the '70's, that when they saw the first ships coming into Nootka, they sent for the conjurers; wise men you may call them if you like.

"The ships were far off on the horizon when first seen, and were tacking backwards and forwards to make the land, the sails heaving and falling with the waves. The conjurers said it was the men from the moon who had come down, and were using sea serpents, snakes they called them, for canoes. I suppose a ship with hull half down, owing to distance, with foam at her bow, and sails somewhat the grey color of the moon in daytime, would look a little mysterious to those who had never seen such things.

"Finally the ships anchored at Nootka, and, of course, as the anchor chain ran through the hawse pipe, it made a great noise. The conjurers said it was the moonmen speaking; the Indians took to the woods.

"Then I was told, some young braves said 'you only die once, let's take a canoe and go out,' so they did. When they got closer and saw the white faces, why, the conjurers were right; they were the moonmen. The moonmen came to the edge of the ship and let down beads on a string, then the canoe went closer, and some beads were dropped in the canoe; one of the moonmen came down a rope ladder, and dropped more beads in the canoe; finally the braves were persuaded to climb up to the ship's deck.

"THE moonmen had a yellow band on their caps, yellow epaulets, and yellow (brass) buttons; they were moonmen sure.

"The Indians wore sea-otter garments, extremely valuable furs now, but common then. The captain blew on their furs, and showed astonishment at their beauty. One of the Indians said to his comrade, 'I believe he wants our 'coats'; the other replied, 'I believe he does; if you will give him yours, I will give him mine,' and they did. Then the captain of the moonmen made signs, 'you have given me your coat, now I will give you mine.' Some undervests and underdrawers were brought, and the Indians shown how to put them on. They were pleased.

"Next they entered the cabin. The captain called for a pan of biscuits, ship's biscuits, I suppose, and pointed to his mouth. The Indians looked askance at each other, and said, 'We never eat bones.' Then another pan with red stuff, jam, was brought, and one of the moonmen took a 'bone,' broke it, and 'dipped it in the blood.' The Indians decided the moonmen ate blood and bones; they did not care for such food.

"Some new tin plates were brought, and held up to the light, and reflected the ceiling, their faces, etc.; the Indians concluded the moonmen had brought the stars with them.

"Then they went ashore again, taking the 'stars' with them, and the news that the wise men were right; it was the moonmen who had come, and they had brought the stars with them. The 'stars' were hung up in the huts as ornaments.

"The whole incident, I was told, put the Nootka Indians on a higher plane than other tribes, for it was they who had brought the moonmen and the stars to the Indians."

★ ★ ★
"YOU know, of course, that Mount Baker is the 'Mother of All Indians.' The Indians said to me once, 'You say in your Bible that Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt; would it not be just as reasonable for the 'Mother of Indians' to have been turned into a mountain of snow, or Slahkayulsh (Siwash Rock) the fisherman into a column of rock?

Query—"Looking backwards, Mr. Tate, and with that mellowed judgment which long years, much tribulation, and white locks give, do you consider your life's effort wasted?"

Mr. Tate's answer (with much emphasis): "I should say not."

Then calmly. "One missionary was more valuable than a warship; no warship, or fleet of warships, could have wrought such changes. Critics have often expounded the futility of trying to civilize by simply preaching at them, but experience has taught that you must reach the heart before you can educate the head."

SOUTH VANCOUVER. ROWLINGS. ELK.

Harry S. Rowlings, son of W.H. Rowlings, who in September 1868 took up land by preemption on the north bank of the Fraser River in what is now known as South Vancouver. 28 May 1932.

"No, I cannot say that I have ever seen any elk around Vancouver, but I have seen any quantity of elk horns. You know, east of Boundary Road, the dividing line between Greater Vancouver and Burnaby, and along the North Arm river front on towards New Westminster, there is a great stretch of low level land. I have seen lots of elk horns there in the early days, some rotten, some broken, some four or five prongs, but not rotten by any means, but I never saw a live elk."

Query: What do you suppose became of all the elk?

"I don't know; never heard of any. I went to live on our farm there with father in 1868; I was just four years old. Father came out with the Royal Engineers; he worked on the North American Boundary Commission; he was a non-commissioned officer, corporal, and I have seen him sign his name, 'Corporal, N.A.B.C.,' which meant North American Boundary Commission. He had been in the Navy, I don't know how long, then he joined the army; he had a small pension of a shilling a day from the navy."

INDIAN RELICS.

"We used to dig up hornbone daggers out there, made of elk horns I think. I could point out the place pretty well, I don't think it is built on yet. We found them when we were trying to do a little gardening; the soil was good. Then we used to find a peculiar green stone mallet, a sort of green granite; where the Indians got it from I do not know; no stone anything like it anywhere around."

"The place where we found those Indian relics was right on the river bank. About the centre of Lot 258 there is a little creek; it runs into the North Arm of the Fraser River just east of Rowlings station on the Eburne-New Westminster interurban tram line. There is a little island there called Rowlings Island; there are half a dozen little islands in the North Arm of the river named after their first owners. Rowlings Island is just east of Rowlings station, and the little creek comes out right at the west end, opposite the west end of Rowlings Island. Our little garden was right along the creek, close to the river bank, and was just west of the creek on a little piece of flat. The site might be worth excavating for relics yet; I don't know."

LOGGING IN STANLEY PARK. GREER'S BEACH. JERICO. GORE AVENUE. MAIN STREET.

"I did a good deal of logging around Vancouver in the early days. Some years before the fire, and when the only buildings were around Hastings Mill, I hauled timber for piling from between Gore Avenue and Main Street—north of False Creek—into Burrard Inlet over a skid road and with oxen. The skid road would be approximately on the site of Gore Avenue as it is now. I hauled timber from Brockton Point, shortly after the Fire in 1886, and also had a logging camp at Greer's Beach, now Kitsilano Beach, where I cut timber for the mills on False Creek. There was a man named Fader, there were four brothers of them, who had a mill where Robertson and Hackett's mill now is at the south end of Granville Street—under the Granville Street Bridge, north end—and we paid him 'so much' for sawing the logs into lumber. I also had a camp at the south end of Granville Street near Beach Avenue."

GREER'S BEACH.

"Our logging camp at Greer's Beach had its dump into the sea right in the centre of the bay, just west of the foot of Yew Street. We put a lot of logs in the water there; we had a smaller dump at the foot of Macdonald Street. That would be about 1890; anyway, it was after the C.P.R. trestle bridge was built, because we used to go to Gastown over that trestle; the trestle was built before the old Granville Street-Third Avenue pile bridge."

PREEMPTION, SOUTH VANCOUVER. THE LATE W.H. ROWLINGS, FIRST SETTLER IN SOUTH VANCOUVER.

"You see, my father, W.H. Rowlings, now deceased, settled on District Lot 258 on the north bank of the Fraser River in September 1868, and he lived there with his family until his death. My brother W.H. Rowlings, my sister Mrs. P.A. Byrne and myself, we all lived there during childhood. The surviving members of the family are Henry S. Rowlings, born 3 February 1864, Mrs. P.A. Byrne, born 24 February

1866, W.H. Rowlings, born 2 September 1867, all born at New Westminster, and Miss E.J. Rowlings, born on D.L. 258 after we went there, on 24 August 1874.”

OLD TRAILS.

“In those days, excursions were organized occasionally from New Westminster to Gastown, old Granville Townsite, down the Fraser River, around Point Grey, and into Burrard Inlet. The family went on those excursions on a number of occasions. At that time the means of communication from our home to either New Westminster or Gastown was by water. In the very early days there was a trail from New Westminster along the North Arm river bank to Musqueam; then there was a trail from George Black’s at Hastings to Gastown which would accommodate pedestrians only; of course, from Hastings to Westminster there was a road. Just where the trail from Gastown to Jericho ran I am not sure, but there was a trail, and I will tell you how I know; because it started at the south end of the old False Creek Bridge, now Main Street. At the south end of the old Westminster Avenue bridge a man we called ‘Crazy George’ lived in a shack, and I have heard tell that one day some young fellow going to Jericho logging camp took a big board as he went by George’s shack, slapped the side of the shack with all his might, let out a yell, and then ran. ‘Crazy George’ came out with a rifle, fired a few shots, and ran after the young fellow. There would be little in the yarn if it were not for the fact that they said he chased him all the way to Jericho.”

TRAILS.

Also see Canon Sovereign, St. Mark’s Church, Mrs. J.Z. Hall, etc. Also see Volume 3.

NORTH VANCOUVER. MOODYVILLE. SPRATT’S OILERY. HERRINGS. BIG TREES.

“In those days, there was nothing in North Vancouver excepting woods,” remarked Mr. Duncan McDonald of 446 6th Street West, North Vancouver, where he resides with his grandchildren, and who recalls Burrard Inlet in 1873, that is, earlier than any known person now living, for he came as a grown man; such as are known to have been living here then were mere little tots in 1873.

“I was born in the ‘Old Country’ in 1850, and when a young man of 21, that was in 1872, came to the Pacific Coast by way of the Union Pacific Railway to San Francisco, thence to Portland, Oregon by an old steamship, later wandered on to Bellingham, but finding that I was not yet on British Territory, struck off along the old telegraph trail through the forest and on foot by the only route to New Westminster. Ultimately, I reached Moodyville in 1873, and have lived on the north shore ever since. I have worked all my life at logging, many years for the Moodyville Sawmill. I am now 84, have nine grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

“I think the first settler in North Vancouver was Tom Turner; I know of no one here before him; don’t see how there could have been; he planted the orchard which stood in front of Pete Larson’s hotel on the Esplanade west of Lonsdale Avenue. Mr. Hugh Springer, manager of the Moodyville Sawmill, had a great liking for Tom. Tom was an Englishman and a great gardener. He lived in a log cabin which can be seen in that photograph you have taken in about 1890 of North Vancouver by Bailey Bros., with a flagpole beside it. The location is about what is now the southwest corner of Esplanade and Chesterfield Avenue. I don’t know who Tom was, but he used to go up to Moodyville two or three times a week, and call out, ‘any vegetables today.’ I went up to Mr. Springer one day and told Mr. Springer that Tom was sick” (ill.) “I recall it quite well, because Mr. Springer was smoking a cigar, and somehow the ash of the cigar got into the eye of his little son standing nearby. Mr. Springer hurried down, but Tom got worse and died.”

D.L. 271, NORTH VANCOUVER.

Memo of conversation with Calvert Simson, third storekeeper, Hastings Sawmill, at City Archives, City Hall, 22 September 1939.

“This statement here [in] *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, by Duncan McDonald of North Vancouver, that Tom Turner, he says, ‘I think the first settler at North Vancouver was Tom Turner’; that’s wrong; and he says, ‘Mr. Springer hurried down, but Tom got worse and died.’ I think that’s wrong too.

“Tom Turner was nephew to William Bridges,” (who preempted D.L. 271) “and William Bridges sent for him to come out from England, and the understanding was that when Mr. Bridges died, Tom Turner was

to get the property. Bridges did die, but the will could not be found, and finally a man named T.B. Spring, he was up at Port Moody and had a scow which he brought down to Vancouver and anchored it to the shore about the foot of Columbia Street and lived in it. He is said to have gone down to Seattle, or somewhere, and found the will—some say he forged it—anyway, Tom Turner got the property and sold it to Captain Power, who, they say, had put up the money to help him prove to the judge that he was entitled to it. Captain Power ran the Moodyville hotel. Turner sold the property for a 'song,' and with the proceeds went to Lancashire, England, where he had come from and started in the coal business; he had a coal yard and carts and horses. Tom Turner was delivering milk to us in 1884, so that William Bridges must have been dead then, I suppose."

Note: Duncan McDonald got to Burrard Inlet in 1873, and lived here until he died in North Vancouver, 1 March 1933. It is queer that he should have said Tom Turner got worse and died. Perhaps I misunderstood him. JSM. I wonder if he meant William Bridges.

HERRING IN BURRARD INLET.

"In those days Vancouver Harbour was full of herring; that was what Spratt's Oilery, just east of the foot of Burrard Street, a few steps west of the Marine Building, was started for: to extract the oil. But after extracting the oil, they took the refuse and dumped it outside the Narrows, and they say that drove the herrings away. The herrings used to be very numerous, thick in the water. We used to get a pole and drive a lot of nails in it so that the sharp ends stuck out like spikes, then get into a boat or canoe, go out in the harbour, and sweep it through the water. The pole would be, say, twenty feet long, with the nails clustered at one end, then you sat or knelt in the bottom of the canoe, and swept it from bow to stern. You had to be quick and keep the pole going or the herrings would wriggle off, but you would always get four or five herrings each sweep. Anyway, whatever it was, the herrings migrated from English Bay; before that they came here to spawn, along by Swywee, the West Vancouver lagoon just west of the Capilano River; they were thick in the water there."

WEST VANCOUVER.

"All I can recall of West Vancouver in the early days was a deserted log hut at the lagoon Swywee; the rest was just trees. My wife died in 1897," (presumably an Indian woman, for his granddaughter Mrs. Gus Band is the wife of Chief Gus Band) "and was buried in the North Vancouver Indian Cemetery; there was no other cemetery in North Vancouver in those days."

Among his descendants are granddaughters Rita Lumly, now Mrs. Harris White; Olive Lumly, now Mrs. Gus Band; Harriet Lumly, now Mrs. Bennie Cordicittel. Great-grandson Ralph Band and daughter Florence Cordicittel.

BIG TREES. DUNCAN McDONALD. TOM TURNER. NORTH VANCOUVER.

Duncan McDonald continued, "The biggest tree I ever saw, and I have [been] following the logging 'game' all my life, since 1873, all in North Vancouver, Moodyville and thereabouts, was one time when we went for a timber cruise about ten miles up Lynn Creek; we went over a big hill and down the other side, and came across a great fir. I guess it is there yet, or the stump. It was nine feet diameter; we measured it carefully. Of course, cedars grew bigger at the stump, but then, cedars when big are nearly always hollow in the centre."

He died at North Vancouver, 1 March 1933.

WHITE ROCK.

Master Gunner J.C. Cornish, first sergeant major of the first military unit in Vancouver, No. 5 British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery, and now a resident, retired customs officer, at White Rock, November 1932.

"There is no doubt the large glacial rock on the beach was the origin of the name White Rock; *it still carries* on parts of its surface some of the old lime wash with which it was coated in the early days as a beacon for vessels entering the bay," (Semiahmoo) "but I find that it was at the expense of the American government, and for the use of vessels entering the harbour of Blaine, Washington. In those days there

were few vessels carrying our flag in this locality, a few small boats carried on between Bellingham, then Whatcom, and Blaine, and to the path or road leading to the mining camps on the Fraser River."

CLOTHES LINES. CHESTER S. ROLLSTON, SON OF J.C. ROLLSTON, FIRST GASOLINE STATION ATTENDANT IN CANADA.

The inventor of the clothes line commonly used throughout at least North America, and which consists of two galvanized iron sheaves through which an endless wire passes, was Chester S. Rollston, a hardware clerk in the employ of Messrs. Wood, Vallance and Leggat, who absorbed Thos. Dunn Hardware Co., pioneer hardware store, on Cordova Street near Carrall. The idea was suggested to him by the working of chain hoists. He sold the patent, so he told me, for \$1,000 and royalties, but was terribly disappointed with the royalties he received, and was bitter in his comments of the returns he received. He was afterwards manager, about 1932, of the very large wholesale hardware firm of McLennan, McFeely and Prior.

This invention must have saved the women of the world billions of steps. Previously all clothes lines, either rope or wire, were a single line strung tightly between two supports, and the wet clothes were pegged to it, and in the case of numerous wet clothes to be dried, a laborious process of dragging a heavy basket load along the ground, or carrying them, followed. As a result of the invention, the line slides by, the washer stands still, and pegs the clothes as it passes; a very much less laborious proceeding.

Chester's father, Mr. J.C. Rollston, was the first gasoline station attendant in all Canada, perhaps in all America, perhaps in all the world. The makeshift station was started by C.M. Rolston, J.S. Matthews and J.C. Rollston, all employees of the Imperial Oil Co. Limited, and at the foot of Cambie Street, near Smythe. It consisted of a corrugated iron shed with roof, about four feet by ten feet dimensions, entirely open one side next to the street, a concrete pedestal 12" x 12" tapered and three feet high, a 13 gallon kitchen boiler, a steam gauge glass, and ten feet of garden hose without nozzle. A barroom chair and a cushion for it completed the outfit, which was connected with the gasoline tanks by iron pipe. (See elsewhere.)



Seventh Avenue East
Westminster Ave.
The "New Road," (Westminster Road)
approx. 1888 or 1889

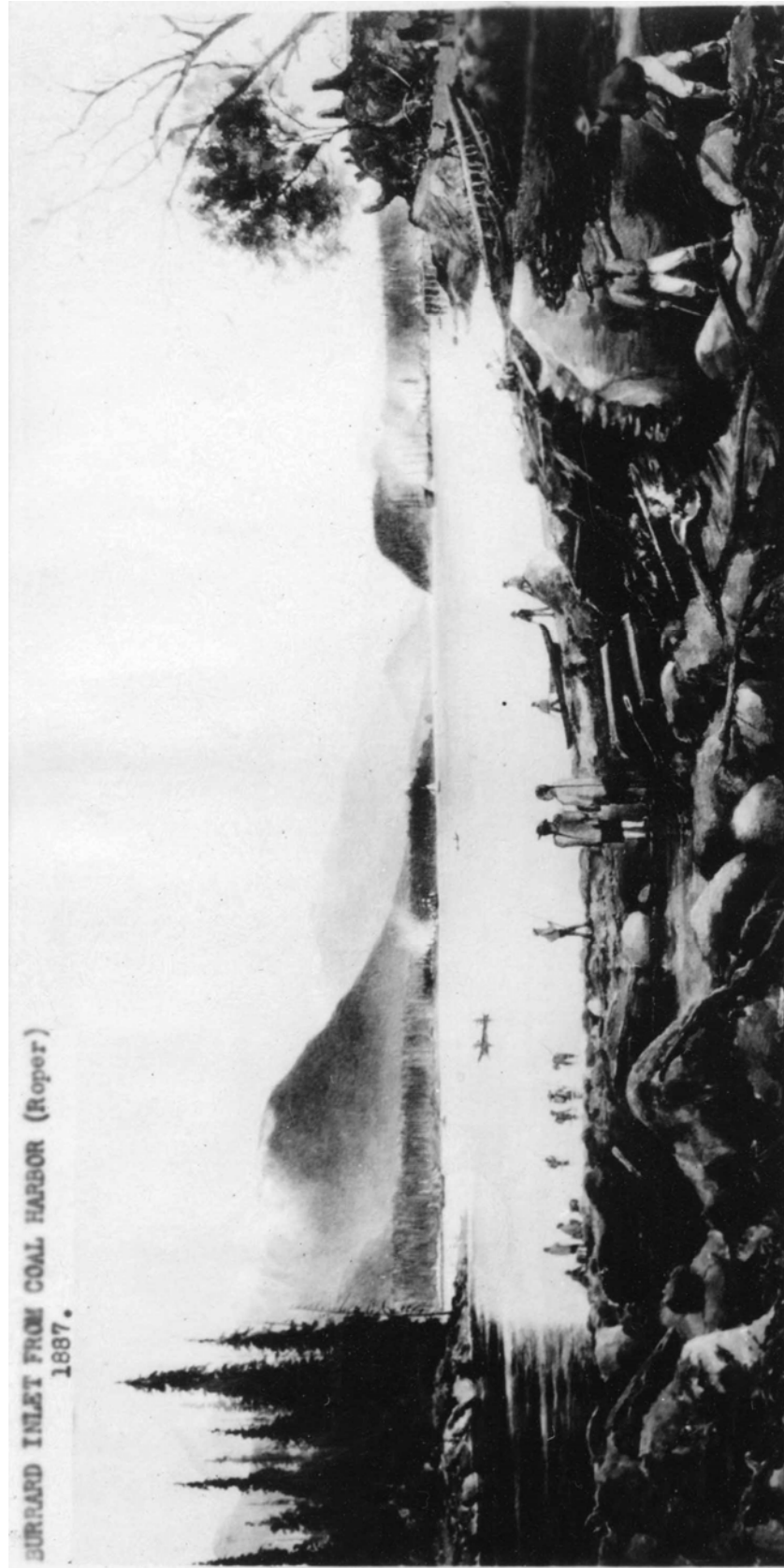
Item # EarlyVan_v2_058



JOHN McDOUGALL
Contractor and Miner
Vancouver, Cariboo, and Yukon.

Cut the 'New Road', now Kingway, through forest from
New Westminster to Granville, 1884. Cleared off the
trees from 440 acres of 'West End', Vancouver, 1887.
etc..etc.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_059



Item # EarlyVan_v2_060

All's Not Gold That Crackles

Sir,—J. A. Stephenson thinks there should be more wooden money or paper money. Paper money is the main cause of present world panic. I have been fifty-one years in the mining business in Washington, British Columbia, Yukon and Alaska. I can see how natural our Creator distributed so evenly all metals necessary for the human race. No farmer could sow grain more evenly. There is no mountain of either metal. There should be no wood or straw currency to replace metals. One billion dollars in paper money can be made out of one of the spruce trees on the Pacific Coast.

The only industry that is going to last to the end of time is the finding of food from land and water and the mining of minerals from the earth. The fertilizer from minerals is best to grow food. The two industries will always work hand in hand to furnish labor for the human race. If this paper money is burned and metals are used as currency, there will be work in mines for one-third of the idle men in North America, and the food, clothing and machinery needed by them will give work to the other two-thirds.

I have a four-year-old clipping from a New York paper wherein a wild mining engineer wrote there would be no more gold to mine in 100 years. If he had said a million years he would be making a big mistake. Our Creator's volcanic factory is making metals all the time.

Mr. Stephenson might as well say that diamonds and rubies should be made out of wood. His paper money has taken the lustre of the once precious gems. The real money will make them look like they did in King Solomon's time, when there was no paper money. We should look to the industries that are going to last.

Quesnel, B. C. JOHN McDOUGALL.

*His last letter to the press
a month or so before he
died in Quesnell B.C.
Feb. 28th or Mar. 1st 1933*

LETTERS OF JOHN McDUGALL ("CHINESE McDUGALL").

Quesnel, B.C.

[No date; received 8 August 1932.]

Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.

Dear sir:

I will be pleased to give you all the information I can about what is interesting referring to the early times on the peninsula between New Westminster Coal harbour and the North arm of the Fraser River, and two Hastings two and a half mile apart the eastern one was built on by two highly esteemed miners from Cariboo in the early 70s. Mr. George Black built and owned a hotel and Mr. John Fannan built and owned a shoe making shop and an amusement shop he was a number one bird and animal stuffer, and first big game guide and hunter in B.C. his first big mule deer from the Okanagan Lake mountain range to the west, the stuffed deer is in the Victoria Museum. In 1885 he sold his collection of birds and animals to the B.C. Government for \$1800.00 and was given charge of the museum. Mr. Black built a large dance hall for tourists and was a good manager of what was I think the first tourist camp in B.C. I boarded there in the summer of 1886, and many families came through there from New Westminster and Victoria. There was Mr. and Mrs. Cambie Mr. and Mrs. Strong Mr. David and Isick Oppenheimer and families, Samuel Brighthouse, Carbolt [Corbould] and family from New Westminster, J.W. Steward, [Stewart] (now General Steward) and him and I would go out on the new wharf and fasten part of a sack to a barrel hoop with meat on the sack and let it down to the bottom we would get twenty pounds of fine crabs in twenty minutes the wimman folk would make a ten pound dish of crab salad and with sandwiches crackers and beer we would have a fine midnight lunch at the dance hall mostly every night. There was a wagon road partly built from there to New Westminster I came over it with a party of ten on the 26th December 1878 we were waiting in New Westminster to go to Victoria, but there was too much ice on the river and we were notified that the boat was going around to Burrard Inlet to take us. we left at 9 p.m. with two small horses and a sleigh the snow was ten inches deep, we had axes and lanterns. There was a great deal of brush and vine maple bent down with the snow over the pathway. the small Indian horses helped as they knew how to crawl under the snow laden brush and saved us a lot of easy work the women and children were covered with horse blankets and often rolled over the side of the sleigh with its weight of snow. We were wet and cold and highly pleased when we came in sight of Mr. Black's hotel at 3 a.m. after a warming and a good hot meal we went to the boat it was tied to piles at the end of a 100 foot wharf built of two lengths of two large cedar logs with planks on them. I got down on my hands and knees got the children to put their arms around my neck while I climbed the rope ladder to the board deck. we arrived in Victoria at 11 a.m. the best of friends It was the first road from Burrard Inlet and Fraser river.

John McDougall.

Now about the wagon road that I built between New Westminster and Granville in 1884 the specifications called for the road to be around thirty inches above the edge of the ditches and thirty feet wide, the ditches to be three feet wide and 1½ feet deep. The extra work that I had to do to drain the water from the ditches and many culverts cost \$1800.00. My bid for the contract was \$17,500.00 when I finished Baley Ross overseer for the building and Mr. Gore the surveyor general went over the road and Mr. Gore was so pleased with my work that he asked me by letter next spring to put in a bid on the 36 mile Marbel canyon and Hat creek road from Mr. Kerbils roadhouse at the mouth of Hat creek on the Cariboo road to Captain Martles ranch in Marbel canyon. I made \$4600.00 on my Kingsway contract in four months. The next bidder for the contract above me tried to use a political pull to get the contract he was a road builder and he and two brothers had a number of men working for them in Premier John Robison's district. He told John that that boy McDougall had no experience in road building and could not do the work for the amount of his bid Mr. Robison told him it is this way Angus if that boy can't build the road his bondsmen can two wealthy men are the boys bondsmen one is Hugh Keefer who made \$150,000 on the C.P.R. last year the other Ben Vanvolkenboro [?] with butcher shops strung for six

hundred miles from Barkerville in the Cariboo to Victoria. So Angles had to allow the boy to do the work. Mr. Jo Hunter [A.G. Smith, *Land Registrar, Vancouver*, says, "Joe Hunter was son-in-law to Hon. John Robson."] government surveyor surveyed the road and had many short turns in it there was two military reserves on the rough and he did not like to cross them with a road. Seeing the short turns in his survey I wrote to him to Victoria B.C. he told me to straighten the line of the road to suit myself so I undertook to straighten about six miles about the center of the road. There was a great lot of second growth up to fifty feet high. as I did not have a transect it was a new sort of a job there was a large amount of wind falls three deep in places and very large timber that fell when the big fire rushed through there in the late sixties. It happened that there were two burnt stubs more than 100 feet high and not far from Mr. Hunter's survey line and six miles apart. I climbed a second growth spruce tree to the top about fifty feet from there I had a good view of the big stub in the north west direction six miles away so I climbed down and got four of my men with axes and three long staks, and I went up to the top of the tree again I think got my men to drive three stakes in line with the big high stub six miles away the stakes about 100 feet apart. by moving the hindmost stake 100 feet and staking it in line with the other two stakes north west I managed to get a new straight line through the thick undergrowth for the six miles and less than ten feet from the high north west burnt stub. I was well pleased with my new survey and felt very thankful that Mr. Hunter was so kind as to allow me to survey the road line to suit myself. My new line was on better ground for a road bed and was the means of the road been about 1000 feet shorter and I was delighted by cutting out the many short turns that would look so bad where the land was almost level. No doubt but that Mr. Hunter like myself felt that we were building what would be always a country road. and at this day July 23 1932 I feel proud of what the boy did in 1884.

John McDougall

A few lines about my friend Mr. Jo Hunter who made the first survey of the road now known as Kingsway. he was a member of parliament for the Cariboo district in 1886 and 7 and 8 he was the engineer that built the Quesnel lake dam in the Cariboo district the lake is 75 miles in length and fifty miles wide and the lake dammed to the height of nine feet. it was about the largest body of water dammed it was built for placer mining purposes. Mr. Hunter a large proud man highly esteemed by his many friends for his business and honest qualities. While a member of parliament two small opposition members in the space of five years accused him of been on friendly terms with a dishonest party they depended that Jo was too proud and big to strike them and there was a law against dueling, but Jo saw self protection above dueling and handed each one of his insulters on each occasion a loaded revolver and asked them to choose their distance in each case the little fellows got on their knees and begged of Jo to allow them to apologize. I think Jo's example could be used to advantage every once in a while to help decent politics.

John McDougall

I don't know when the Fals creek bridge was built I went over it in 1884 and a wagon road that led from it to Mr. Magee's farm on the north arm valley of the Fraser River he had about twenty acres in crop he was highly pleased with the growth of everything he planted. the branches of his fruit trees were hanging load of fine fruit. There may be parties on the farm who can tell when the road and bridge was built.

Yours truly

John McDougall

P.S.: The road did not go beyond Mr. Magee's farm on the north side of the valley.

When Mr. John Morton came by trail to false creek from New Westminster in 1862 the whole peninsula was a growth of the finest fir spruce and cedar in the world up to 300 feet high. the shade of it prevented undergrowth and it would be easy to blaze a trail through it with a compass. I do not know where Mr. Morton's indian trail would be. the undergrowth and fallen timber caused by fires after his time blotted his trail out of existence. Mr. Morton's house and garden was on the shore directly south of dead man island it was used for a logging camp after his time it

was my camping place while slashing down the timber on the 440 acre Brighthouse estate in the months of April and May 1886.

I may take a trip to Vancouver this summer and call on you

I wish you all kinds of success with your new venture.

Yours truly,

John McDougall

JOHN McDOUGALL. HASTINGS. KINGSWAY.

Copy of letter from John McDougall, Quesnel, B.C.

Quesnel, B.C. August 21 1932.

Dear Mr. Matthews:

I received your nice letter of August 9th. Not being a scholar, the last I would expect is praise for my writing, so don't be too hard on me if I partly blame you for my notorious historical letter.

I never heard of Hocking or surveyed lots at Hastings. There was about two and a half acres cleared near the shore, south from Mr. Black's hotel; a chinaman with a large family built small buildings on the north shore of patch, his daughter was a picture, and classed as the most beautiful on the inlet. He built there in 1883, he had a laundry and sun curing establishment, he would let a hundred foot net to the bottom at high tide, when the tide went out he would get about one hundred pounds of sole flounders cod and crabs. The floating log warf that raised and fell with the tides between piles near Mr. Blacks hotel was the first boat landing and jumping off place for the rowboats that tock the male and pashingers north across the inlet to Moodyville.

KINGSWAY AND CENTRAL PARK.

Now about the jog in Kingsway near Central Park. If I had built the road from the Granville end I think the jog would not be so noticable. It was necessary to build from the Westminster end in order to get my supplys such as powder, meat, horse and ox food, and other supplys. I had to travel many miles to find oxen and horses fit to move the large timber off the roadway. I got a good yoke of oxen from Mr. Kipp of Chilliwac, and I had to go to the Nicklo [Nicola] valley for the two largest horses to be found, one 1400 lbs for \$175.00 from Mr. John Claperton, one of the two old highly respected English familys, the other 1300 lbs for \$175.00 from Mr. Alex Gorden, and with blocks and cables I was able to move the big timbers in piles to burn on the roadway.

It was the Royal Engineers that surveyed the two reserves that I crossed with my three stackes survey in order to save the short turns around the corners of the reserves. They were known as military reserves, I think one was intend as a naval reserve, one joined the other, and according to my measurement they would be a square block of 320 acres. As long as the reserves were not canceled no doubt Mr. Jo Hunter who surveyed around the corners of them knew that a publick road or pathway would not be allowed over them. And when he wrote to me from Victoria to cut out the curves and survey the road to sute myself I think he got information that the two reserves were canceled, and no doubt they were since Queen Victoria concented to have her crown colony known as New Caledonia became a province of the Dominion of Canada, and the people of Vancouver can thank her for her goodness and kindness to sign her name to that document, and allowe me the privilege of climbing fifty feet to the top of a tree to survey a straight road with the stakes across her reserves that should have been named the Queens Way.

The far seeing Royal Engineers who surveyed the two reserves would not tell you or I what they were intended for and if I was on the gorund with them and asked I might expect of them to ask if I had ever seen the rock of Gibraltar as I am satisfied they would feel that they were standing on another rock like it as a fortification on the two reserves would be identically for the

same purpose. A war ship showing her teeth in the Gulf of Georgia could be shelled from there, and the entrance to the Fraser River, English Bay, and Burrard Inlet could be garded from there.

Queen Victoria and her Royal Engineers and sappers and miners should not be forgotten, she sent them with plenty of money and black powder around Cape Horn to build roads and raise her young Caledonia to nationhood, it was them that gouged the first and many miles of the four hundred wagon road to the Cariboo along the jaws of the devils canyon on the Fraser River where mountain goats could not climb, it was the most dangers and expensive part of the road, and it was the building of it that helped to encourage the completing the road to Cariboo, and as soon as the road was built more than half of the population of British Columbia were in Cariboo and settled along the road, and them people who were mostly foriners did not forget what Queen Victoria had to do with the building of the road her birthday was the big day for twelve months in Barkerville the big purses of gold dust brought race horses from California and Oregon. it was the same when I came from Barkerville in 1882 to Lyton where the C.P.R. was building everybody was preparing and practicing for Queen Victoria's birthday sports seven thousand workmen on the road layd down there hammers drills transets levels picks and shovels and all settlers for many miles along the Cariboo road were there.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, THE GOOD.

In those days there could be a purse rased to build a nice high monument built at beacon hill that could be seen from all the boats in and out of Cape Flattery in remembrance of Queen Victoria also one at the Lions Gate where the Royal Engineers and Sappers and miners commenced to build and settle the foundation for the Pacific Crown Colony and the Canadian should enjoy seeing the same accomplished.

BUILDING THE C.P.R. RIGHT OF WAY. BRIGHOUSE ESTATE.

I Have not been at Hastings since I borted at Gorage Blacks Hotel in 1886 and I was too busy to pay much attention to know much about the old settlers that were not there then I had 400 men working 140 in a tented camp one third mile west of the hotel I built the two and one half miles of the C.P.R. from Hastings to Hastings Sawmill and the clearing of the right of way to Port Moody and seventy five on the slashing of the Brighthouse estate. After the grading of the two and one half miles Mr. Cambie chif engineer asked me to give him a bid on the clearing and grading for the station houses and side tracks that are removed now. I lost money on the job I no sooner got started then when 100 carpenters comenced to build north and west and too close by to use powder on the many large stumps that I intend to blow out so had to burn and grub with axes. I did not see any cleared land along Fals creek, the only clearing that I noticed on the Brighthouse, Hailstone, Morton estate of 660 acres [*Note: should be about 540 acres*] is the patch that I described in my last letter.

Yours truly

John McDougall

A short story that you can cut out if not intristing.

In december 1886 Mr. Cambie Chief engineer of the western division of the C.P.R. asked me to give him a bid on the piling of luse rock agenst many fills between Hastings and Port Moody, the swash of the boats up and down the inlet was undermining them I had to get the loose roock from the north arm of the inlet (it was the first rock to come from there). I hired the only scows in Coal Harbor four owned by Capt. MacPhaden and his the only tug boat and his captain at 22 dollars per day I built a floting house on large seder logs for my twenty men shortly after I got started three men came from Victoria one was John Grant who was a member for B.C. for some time and mayor for Victoria one was Moose Ireland a highly respected old timer miner in Cariboo and Peace River the other was Moses Moose a highly respected jew, a miner and fur dealer. It happened in the early seventies that Mr. Ireland crused timber for the Moodyville Company on the North arm of the Inlet, and been a prospector he discovered flote quarts on the west side of the inlet and had them essayed by Mr. John McKelvey in Victoria [*the first Assayer in B.C.*] they assayed \$seven in gold and \$8 in silver in the summer of 1886 there was a quarts

spasm on all over B.C. and that was the cause of the party to come to Vancouver and try and find where the flote quarts came from. I was in Vancouver for supplys they were about stuck for a chance to get to the north arm of the inlet when some one told them I was in town with my tug boat (I was well acquainted with all of them) and John Grant found me and told me what they were up too and offered to give me quarter interest in the propission if I would take them to where Ireland found the flot quarts. having gambled in mining with my parterner Mr. William Pattullo 100 feet under ground on Jack of [blank] creek in Cariboo in 1881 I knew my chances in the new ventures was a million or 0 but to have such three fine parterners looked good so I got a bottel of three star *[Note: brandy]* and a box of segars and Captain Butler tock up to my floating boarding house in time for lunch. My parterner and his brother Thomas Pattullo were two of a large party who left from near Kingston, Ontario for the Cariboo in the early sixtys by the back doar rought from the way of the antlantic and over the rocky mountains. they were a fine lot of men and did well—Pattullo the liberal leader is a nephew. After lunch Mr. Ireland led us to where he found the float quarts in the seventys and it did not take long to find the body of mineraliest bluff of granit where the flote quarts came from it was in the face of a high bluff of granit and there was pocked of quarts forty feet up in the bluff, and by crawling for some distance on a shalf of rock I was able to get to the pocked of quarts on one side was large block of rock about to fall I warned Ireland and Grant standing forty feet below to get out of the and as soon as I touch the rock it fel forty feet on a ledge and split in two one half that would waigh half a ton get on edge and rolled down the hill 100 feet Moses Mose was picking flot quarts there but saw the rock coming he got in the rong direction and stumbled agenst a tree and the rock roled on top of him and partly agenst the tree many of his ribs were broken I could hear him groan from the ticklish place I was in forty feet up on a shelf when I got there John Grant was laing down he ranched his back trying to lift the rock of Mose I got a pry and razed it so that Ireland was able to move—John Grant outlifted the strongest man in Quesnel—move Mose from under it I got two cans for Grant so he could walk i got on my hands and knees and Ireland put Mose on my back his waight 170 it did not trouble me a bit to pack him half a mile over rough ground to the boat (I wonder now how I did it) Capt Butler stemed the tug to Vancouver as quick as posable and Mr. Mores Mose in the care of docters he was in bed for six months.

We were used to the like of that in the early days

Another while I am at it it concerns my two good old friends that are dead many years Mr. (same) Mose Ireland and Mr. Frank Page. Mr. Page was gold commissioner in the Omineca plaser camp in the Peace river for many years in the seventys and early eightys and was in the habid of coming to Victoria every third year with his gold dust and boocks. Mr. Ireland was mining there then, in the fall of 1877 they prepared to come out Page sent the books and gold dust with Pinchback and Giens pack train of 75 horses that maid two trips a season form Williams Lake he and Ireland prepared to walk later on but happened to leve too late they were big strong men Page was six foot three and Ireland six and each weighed 200 they ment to walk from thirty to forty miles per day to Quesnel they did not have snow shows after the first day a very unexpected two feet of snow fell for that season of the year and instade of 30 or 40 they could make 5 and 6 miles per day and less when they ran out of food and the weather got cold down to 40 below it got to loock like starvation and but they put up the bravest fight that I ever heard of they were in the parsnip river valley they lost the pack trale on account of the deep snow in a few days without food or fire or a chance to slep when it was very cold thay could see in day time there way south in a few days they were too weak to walk in the deep snow and the way managed to keep alive for two days and keep from going on there last sleep was by pounding one at a time with fists and boots when one would drop off to sleep it was necessary to hurt to keep the spark of life alive. but they saw there doom when they were too weak to hurt, the evening of there life and day was geting very dark and bitter cold. they could see that the snow that triped them on there way was going to be there last bed thay shock hands thay felt that there blood was about to stop moving in there half frozen flesh Page moved a few feet away so that there would be a better chance of finding their bodies while doing so he felt hard snow it was a snow shoe track it put new life in him he told Mose that he found a hard snow shoe track it kindled the last dying spark he moved to the trail they could see the way the last track led and they crawled on there hands and knees they went but a short way when

mose told Page that he was too cold and stiff to go any further it was intensely cold and Page knew that he was not able to go much further and when about to lay down and die here his partner they heard a dog bark and in a few seconds a dog and an Indian was with them. but the Indian's huts were too far away for the two men to crawl to it their courage and life about to end. The Indian got his hand sleigh and he brought them one at a time to his hut the heat in the hut brought new life to them they felt as if they were born again this time from the womb of the frozen snow bound north the Indians laid them one on each side of the fire place on deer skins they were too feeble and sleepy to take food after a long sleep they were able to sip a little juice of the pot of deer meat that the Indian cooked for them in two days they were able to eat a little deer meat the Indian helped them to doctor their frozen fingers and toes with melted deer fat and salt. the Indians supply of food a little flour and smoked salmon and plenty deer meat when able to cook their food the Indian left on a three day tramp to his summer home and got a small supply of fish and flour As soon as their fingers healed they helped the Indian to build snow shoes at the end of 22 days with the Indian and dog that saved their lives they left with the Indian for an Indian settlement where they got enough food to take them to Quesnel when they got to Quesnel they were able to show their friends many marks on their shins arms and shoulders from the friendly kicks and blows that they presented to each other to prevent them going on their everlasting sleep in forty degrees below zero weather. They went from there to Victoria On their way back to the Peace river placer mining district they added an extra horse to Pinchback and Ligns pack train of seventy five horses at Williams Lake that made two trips in the summer season to the Ominca placer camp in the Peace river country. the extra horse was loaded with three hundred and fifty pounds of extra food and clothes for the Indian and his dog also one hundred dollars for his kind treatment and the saving of their lives.

Both were married in their fifties to smart middle aged women that helped to make their bachelor lives more happy Mrs. Ireland was a business woman and did well with a general store on an island north west of Vancouver Mr. Frank Page retired after living the mines and lived in his comfortable home at the first bend east on Fort Street Victoria where he had one of the finest gardens roses was his hobby he was very happy in the winter of 1885 and 1886 as one of his rose bushes was in full bloom in the open air every day At my many calls on them he would ask if I knew how his kind friend was getting on who saved his life with kicks and blows and Ireland would tell me the same when I met him. They were as friendly as twin brothers.

John McDougall

THE NAME OF VANCOUVER. COAL HARBOUR. SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

Excerpt, page 10, *Romance of Vancouver*, published by Native Sons of B.C., 1926, "How Vancouver became a terminal," by B.A. McKelvie.

"Late in July Mr. Van Horne left the east for the West Coast, arriving in Victoria on August 4th 1884, where he had a long conference with Premier Smythe," "two days later he came to Burrard Inlet, he declared himself to be delighted with the advantages to be offered by Coal Harbour, and stated that he would change the name Granville to 'Vancouver.'"

"This announcement met with instant opposition in Victoria; it was argued that confusion would result from the similarity of names of the new terminal and the island. To this Mr. Van Horne replied that 'Vancouver' was already associated with British Columbia. If the name Granville was retained, people would not know where it was, and if told that it was on the shore of Burrard Inlet would still have no idea of its whereabouts, but if the world was informed that Vancouver was the end of steel the public would at once associate the place with the province of British Columbia."

Excerpt from the magazine *West Shore*, published at Portland, Oregon, September 1884 (repeated 1884), Vol. 10, No. 9, page 304, article entitled "Coal Harbour."

"It is only once in a lifetime that the public have such a chance as at present, and we would recommend those who have money to invest to investigate the merits of Vancouver on Coal Harbour before making investments."

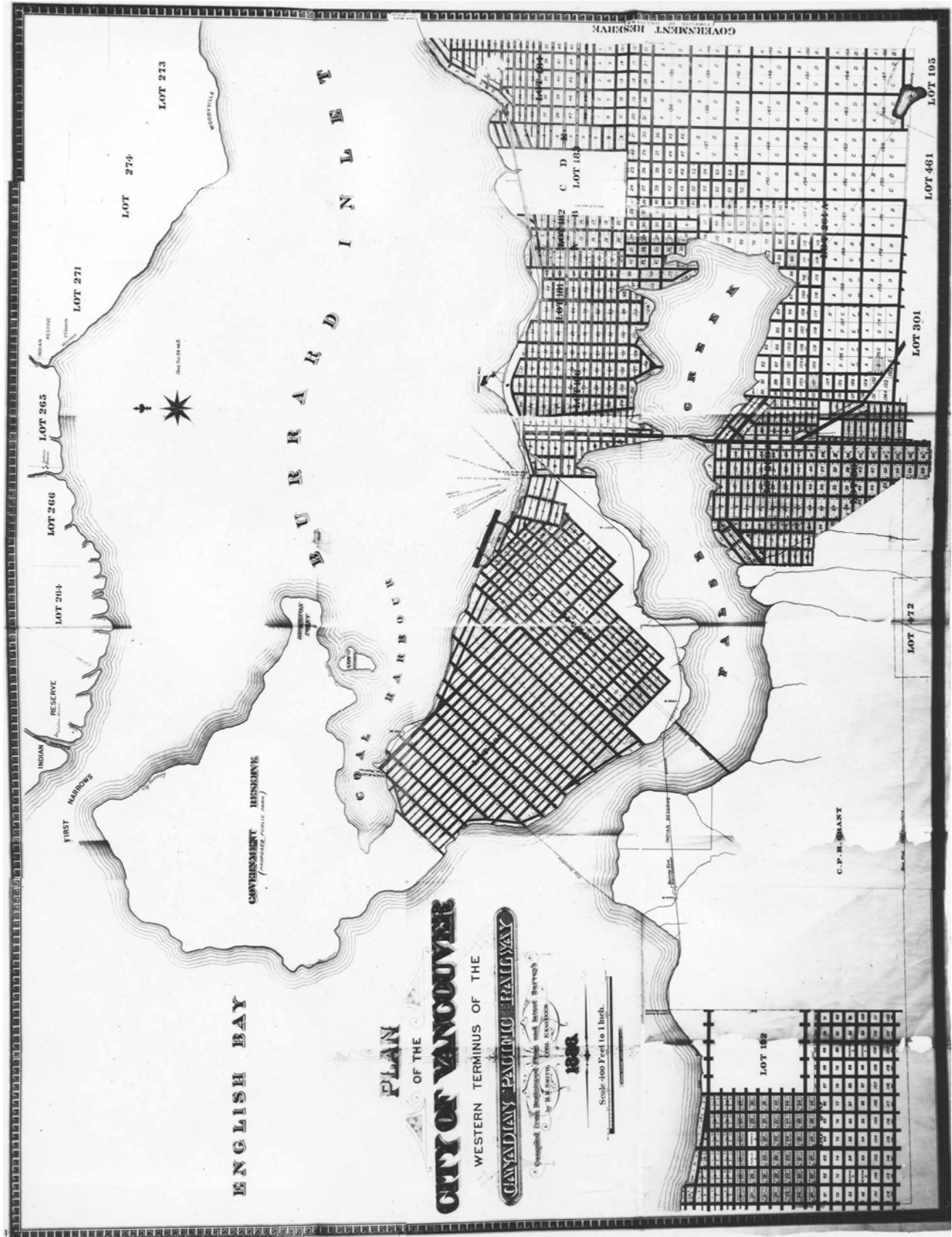
INSCRIPTION ON MONUMENT COMMEMORATING SITE OF MAPLE TREE (CARRALL STREET).

"HERE STOOD THE OLD MAPLE TREE UNDER WHOSE BRANCHES THE PIONEERS MET IN 1885
AND CHOSE THE NAME VANCOUVER FOR THIS CITY"

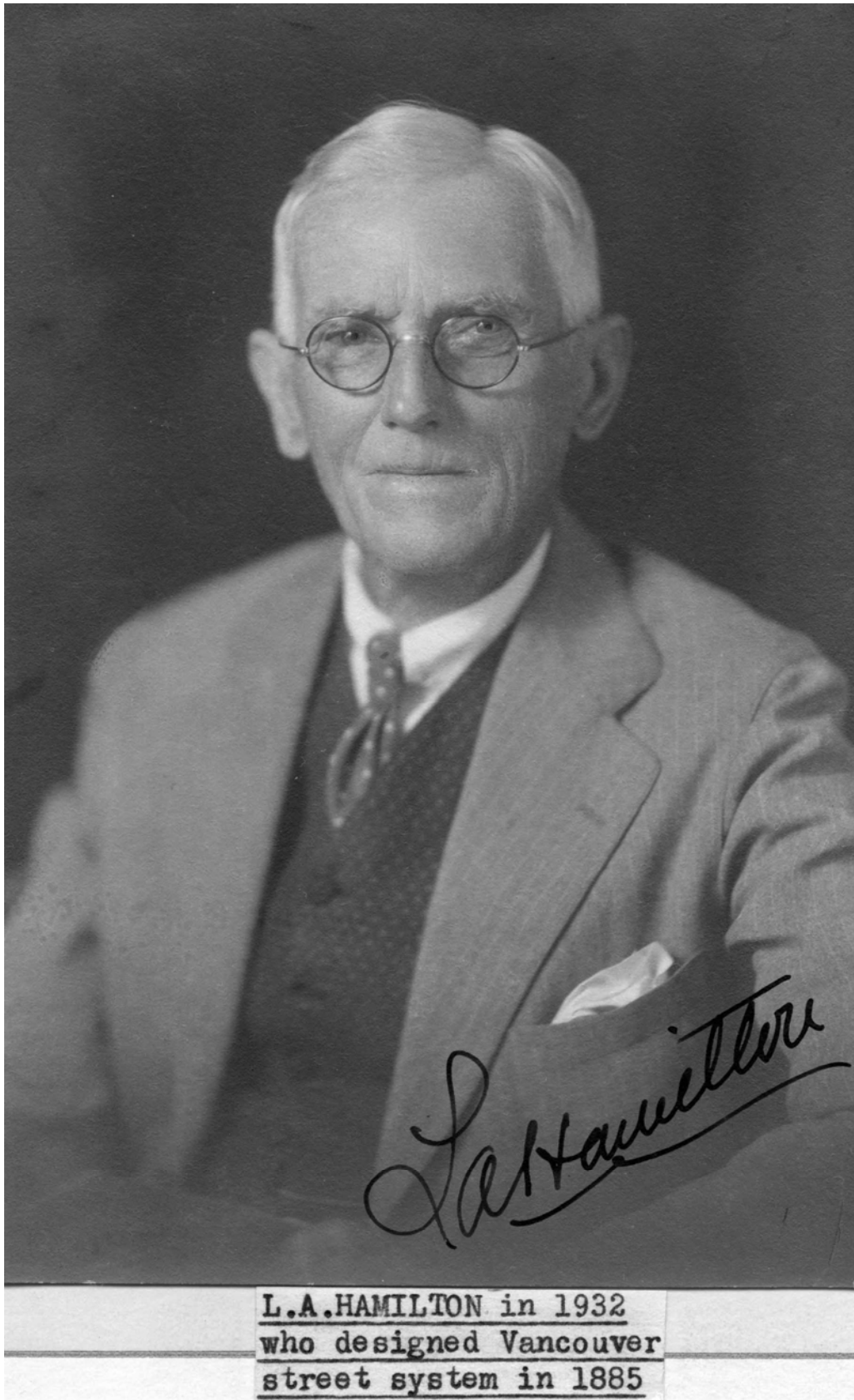
(On 9 September 1932, Major Matthews drew the attention of the Vancouver Pioneers Association—who erected the monument about 1925—to the discrepancy between 1884 and 1885, and asked for an explanation. No answer was received to the letter.)

(Correction: the name "Vancouver" was selected in 1884 by William C. Van Horne, Canadian Pacific Railway, and appeared in the press of Portland Oregon in August 1884.)

See also *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_062



Item # EarlyVan_v2_063

1 APRIL 1932 - SURVEY OF VANCOUVER. L.A. HAMILTON. HAMILTON STREET.

"L.A. Hamilton, Alderman Hamilton, C.P.R. surveyor, who laid out the site of the city of Vancouver, told me that he started the survey from the corner of Hastings and Hamilton Street, using a nail driven in a wooden post as a starting point."

Remark by the late W.F. Findlay, pioneer, sportsman, and early newspaper reporter, killed in accident, April 1932.

LAUCHLAN ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Alderman L.A. Hamilton, who laid out a large part of the City of Vancouver in 1885, was the son of William Basil Hamilton, first mayor of the town of Collingwood, Ontario, and postmaster there for thirty years or over, and the grandson of James Matthew Hamilton of Province of Ulster, a captain in the 5th Foot Regiment, served with his regiment in various places in Europe and Canada, and ultimately on retiring, received a large block of land in the county of Simcoe, Ontario.

Alderman Hamilton was born at Penetanguishene, 20 September 1852, was a graduate of the School of Military Instruction, 1870, became a civil engineer and land surveyor.

He selected twenty-five million acres of land in the Canadian Northwest, this being part of the Canadian Pacific Railway's subsidy from the government of Canada. Also three million acres in British Columbia, part of a subsidy for branch line railways. He selected and surveyed the lands for numberless towns on the Canadian Pacific Railway, the principal ones being Regina, Moosejaw, Swift Current, Calgary and Vancouver.

He was one of the staff in defining the boundary on the 49th parallel between the Lake of the Woods and Rocky Mountains, 1872, 1873, 1874. Was General Land Commissioner, Canadian Pacific Railway. Surveyed the city of Vancouver. Senior Alderman of the city for two years.

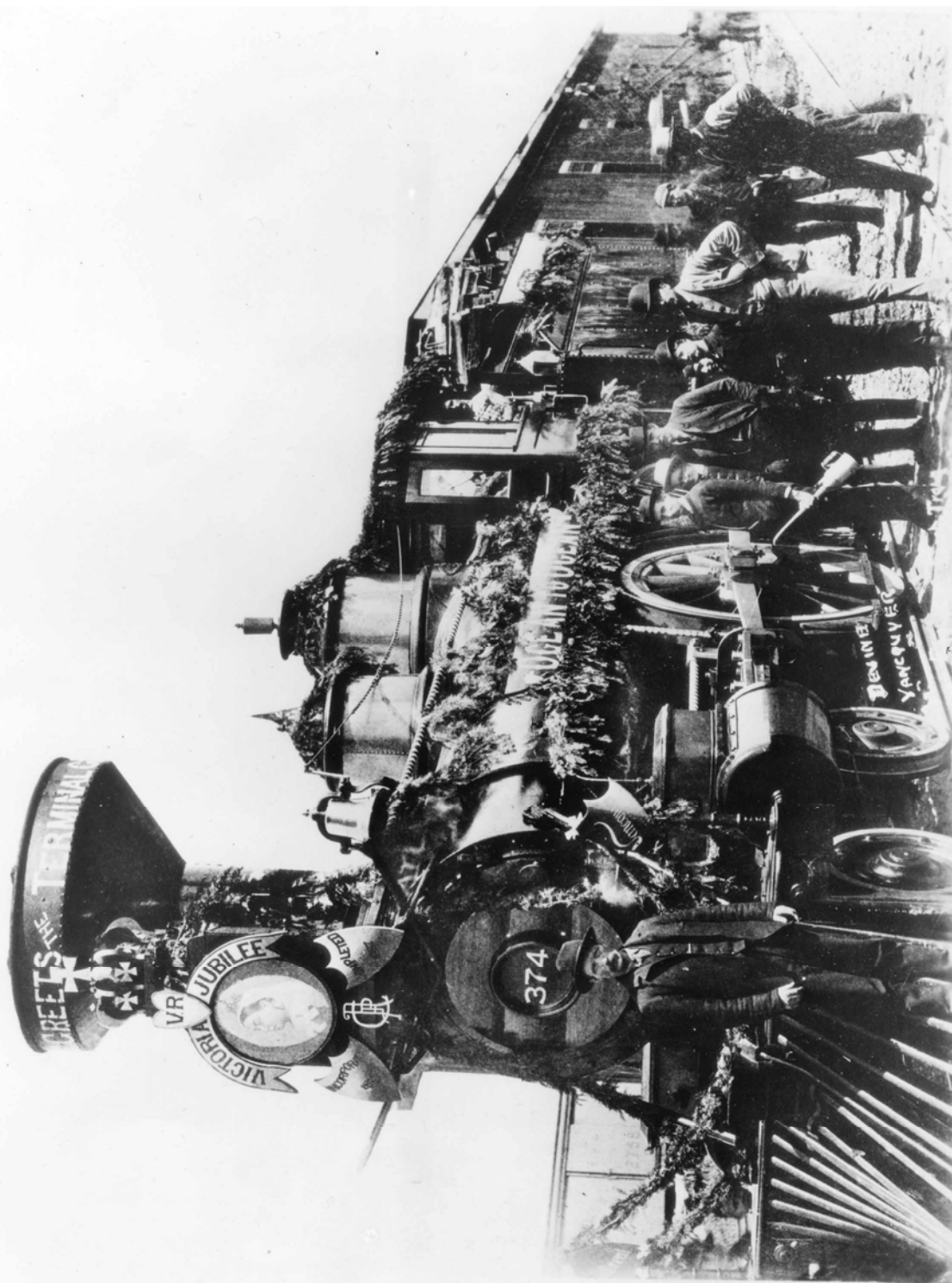
During the Great War was chairman of the Red Cross Society, Chairman of the Patriotic Society, and Judge under the Conscription Act, all in the County of Peel, Ontario.

Owner of a large fruit farm and adjoining golf links at Lorne Park, Ontario. Owner of farm and golf links comprising 640 acres in the city of Kissimmee, Florida.

On September 1879, he married at Toronto, Isobel Leask, and had a daughter, Isobel Ogilvie Hamilton, born Ottawa, 3 October 1880. [NOTE ADDED LATER: Wrong. I have seen her birth certificate. 1881.] And married, secondly, to Constance Bodington, daughter of Dr. George Bodington, M.D. at St. James' Church, Vancouver, 10 April 1888. His sister, Mrs. John Leask, resides (1932) in Collingwood, Ontario.

Authority: genealogy form, dated 3 February 1932 in Mr. Hamilton's own handwriting.

Arrival in Vancouver of first C.F.R. passenger train, May 23rd 1887, on the eve of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, May 24th. First C.P.R. freight shed, below cliff at foot of Richards street, in background. H.T. Devine photo.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_065

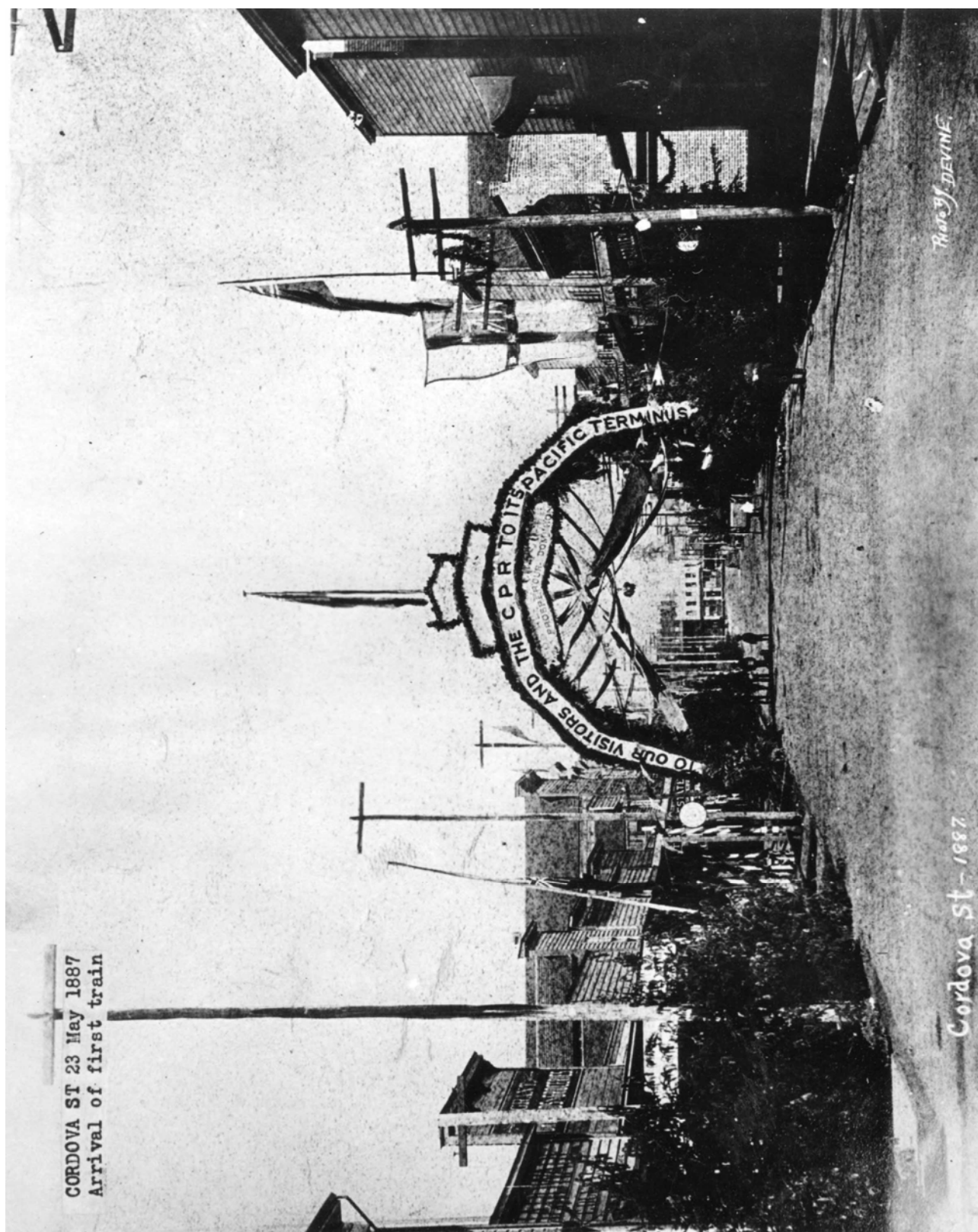


Item # EarlyVan_v2_066

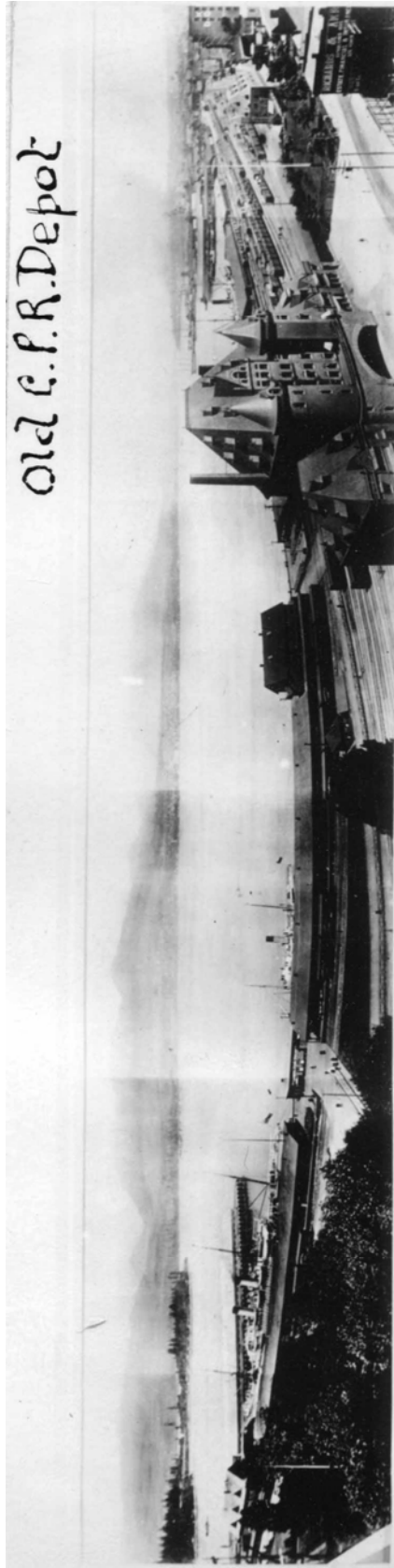
CORDOVA ST. 1887 First celebration
of Dominion Day in Vancouver



Item # EarlyVan_v2_067



Item # EarlyVan_v2_068



Old C.P.R. Depot

-1912-



New C.P.R. Station

-1914-

Item # EarlyVan_v2_069



Item # EarlyVan_v2_070

HMS "Triumph", Bur'd Inlet, Jul. 1 1887, whose brass band led 1st parade soldiers in Vancr, first civic Dom. Day celebrations, see photo, Cordova st, Dom. Day 1887, HMS "Caroline". Adm. C. Seymour JSM



H.M.S. Triumph & Caroline. DEVINE Photo

3733

Item # EarlyVan_v2_071

L.A. HAMILTON. SURVEY OF CITY OF VANCOUVER, 1885.

Copy of letter

Oak Tree House
Kissimmee, Florida
5 May 1932

My Dear Major:

The newspaper cutting which you sent me is correct as to the naming of Seymour Street. The street name was taken from the Admiralty chart which showed Seymour Inlet called after Governor Seymour and not after Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour.

Yours truly,

L.A. Hamilton.

The corner post from which the survey of the City of Vancouver started was placed with a certain amount of ceremony at the corner of Hastings and Hamilton Street. The only ones with me that I can remember were members of my party viz. Commodore Charlie Johnson, John Leask, the first city auditor, Jack Stewart, now Major General Stewart, Louis, chief axeman, [blank], the son of an English canon whose name I cannot call to mind, and myself. I could only give the date by referring to my field notes, which I think are in Vancouver. [See Mrs. D.R. Reid.]

CAPILANO WATER WORKS.

"I came to Vancouver for the survey of the Capilano Waterworks early spring, 1886." Geo. H. Keefer, Taghun, B.C.

"I cannot recall the exact date of arrival at Granville, but I well remember the party of surveyors who left Victoria one evening on the old steamer *Maud* which took all night to plow her way to the Hastings Mill wharf. The party consisted of Geo. A. Keefer, chief, H.B. Smith, assistant engineer, Fred Bodwell, Fred Little, chairman, and myself, picket man. We took up quarters at the Sunnyside Hotel with the late Harry Hemlow as proprietor. Tom Jackman as bartender, and good old Joe Fortes as hotel runner, shoeshine, and man of all trades. In those days when it became known that we were surveying for waterworks to be brought across the inlet, we were thought to be a little queer, by some of the old timers of Gastown. They could not see how we could bring water across that foaming tide, etc. After the survey was completed, we returned to Victoria on the old *Princess Louise*."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION.

"Kingsway in those days was a narrow winding dark road through tall timbers, full of muddy pitch holes. The old plugs could hardly make Mount Pleasant hill, and we were on the lookout for a hold up. My real experience in Vancouver came later when in March 1886 I commenced clearing the right of way of the C.P.R. from Port Moody to English Bay, when I encountered Mr. Sam Greer at his property line in Kitsilano. I had eighty-five Stikine Indians and about fifty white men on the right of way and completed the job on June 12th, moved a big scow with my camp outfit down to the Sunnyside wharf or float and tied up. The 15th was pay day on the railway, so I went to Hugh Keefer's office who was the head contractor, drew some money, and gave each man five dollars in advance. These men next day when the fire took place ran down to my scow, turned it loose, and were blown down to Hastings Mill, saving all my outfit and provisions.

"The day after the fire, the idea struck me to put up my tents and feed the people, so I got my men together and put up two long tents, with floor, tables and benches, opening up as the Railroad Dining Rooms. I sold first class meals to all comers at 25¢, and took in \$75.00 at a meal. Many old timers will remember the big banner on canvas, 'R.R. Dining Rooms.' Well, business howled for about six weeks, by which time new buildings began to open up and the R.R. Dining Rooms went on the bum."

C.P.R. HOTEL. CITY HALL AND POLICE.

"McPherson put up a big barn of a place opposite Pat Cary's on Hastings Street. I remember his sign, 'RAISED FROM THE ASHES IN THREE DAYS.' The day after the fire, I saw a burned out hotel keeper selling whiskey from a bottle on his hip pocket and a glass in his hand, his counter being a sack of potatoes. The night of the fire, June 13th, I slept on the ground near Hugh Keefer's safe which lay upside down in the ruins, and which was supposed to hold the pay for the railroad gangs ready for the 15th payday. I well remember the old Maple Tree and the first City Council meeting after the fire. There was a tent just behind that famous picture which was the city lock-up and when that picture was taken there were a few sore heads with leg irons on them laying in that tent. Pat Gannon kept butcher shop next door to the R.R. Dining Rooms; he was my butcher and banker and a fine old fellow. The only building escaping the fire was the Costello hotel, half built. The fire killed about 14 people as far as I can remember. There was a Masonic funeral that day and most of the prominent people had driven to New Westminster as we had no graveyard in Vancouver at that time. McCormack, a sub-contractor on the railway, had been killed blasting stumps, and they buried him in New Westminster. Tom Cyrs kept the Granville Hotel. Poor Tom was under the impression that he was some relation to the old prize fighter who fought Heenan, hence his many street fights of which old timers well remember. He made one big mistake one day when he undertook to lick Alf Banham the butcher, for Alf just backed him across the street, landing a good openhanded slap on Tom's ears with every slip. Many old timers will also remember Fred Burrows' fighting bulldog. Fred was supposed to keep a wholesale liquor house, but most of the time was spent keeping out of jail over his dog; his dog was something like Tom Cyrs, thought he could lick anything on earth. I look back with pleasure on those old days, for I seem to see only the comic side."

Geo. H. Keefer, Taghun, 22 March 1932.

CLEARING AWAY THE FOREST OFF VANCOUVER. THE GREAT FIRE. H.P. McCRAHEY.

Memorandum of conversation with Mr. H.P. McCrahey whilst asking him to review certain records made, 3 May 1932.

"Those clearing the slashing and stumps 'up on the Hill,' above Cambie Street just before the Fire, did so by hand labour; there was not a logging engine in the country at that time. Hector Stewart's father, that is, Chief of Police Stewart, brought in the first donkey engine; no gin pole, no 'donkey' those days, just horses and oxen. There were six or eight contractors up on 'the Hill'; all had fires burning and there was, as George Cary says, a lot of smoke.

"The wind did not come up from the southwest as Mr. Gallagher says; it came from the west and blew the fire right through the town; it must have done so; the fire did not go south of Harris Street." (See Mrs. Ruth Morton, Rev. C.M. Tate, Theo. Bryant.)

"At the time of the fire, Cordova Street was corduroy road up towards Westminster Avenue; there was a woman burned up there, about Gore Avenue, I saw her body. Then there was an old man who jumped down his well and suffocated. My lumber yard was down on the edge of False Creek, where the B.C. Electric car barns are now; it escaped.

"At the time of the fire, I had a camp up where the General Post Office is at the corner of Hastings and Granville streets. We had a contract to cut the road through from Water Street along what is now Cordova Street to where they proposed to build the C.P.R. station, and down the slope to the site; the same slope is there yet.

"A line of trees was straight down Burrard Street at the time of the fire. I know, for I had the contract for clearing the slashing and stumps from Burrard Street to the C.P.R. tracks and from Georgia Street to Dunsmuir Street. I took the contract to clear it the day after the fire. I tendered for the slashing job the fall before, but did not get the job then. The slashing was right up to Burrard Street, all along up to the C.P.R. grant boundary; no fire had been in it. West of 'the Hill,' that is, west of the clearing operations, and east of Burrard Street right back south, was a dense mass of fallen trees.

"You see, I had two contracts; the first to put in a road down the cliff to the C.P.R. Depot, and the second to clear the land between Robson and Georgia" (probably means Dunsmuir and Georgia) "and Burrard Street and the C.P.R. right of way on False Creek; consequently, I know what there was rather well. Andy Forbes, father of Mr. Forbes of the Forbes Realty Company, had another contract for something, and saw the big tree on Georgia Street fall."

COCOS ISLAND.

"The *Eliza Edwards*, the vessel Captain Nye speaks of, went to Cocos Island searching for treasure in June 1892. Captain Duncan McKenzie, Captain Simon F. McKenzie, both dead, and Captain William McKenzie, living, all went on her."

THE GREAT FIRE, 13 JUNE 1886.

Written especially for this record by Mr. Allan K. Stewart of Hope, B.C., 3 May 1932.

I was employed as clerk and draughtsman by Mr. T.C. Sorby, architect for the Canadian Pacific Railway at Vancouver; our office at the time being in the A.G. Ferguson Block, about the only office of any pretension in Vancouver at that time and situated at the corner of Carrall and Powell Street diagonally opposite the old Sunnyside Hotel. It being a Sunday the office was closed and I was resting and writing letters in my boarding house at the time the fire started. The boarding house was kept by a Mrs. Alcock and family and was situated on Hastings Street East on the north side quite near Carrall Street; only about two blocks away from the office and almost directly opposite where the Holden Building (City Hall) is now situated. I noticed much smoke and somebody outside was yelling, "Fire." I got out with the others and my first thought was to get to the office and try and save drawing instruments, etc., but I never got there; the heat, flame and smoke made it impossible to get there. I dashed back along Carrall Street to the boarding house; somebody gave me a bucket and a number of us tried to get water from the part of False Creek (now of course filled in and reclaimed) which came right up to Hastings Street East across Pender Street East. But the flames, smoke and heat drove us out. I remember one of the Alcock girls came out of the boarding house with my derby hat on, the only thing of my possessions saved. She had grabbed it from the hall for protection, I suppose, as she rushed out. I noticed some people throwing things down a well in the hope of saving them.

After fighting fire in different places with others, among them the late Harry Hemlow and the late Captain C. Gardner Johnson, eventually near the Carrall Street wharf I came across the late H.O. Bell-Irving, who had a sailboat. His house near the Hastings Mill had escaped the fire. He took me in his sailboat to Hastings, giving me a chance for a swim in Burrard Inlet to get some of the dirt off. My money had been burned in my trunk at the boarding house, but I had \$1.10 in silver in my pocket. Somebody gave me a lunch at Hastings and I got a stage to New Westminster, camped out that night and next morning sent through the bank there for \$23 I had in a bank in Victoria. I forget how I arranged this and how I was identified, and I think I stayed with Dr. Trew, but I remember well going to a ready made clothing store and buying a grey tweed suit, blue necktie, and some underclothes. The coat and waistcoat fitted me well, but the suit had evidently been made for a short man, and unfortunately my long legs were far too long for the trousers, and when I walked over the old Westminster Road (now Kingsway) back to Vancouver I shall always remember the horse laughs some of my friends greeted me with about three inches of my socks which were showing permanently.

I worked as a reporter for the late William Brown who was publishing a small newspaper until Mr. Sorby, the architect, returned from San Francisco with new drawing instruments, etc., and we started again at the plans of the Hotel Vancouver, the original brick building. The plans and tracing had been all ready to turn over to Mr. L.A. Hamilton of the C.P.R. Land Department, but were destroyed in the fire. I did not notice where the fire started, but I attributed it to the piles of brush in the large area from the C.P.R. Depot to Robson Street. Beyond Robson Street westwards to English Bay was pretty much all bush still, but I feel sure that a fire also started from the clearing at False Creek (Roundhouse). My account of the Fire was sent by my parents to the Morning Post, and I was glad to hear from Mayor McLean later that he had received \$500 in response to it for relief purposes.

Allan K. Stewart.

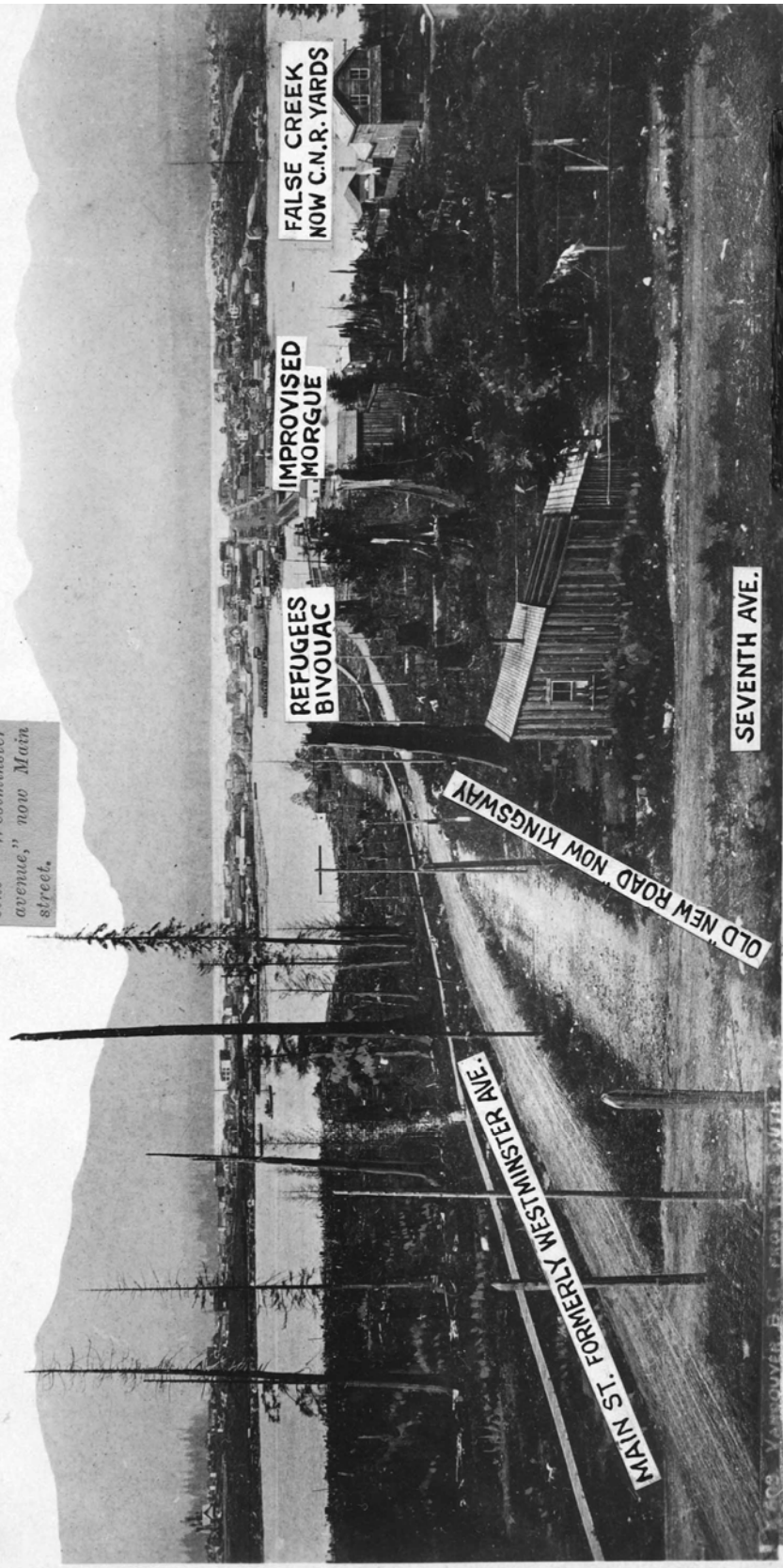


Item # EarlyVan_v2_072

HELP CAME FROM NEW WESTMINSTER.
The old "New Road", and the new
"Westminster Ave", 1890.
(looking down Main St from Kingsway)

Vancouver, from
Seventh avenue,
Mount Pleasant,
1890, showing re-
mains of old "New
Road," now Kings-
way, then a dark,
winding path of
holes betwixt tall
timbers, and down
which the great-
hearted people of
New Westminster
rushed with aid.
Also the more re-
cent "Westminster
avenue," now Main
street.

New Westminster To the Rescue



Item # EarlyVan_v2_073

THE GREAT VANCOUVER FIRE.

In Memoriam—William F. Findlay, pioneer, journalist, sportsman, whose unfinished narrative of the Great Fire is here completed by a lifelong friend, Major J.S. Matthews.

“Fire! Fire!” Those terrorizing shouts of men; ineffaceable even after forty-six years from pioneer memories. No time to think, only to run; to grasp, perhaps, some frightened child, and fly, suffocating, before the raging, racing blast. Vancouver did not *burn*; it was consumed by flame; the buildings melted. Pioneers measure the years by “The Fire”; all that has happened in Vancouver has occurred “before” or “since.”

It was Sunday, the thirteenth. A June dawn broke calm and beautiful on what promised the silent restfulness of God’s holy day, and with the rise of the sun, cool zephyrs from English Bay rustled through the forest beyond Burrard Street—the West End. Midday saw the holocaust; one great flame of fire impelled by fierce wind descended from the heavens and licked all, clean to the soil, into its awful maw. Black night saw the lights of dying embers twinkling in the darkness of a blacker desolation. Another dawn; and—men spoke softly as they moved around a long rude table upon which lay parcels of charred human flesh.

OLD GRANVILLE, LITTLE VANCOUVER.

The Royal Engineers, “Navy Jack,” a few of the earlier pioneers cleared the forest off old Granville; a ragged square boxed in by tall forest walls, and bounded by what is now Cambie, Hastings and Carrall streets—a fourth side was the shore. In the “hollow” nestled our baby city, just rechristened “Vancouver,” nine weeks old, and growing like mad; mostly buildings of bright lumber, but including a shabbier few, a hotel, a saloon, a general store, a tiny church, and a cabin jail, about nine in all, erected in the ‘70s, and ranged crescent shaped along the curve of the muddy beach; once the older “Gastown.” The atmosphere of little Vancouver was one of excitement, hope, energy, eagerness; the wonderful railway was coming, over the high mountains, from Canada; there was going to be a “big town.”

Off to the west, “up on the hill” (above Victory Square) and as far as the forest’s edge (Burrard Street) was the new clearing, the “C.P.R. Townsite,” a dark jungle three months back, but now a disheveled litter of stumps, stones, debris and clearing fires. Closer in (Hastings Street) pyramids of blown roots piled high by honest sweat—no donkey engines in those days—stood ready for burning, and some were already alight. In the distance, flanking Granville Street on both sides as far as Davie Street, a wild disarray of fallen trees, cut down by the “bowling pin” method, the larger sweeping down the smaller, ten acres at a time, in one great grand crash, lay tumbled one on another in a vast impenetrable mat many feet thick, and dry as tinder after days in the hot summer sun; an ideal setting for a gigantic fire.

To the eastwards, a fringe of semi-clearing stretched a short distance from Gastown to Hastings Mill; all else was wilderness; Kitsilano, Fairview, Mount Pleasant, Hastings, all lay beneath a green carpet of primeval forest.

A CITY OF FOUR BLOCKS.

Vancouver had no streets; just half a dozen planked roads and some dirt trails. Water Street was largely trestle bridge over a cove of the sea; Cordova Street was corduroy; the new street, Hastings, not long since a sinuous trail impassable in parts for wagons, was now four blocks long (Main to Cambie). The “Old Road” along the shore (Hastings Road, now Alexander Street) west from the Maple Tree to Hastings Mill, Hastings Townsite, and on to the Royal City; the “New Road,” a glorified bridle track, now Kingsway, trailed off from Carrall Street, crossed Columbia Street diagonally, and squirmed through the stumps to a narrow wooden bridge, our only bridge, crossing False Creek (Main Street).

That the Great Fire started in the C.P.R. clearing is well known; it matters little where, and then, too, opinion is so very diverse. Listen, whilst those who saw, tell the story.

“Cordova Street was not really stumped before the fire,” relates a venerable pioneer of ‘84, “between Abbott and Cambie Street a few shacks and a pigsty hid in the bushes. They had been blowing stumps up on the ‘C.P.R. hill.’ At quitting time the powdermen of the blasting gang applied their torches to the fuses; quite a sight followed; roots skyrocketing, and noise! Just like a bombardment; we used to stand on Water Street and watch.

"The morning of the fire you could see nothing for smoke. The whole of the hill above Cambie Street had been on fire for weeks before that; I spent the Sunday morning fighting the fire above the corner of Cambie and Cordova streets; it was gaining on us, so I went down to the saloons and suggested that the men had better come out and help.

"The wind increased. Chunks of flaming wood as big as my leg were flying clear over us. We did our best, but at last it crossed Cordova Street, where the Sterling Hotel is now; there was no time to lose. I gathered up a mother and two children from a shack in the lane behind, and started east, but all Water Street was ablaze, so we scurried west, down to the old float, the Moodyville landing" (below Spencers Limited) "and waded out in the water. The tide drifted a raft near me; I grabbed it. The frantic mother said something about throwing her child in the sea, that she would rather see it drown than burn; the flames were coming right over us. Then a brave little tug came right in and towed us out; gallant men they were. The hulk *Robert Ker* finally sheltered us."

A NEW THEORY.

But some say this is not the whole story; that all invisible behind its own screen of smoke, a greater fire, a mile away, was being driven under the combined forced draft of windstorm and terrific upward suction of air common to bush fires, into a fury, and was dropping flaming brands into the tinderous debris "up on the hill"; the fiery attack on the hapless town was coming from front and flank.

"The fire broke away down near Drake Street before ten o'clock; I was there and saw it," asserts a pioneer eye-witness. "We were building the road bed for the railway from Carrall Street to the proposed roundhouse site, and the ground above the site was being cleared. I saw the fire was getting dangerous, and immediately put some of our men—they volunteered—to help fight the fire, cautioning them that, if it got away from where it was semi-cleared, they were not to attempt to fight it, or they would lose their lives."

FIRE SWEEPS DOWN (NOW) GRANVILLE STREET.

"Shortly after noon the fire got out of control; it gained such momentum as to completely obscure the sky; the air was just one mass of fiery flame driven before a southwest gale. We never heard again of our three gallant volunteers; sterling men of splendid character; they must have perished; their bodies were never found. The remainder of our men were forced out of our camp on the shore just west of the present Cambie Street bridge, and driven into False Creek, where some Indians in canoes rescued them.

"I hurried down to our little office where the North Vancouver ferry now stands, and had been there but a few moments when a rabble of people rushed by. I walked a few yards up to 'Gassy Jack's,' but before I got there the 'Sunnyside' across the street was a mass of flame, and before I could get back to the office I had just left that too was afire; I saved nothing.

"I waded out into the water between Carrall and Columbia streets. The heat was so intense we gasped for breath. Close to the surface of the sea was a cooler strata of air; we held our mouths close to the surface, and breathed that; it saved us."

FIRE JUMPS "MAPLE TREE SQUARE."

"One huge flame, a hundred feet long, burst from the Deighton Hotel, leaped 'Maple Tree Square,' and swallowed up the buildings where now stands the Europe Hotel; the fire went down the old 'Hastings Road'" (Alexander Street) "faster than a man could run. Two iron tires and some ashes was all that was left of man, horse and cart which perished in the middle of Carrall Street."

"NEW WESTMINSTER FOREVER."

"The greatheartedness of the people of New Westminster is an imperishable recollection. Young men on horseback raced up and down the streets of the Royal City shouting that Vancouver had been destroyed, and its people without food and covering. Housewives hurriedly put up food; the Hyack Fire Brigade collected it. Towards sundown came a galloper through a slit in the forest, the 'New Road'—the 'Old Road' was blocked by fire—saying that help was following. His Worship Mayor MacLean sent messengers to where the people were huddled together for the night that they were to assemble at the south end of the False Creek bridge." (Near C.N.R. Depot.)

A SAD SPECTACLE.

"Then followed what was probably the sorriest procession Vancouver ever saw. No tears, no whimpering, only the stern visages of hungry men, women and children who had lost all, garbed in such as they wore when they first ran, with faces black with sweat and charcoal, straggling in groups through the darkness of that rough old bush trail along the shore.

"At midnight two wagon loads of eatables arrived; fried eggs between slices of bread, or hard boiled in a soda can for protection. By the feeble light of lantern or candle, the weaker were served first; the men got what was left; at dawn another wagon arrived."

GOD BLESS THE SAILORS.

"Many persons were burned; of bandages there were none. A single telephone ran from New Westminster to Onderdonk's camp at Port Moody, and by it went the news. Four sailors from some ship, with splendid acumen, immediately set out in a rowboat with medical supplies, and reached the bivouac after midnight, hungry and exhausted after their long pull. All eatables had been consumed, but amongst the debris of empty boxes a missed parcel was found. Between the sandwiches was a little note in a woman's writing, saying that it was 'very little, but all I have.' The sailorman turned to the east, and with hand raised in supplication, implored the Almighty to bless the people of New Westminster, and never suffer upon them such tribulation as surrounded him; a sort of thing you don't expect from a rough sailorman, and in the middle of the night.

"A few boards made a rude table in a shed at the other end of the bridge, and into this improvised morgue, feebly lit by candlelight, the procession of distracted in search of their loved ones, the bearers with their dead, sorrowfully came and went. At sunrise, twenty-one parcels of charred fragments—not bodies—each with a pinned note telling where it was picked up, lay on that table."

NUMBER WHO PERISHED NEVER KNOWN.

"The fire occurred at a time when families were scattered. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon; the midday meal was over, the children at Sunday school, youth abroad seeking pleasure, older folks, many of them new arrivals exploring their future home. Then, with relentless swiftness, and the fury of a blast furnace, a great tongue of flame swept down on a people directly in its path; each person flew for his own life. One building escaped, the Regina Hotel." (Southwest corner of Water and Cordova streets.)

"How many perished will never be known. Two weeks later, a building operations disclosed, beneath a part burned mattress, the remains of one poor fellow who had sought its protection; his grave is on Hastings Street, near the City Hall. Three bodies, evidently strangers, father, mother and child, were recovered, their clothing unharmed, from a shallow well of water near the present Police Station; they had suffocated. A skeleton found two decades later was identified, by a watch, as of the fire. It was the burning gum and pitch, with its bitter black smoke as suffocating as burning oil, which made the fire so terrible; death by suffocation was the awful fate of some."

"I was a girl then," recalls a lady, "the fire was coming at a terrific rate; I raced to my skiff, and hurried home, but had scarce got as far as Deadman's Island when all was gone. It was a grand but awful sight."

The embers of our first city were still smouldering when the present one arose. Sunday saw ruin; Monday the yellow scantlings stood a harmonizing colour in a black desert; "Raised from the Ashes in Three Days" read the sign on the old "C.P.R. Hotel" (afterwards Northern) on Hastings Street.

Historic Gastown vanished; nothing remained save its soul; save the spirit of resolute men and courageous women. How was it rebuilt? By faith, and the character of its people. Out of the dust of "the village at the entrance" (to Burrard Inlet)—Col. Moody so alludes to it in 1863—rose our world port; a metropolis of beauty and of culture, of gallant men and graceful women, of green lawns and monumental edifices, the beautiful well governed home of an enlightened and humane people.

What good purpose; it must have had some great purpose; the Great Fire served, what grave lesson it taught—perhaps steeled by ordeal to speed us on to better things—none may know save He who knoweth all; even when a sparrow fall.

The Last 400

ENGRAVED on the time-scarred tablet of Vancouver's history are hundreds of names on which the present-day metropolis has been built—names whose every syllable conjures up a deed of bravery, fortitude, or—humor.

Now these names join that other popular roll of honor conducted by The Province, and are blazoned forth for all B.C. to see in The Sunday Province Magazine Section. The last four hundred—those who came “before THE fire.” Those who were here when a city was swept out of existence beneath their very eyes—those who labored long and hard to rebuild it on the smoking ashes of itself.

Many of these pioneers tell their own story—stories filled with everything that goes to make up the drama and pathos and laughter of life. Read about them in this week's Sunday Province Magazine Section—is your name, or the name of a relative, in the roll of honor?

And we still have pioneers today—pioneers of the airways. Tom Corless is one of these, and George Cross tells of his breathtaking adventures with a rapid-fire of syllables and sentence recording modern history.

Then there is romance of the woods in the tale of Gray Owl, friend of every animal—romance of politics and war in the record of Carla Jenssen, spy extraordinary—romance of the sea in Boyd Cable's story of sailing ships—romance of people on the page of excursions into the world of men and women—romance of reading all the way through this issue of the Sunday Magazine.

THE SUNDAY PROVINCE MAGAZINE SECTION
“Every Line Interesting”

TALES OF OLD VANCOUVER.

By Major J.S. Matthews.

Illustrations.

1. The Scroll of Founders—the Last Four Hundred.
2. The Birthplace of our City. A dockless waterfront.
3. A forest giant near Hotel Vancouver.

Can it be true, or is it but a dream; this story of our pioneers? Is it that men—and women—still walk who saw the shadeless forest where blinks the red and green of traffic signals; who knew the silent solitude where shines the blaze of neon signs?

MEN WHO MATCHED OUR MOUNTAINS.

Who were these men; these men of simple tastes, simple clothes, who feared God, honoured the King, and had empires in their brains? They came silently, sans music, sans heralds, sometimes in a rowboat; men of peace, reason, justice; no sword was drawn, no blood is on our name. With cool, quiet courage they—and their wives—hacked out a clearing for a garden on the shore. May we, and our work, we who have come after to the completion of their great dreams, have found favour in their sight.

The creation of our city, carved out of the depths of dark primeval forest, was an achievement unequalled in the annals of the human race. There is no tale in the great chronicle of human endeavour which provides a more romantic, inspiring story; its vast significance is not fully recognized; we are too close to the event.

A RETROSPECT.

For aeons our land had lain in motionless repose, a silent thing, an empty space, hidden beneath an interminable green forest spreading on and beyond, and through which, at wide intervals, the white tips of snowcapped ranges broke like the foaming crests of waves breaking in green seas; the shores concealed a thousand coves, a thousand fiery paradises, framed in green; the air was fragrant in its purity. Then into the "Great Silence" came "The Builders," a strange race with white faces, and soon there came the railway.

The railway made Canada whole; linked up the loose ends of an empire, changed the gyrations of world trade. The recurrence of consequences so momentous to the human race, born or unborn, is unlikely. The great epoch of colonization, commencing with Columbus and his few, has ended with the settlement of the last great wilderness; the world's most youthful city may be its last.

Such is the epitome of a grand story which will yet enchant the coming generations.

HISTORICAL PRELUDE.

Captain Vancouver's Journal: "About noon," (13 June 1792) "we were met by about fifty Indians in canoes," ... "presented us with fish, cooked and undressed," ... "examined the colour of our skins with great curiosity."

Col. Moody, Royal Engineers, 25 January 1863: "Memo for Capt. Parsons, R.E. I wish Corporal Turner and party to proceed to Burrard Inlet to revise posts for town near entrance," ... "survey lands between such point and the village which has been laid out en bloc."

ENGLISH BAY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Sir William Van Horne, vice president, C.P.R., 14 March 1885: "Owing to the extreme force of the tide in the First Narrows, the entrance to Burrard Inlet for large steamships will be almost impracticable, and from investigations made it seems that English Bay must be utilized as the main harbour" ... "the construction of docks, etc., will involve extensive tracts of level ground for terminal sidings and yards, and the only ground suitable is that on the naval reserve." (Jericho golf course.)

OUR FIRST MAYOR'S PROPHECY.

His Worship Mayor M.A. MacLean (own handwriting, 1886): "One hardly dares conjecture what marvels fifty years may work in the wilderness. Half a century is but a little while; even a quarter of a century has wrought amazing results."

MEMORIES OF "GASTOWN." (Year indicates year of arrival in "Gastown.")

Gather nearer, close around the circle. Harken as each pioneer family tells the tale of days of long ago.

Mrs. Ruth Morton, 1884 widow, John Morton, Vancouver's first resident (1862): "Mr. Morton was anxious to show me the white sand on a beach" (English Bay) "but the only rowboat was leaky. While I was waiting on the beach at the foot of Carrall Street I watched a sow digging clams, and a crow hopping along near her, making a meal on the stray bits."

Joseph Morton, John Morton's only son: "Father and I were walking near where now stands the Marine Building when he said to me, 'Do you see that knoll; that's where we built our cabin.'"

Alexander McLean, 1858: "The high water flooded our Pitt River land, so we boarded the sloop again, and went in search of dry land on which to farm; we cruised all around where Vancouver now is, and up as far as Port Moody."

H.S. Rowlings, 1868: "The trail from 'Gastown'" (Carrall Street) "to Hastings would accommodate pedestrians only. I hauled logs with oxen down Gore Avenue, also out of the Park at Broughton Point, had a logging camp at Greer's Beach, and another on Granville Street at False Creek."

Rev. C.M. Tate, 1872: "The Indian church at the foot of Abbott Street was on a lot washed by the waters of Burrard Inlet; hence it was very convenient for the Indians, and also for the preacher's boat, as the only means of getting about."

John Strang, 1873: "There were seven white families in Gastown and six in Moodyville. Jerry Rogers had three logging camps; one on Cordova Street, one at Greer's Beach," (Kitsilano) "and headquarters at Jericho."

Hugh E. Campbell, 1886: "'Navy Jack,' Bill Cordiner, and the Sullivans helped to clear the forest back of Water Street off old Granville."

Otway Wilkie, 1883: "We" (party surveying line for railway from Port Moody) "reached 'Gastown' on Christmas Day 1884—in a snowstorm."

C.E. Pittendrigh, 1876: "I shot deer and grouse where the city of Vancouver now stands."

Mrs. J. Cronin, 1883: "I came by Hastings Road; a mere horse trail through the woods."

George Cary, 1884: "Many a night, as I lay in my bed in my front room in Tom Cyrs' Granville Hotel on Water Street, I have heard the deer's hoofs go tap, tap, tap on the board sidewalk beneath. The deer up in the C.P.R. Townsite" (Granville and Hastings streets) "got used to the men slashing, and became fairly tame."

D. Sutherland, 1882: "There was a mud road where Water Street is; a rough trail ran to the" (False) "Creek about Carrall Street. Cordova Street and Hastings Street were heavily timbered."

Capt. F.R. Glover: "A walk from Water Street to Pender Street at high tide usually meant wet feet; at extreme high tide the waters of the inlet and the creek almost flowed into one another."

W.H. Gallagher, 1886: "Carrall and Water streets had the stores; Cordova was residential."

L.A. Hamilton, 1885 (who laid out our streets): "I cannot say that I am pleased with the original planning of Vancouver; the work was beset with many difficulties; the dense forest, the inlet on the north, the creek on the south, a registered plan on the east, another on the west, and old Granville in the centre. Then I had to make the principal streets lead northerly and southerly to a large block of land south of False Creek. I planned all the streets leading westerly" (from Burrard Street) "so that they would run without a jog, but one owner determined to fight in the courts to prevent any change in the registered plan, and I was able to give continuous line on alternate streets only."

"The corner post, with nail in centre of top, from which the survey of Vancouver commenced, was planted with a certain amount of ceremony at the corner of Hastings and Hamilton streets. Those whom I recall with me were Commodore C. Gardner Johnson, John Leask, first city auditor, Jack Stewart, now Major-General Stewart, and Louis ... chief axeman."

Richard Trodden, 1884: "I helped to lay the first plank sidewalk on Hastings Street."

THE GREAT FIRE, 13 JUNE 1886.

Edward Cook, 1886: "The force and heat of the flame was terrific; those who did not dash off in the first five minutes were burned to a crisp."

J.A. Mateer, 1885: "We had no water supply other than wells." "The famous Maple Tree was destroyed in the fire."

H.T. Devine, 1886: "For two or three days we camped in the middle of Abbott Street."

A.M. Whiteside: "I saw the fire from New Westminster, in the sky."

Theo. Bryant, 1878: "A big cloud of dark smoke drifting over Sumas Mountain indicated a big fire somewhere; there were no telephones in those days."

A.K. Stuart, 1884: "Mayor MacLean told me later that my story to the London *Morning Post* brought him \$500 for relief purposes from that paper."

Dr. H.E. Langis, 1884: "My poor skeleton," mourned Dr. Langis, whose anatomical specimen was found beneath the ruins of his office, "do you know what they said when they picked it up. Well, they said, 'This poor fellow must have been sick before he died; look, his bones are all wired together.'"

Geo. R. Gordon, 1886: "What rebuilt it?" (Vancouver) "Why, faith; we'd nothing else; all we had left was our debts."

Peter Gonzales, 1877: "I still bear the scars of that disastrous fire."

Geo. L. Schetky, 1886, member, Vancouver Volunteer Fire Brigade: "That reminds me of the bush fire at the corner of Howe and Pender streets, where Father Clinton lost his hat. We got back about three in the morning, and found the women had turned out with hot coffee and sandwiches; that was the start of the 'Coffee Brigade'; the women always turned out after that."

Mrs. McGovern: "Grown men, the silly things, would race across the street to see the train come in; they had never seen one. Father used to assure them it was quite safe to go on board."

Dr. "Bob" Mathison, Kelowna, 1886: "I was printer on Vancouver's first newspaper, the *Herald*."

Mrs. S.W. Handy, 1884: "My step-father, Jas. Southam, then late British Navy, put his land script on 150 acres of what is now Stanley Park."

James McWhinnie, 1878: "Jericho! Oh, that was a little cove, first known as 'Jerry's Cove'; Jerry Rogers had a logging camp there."

John McDougall, 1878: "I built the wagon road" (now Kingsway) "in 1884; later I cleared the forest off 440 acres west of Burrard Street."

Mrs. J.Z. Hall, daughter of Sam Greer of Greer's Beach, and whose early home stood on the site of the present Kitsilano bathhouse: "A two-plank sidewalk led from our front door to the sandy beach; beyond the picket gate was a log we used to tie our boats to. Along the beach were a few bushes, above Cornwall Street the enormous trees were very dense. Our cows pastured in the swamp behind. It was a fairy dell on a silent shore."

Mrs. Percy Nye: "The Simpsons built the first bathing pavilion at English Bay; a bit of a shack; I built the second, out of bits of boards and driftwood; I was just a girl. I charged five cents for individuals, and ten cents for families; saved the nickels and bought a watch."

Many pioneers of 1886: "Good old black Joe Fortes, bartender, shoeshine and man of jobs at the 'Sunnyside'; one of the only two men to whom Vancouver has erected a monument."

Wm. Walton, 1885: "After the fire I built a shack on the island in Coal Harbour. One day I came home, and found someone had buried a Chinaman near, and about a month later they planted another dead man near my house. I said to my partner, 'I'm going to get out of this, this is a regular dead man's island.' 'Good name for it,' he replied. When the Chinese riots took place they wanted me for a witness, but I had gone to my island to look at some traps I had set for coon. They asked my partner where I was. He said, 'Deadman's Island.' They said, 'Where's that?' He told them, and the name stuck."

Geo. L. Allen, 1885: "'Cambie Street' was undoubtedly our first playground, and before Stanley Park, too. Al Larwell was honorary caretaker, the city's first. A fine man, strict, but the boys loved him just the same."

Geo. H. Keefer, 1885: "When it became known that we were surveying for water to be brought across the inlet we were thought to be just a little queer. How water could be brought across the foaming tides of the First Narrows was a bit of a puzzler for some who drew their water from wells."

Philip Oben, 1887: "Chief Joe Capilano, who was my guide, told me I was the first white man to penetrate to the headwaters of the Capilano River. I was sent to find out where the river came from. Joe and I came out on Howe Sound."

Jas. A. Smith, 1888: "I was lost in the forest. I slid down a steep cliff; it must have been Strathcona, above the Quilchena golf course."

H.P. McCraney, 1885: "John Clough, the official street lamplighter, had been appointed, at \$30 per month, to light the coal oil lamps on the street lamp posts, but people were tired of coal oil and candles, so we started the electric light plant; the street lights were 32 candle power, little 'glowworms.'"

"The first street car track I laid on Granville Street, just above Pacific Street—on the level, so that the horses would have an easy start when they commenced to pull."

Capt. Percy Nye, 1890: "I was walking up the board sidewalk on Granville Street, when I saw a woman in white coming through the bushes Howe Street way. She called, 'Is my boy under there?' Granville Street was road on one side only; the other was a hollow, and the boardwalk elevated about six feet on stilts. I jumped down and peeped under the sidewalk into a boy's play shack made out of boards, and lined with newspapers. I often wonder what distinguished citizen of today had his 'pirate's den' under the boardwalk opposite the Hudson's Bay store."

Mrs. H.E. Campbell, 1890: "Someone cried, 'Oh, look, come look.' We all rushed to the window. It was a woman crossing the field where now is the airport; women were rare morsels in those days."

A.C. Muir, Comox, 1884: "Vancouver newspapers continually report me as one of the 'pioneer dead.' Now just who may they be?"

W.E. Graveley, 1885: "Yes, Mayor MacLean was a man of broad vision, generous to a fault, and a man of whom Vancouver might well be proud to have had for its first mayor. Many of our first aldermen, too, were distinguished men of great heart and understanding."

Our first mayoress, Mrs. M.A. MacLean, 1886: "The lovely flowers sent by his Worship Mayor Taylor and the City Council are a constant source of pleasure. This gracious message on my 84th birthday has so greatly added to the happiness of the occasion."

AND OUR CITY IS THEIR MONUMENT.

THE FIRST STATIONERY STORE IN GRANVILLE. THOS. R. PEARSON.

"My first employment was in the office of the Paymaster of the Government Surveys, became chief clerk in February 1878, and retained this position until the office was abolished and the C.P.R. route determined.

"Next went in the stationery and fancy goods business in New Westminster, and became B.X. Express agent. In those days conditions were very different to what they are now. I used to attend to my own business from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. after which I did up the express and frequently packed as much gold upon my back as I could stagger under down to the wharf at all hours of the night and no street lights in those days, but it was never molested. Would not get far with it these days, eh?

"I can remember upon returning from a trip my wife and I had to take a canoe to get from old Gastown to English Bay where my father-in-law Mr. C.G. Major and family were in their summer camp.

"At the time of the fire I had a place of business adjoining the old Granville Hotel and had some \$7,000.00 worth of goods burned upon which there was no insurance."

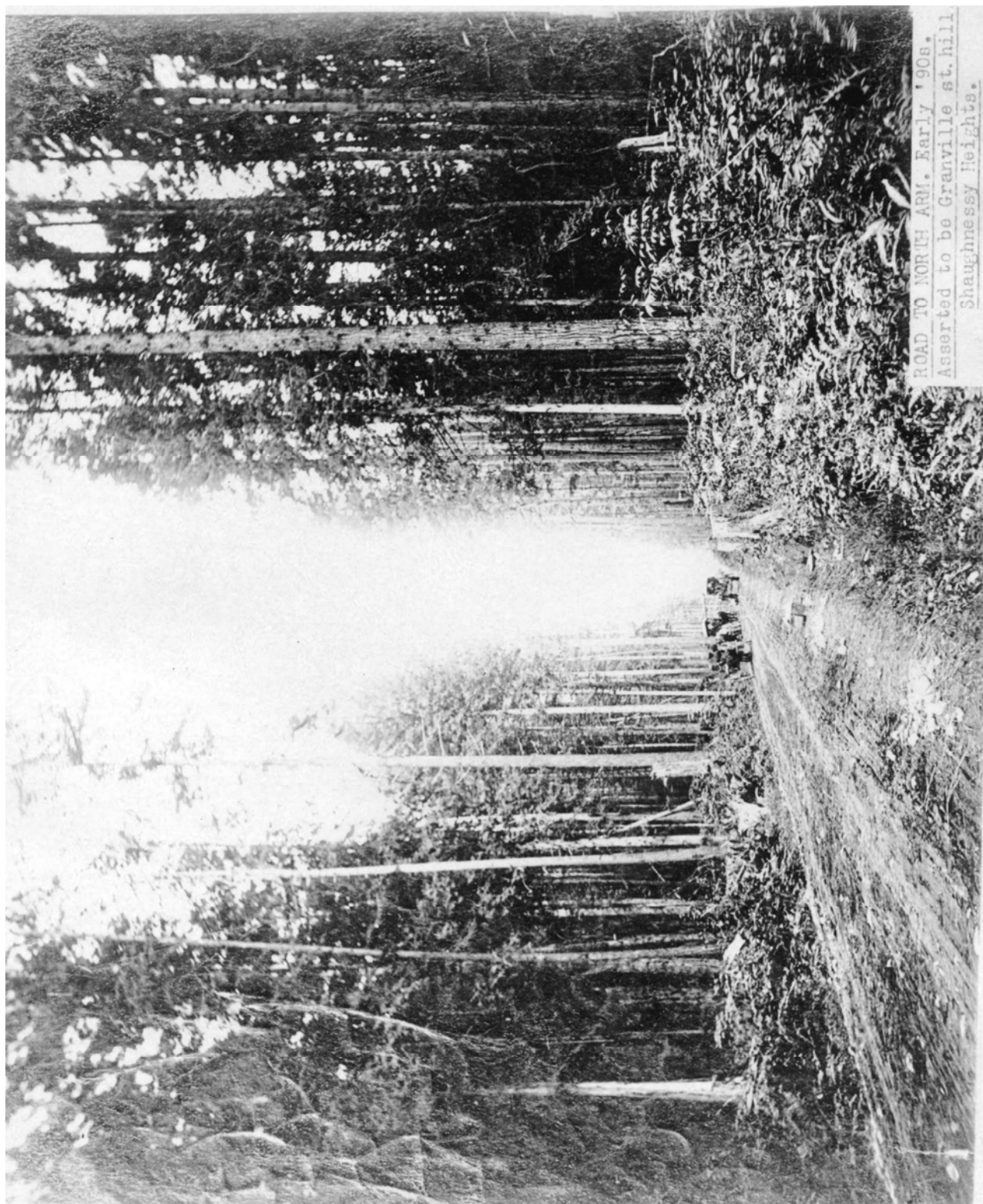
Thos. R. Pearson, New Westminster, 1932.

(Note: it was from this stationery store that W.H. Gallagher bought the pad of plain paper, pen and ink, with which our City Council first started to record its proceedings; all presumed to have been burned in the fire.)

EARLY TRAILS. ENGLISH BAY CAMPERS, 1882. C.G. MAJOR.

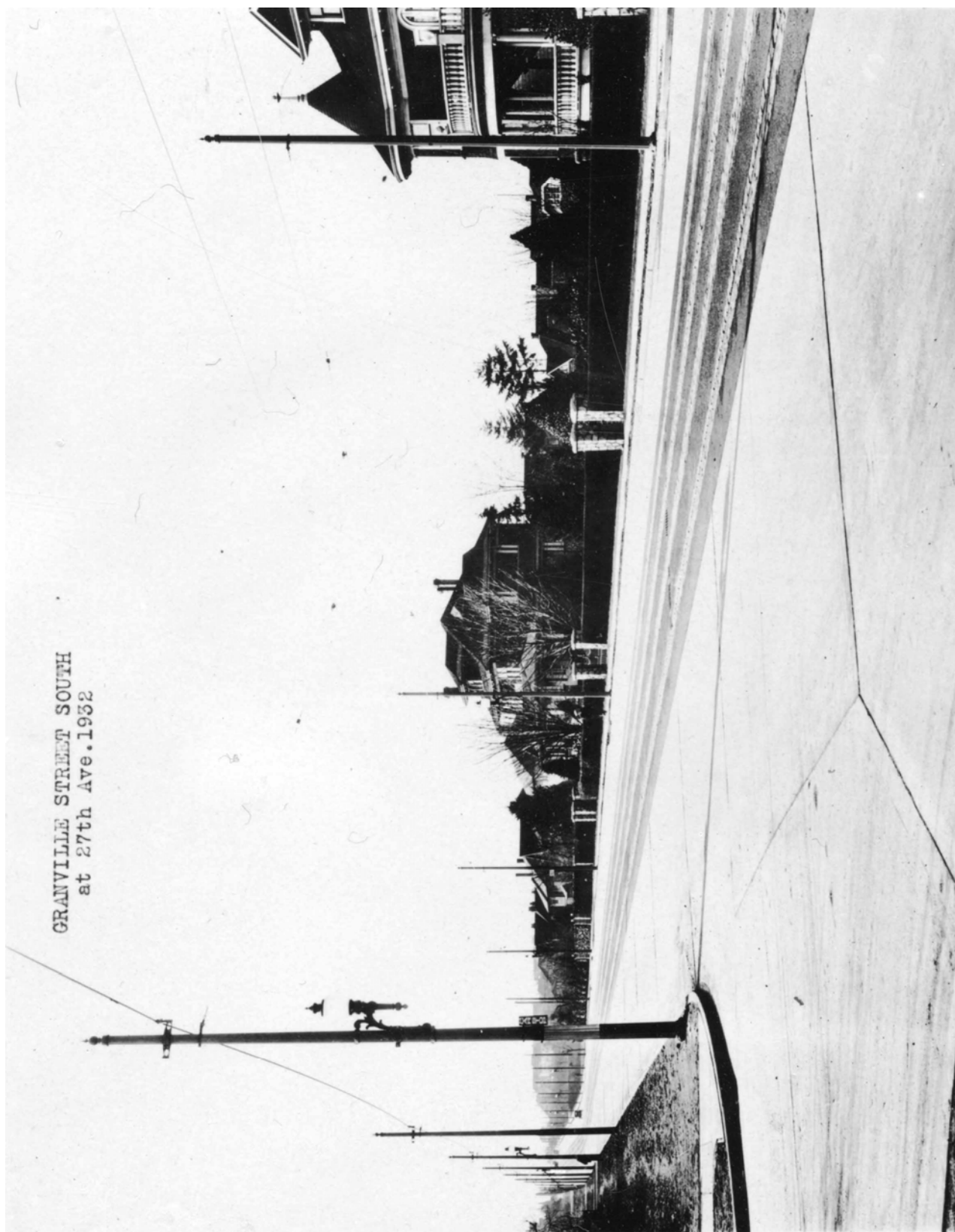
"In 1882, I along with my parents, camped on the property now owned by the City on English Bay. This property is where the bandstand and little park is, just back of the bathing beach. My father owned this property and afterwards sold it to the city. The only way we could get in to what is now the main part of the City of Vancouver was to go by canoe or boat through the Narrows or up False Creek to about where the C.N.R. Depot now stands, and then walk through a trail to the one business street. There was a trail through by Coal Harbour at that time which at times was not passable. One sister, Mrs. T.R. Pearson, is the only other member of the family" (see above) "beside myself who was there at that time. Of course, I was pretty young at that time, fifty years ago."

H.C. Major, Official Administrator, New Westminster, 1932.



ROAD TO NORTH ARM. Early '90s.
Asserted to be Granville st. hill.
Shaughnessy Heights.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_075



Item # EarlyVan_v2_076

THE *HERALD* NEWSPAPER.

"With the passing of Bill Findlay, the last of my staff is gone; he started out with me a year or so before I sold out to Evans and Hastings in 1890. I am the only one left, too, of the printers who worked on Vancouver's first newspaper, the *Herald*."

Dr. Robert Mathison, Kelowna, 1932.

FELLING THE FOREST IN VANCOUVER.

"The trees on the C.P.R. Reserve west of Homer and south of Smythe street, around the C.P.R. Roundhouse way, were cut down in 1887."

James J. Mellard, 1932.

THE *VANCOUVER DAILY NEWS*, NEWSPAPER.

An article on J.H. Ross, now, 1932, of Winchester, Ontario, states that "with his partner, Mr. N. Harkness, published the first daily newspaper, the *Vancouver Daily News*, just two weeks before the fire.

"The harrowing picture of nine charred bodies gathered in one room for identification.

"He left immediately for Victoria where he stayed with his friend Mr. John Robson, afterwards premier of B.C. and through him got a letter of introduction to the publisher of the *Columbian* in New Westminster, and on the third morning after the fire the *Vancouver Daily News* was again being sold on the streets of Vancouver.

"The *News* plant stood where the *Vancouver Province* is now."

NORTH ARM ROAD.

"The North Arm Road, or what is Fraser Street now, was constructed some time after '82. I came in September 1882, and it was after I came. There was a mud road where Water Street is. Cordova and Hastings streets were heavily timbered, and there was a rough road running out to" (Carrall Street now) "False Creek."

D. Sutherland, McGuire, P.G.E. Ry, 1932.

JERICO.

"When Vancouver was burned I was working at Jericho for the late A.C. Fraser, lumberman."

James Springer, Powell River, 1932.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN W. STEWART, C.B.

"Was present with Mr. L.A. Hamilton at the driving of the first survey stake, corner of Hamilton and Hastings streets."

INDIAN CHURCH.

"In 1875, when the Rev. Thomas Derrick succeeded Rev. James Turner, we built an Indian church on the same lot which was washed by the waters of Burrard Inlet, hence it was very convenient for the Indians who came from all parts of the inlet in their canoes, and also for the preacher's boat as the only means of getting about amongst their parishioners."

Rev. C.M. Tate, 4 April 1932.

TRAILS.

"In 1877, with a friend of mine, hired an Indian to take us from Port Moody to Gastown in his canoe, walking back to New Westminster through the timber."

Dan Callaghan, Port Haney, 24 May 1932.

MOODYVILLE TICKLER, FIRST NEWSPAPER.

"I have a copy, Vol. 1 No. 1 of the *Moodyville Tickler*, pioneer newspaper of Burrard Inlet, 20 July 1878. Price 50 cents per copy."

Mrs. H.A. Christie, 1932.

DOUGLAS ROAD.

"June 1883 to Granville by horse stage over Douglas Road, a mere horse trail through the woods. It was then a small place of one short street, a sawmill and logging village."

Mrs. C. Cronin, née Blackstock, May 1932.

GREAT FIRE, 1886.

"Those who did not dash away within the first five minutes were overcome and burnt to a crisp in the streets; others when too late to escape jumped down into wells, but were found suffocated and burnt."

"A team of horses, delivery wagon and man driver attempting to pass through Hastings Street where the Holden Block" (City Hall) "now stands, were overcome and lost; all that remained was the iron tires and the ashes."

Edward Cook, 5937 Sperling Avenue, 14 May 1932.

REAL ESTATE, FALSE CREEK.

"Wishing to see some lots of False Creek one day was advised by the agent to get there at low tide."

"On the day of the fire, Mr. Lambert, a friend, was burned to death in the Burrard Hotel, just completed."

T. Fred Clulow, Shushartie Bay, 1932.

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHER.

"We came here in April 1886, and started a photo gallery. Whilst not the first to start before the fire was the only one to start the morning after; all the old photos of Vancouver are taken by me."

Harry T. Devine, 1932.

BORN ON FALSE CREEK, 1874.

"I was born on False Creek, 15 June 1874. My father, John Elliot, was working in a logging camp at False Creek and Jericho. He moved to Nanaimo in 1879."

Geo. Elliot, New Westminster, May 1932.

A.H. FERGUSON.

"My father came to the Pacific Coast in 1877, and recalled the time when Vancouver had only six or seven houses. He told us about coming across the body of a woman while walking down one of the paths who had lost her life, and her body was burned to a crisp where she had fallen while trying to escape the fire."

"He was steamboating, and helped to carry the people across to Moodyville."

Mrs. Basil Irvine, New Westminster, March 1932.

CAPT. GEO. RUDLIN.

"I was a member of the crew of the tugboat *Grappler* with headquarters on Burrard Inlet in 1874. Our skipper was Capt. Geo. Rudlin, afterwards with the C.P.R. on the triangular run." (The much respected Capt. Rudlin of the old *Charmer*.)

John Flewin, Government Agent, Port Simpson, 1888-1907.

JERICHO LOGGING CAMP.

"During the fire of 1886, my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard, were living near what is now called Jericho Beach, where Mr. Gerrard was engaged in logging for the Hastings Mill Co. They arrived in Granville on 8 August 1885."

Minnie D. McTaggart, Vancouver, March 1932.

BIRTH AT MOODYVILLE.

"My husband's people had a ranch at Moodyville. When my husband was born, his father Herman Haggman sailed the inlet one stormy night and rode on horseback to New Westminster. He had to prevail upon the doctor there to return with him, and it was a ride somewhat like that of John Gilpin for the doctor left his hat upon the road. Mr. Haggman had to prevail upon him to enter the sailboat for the storm had not abated. They reached the other side safely, but too late. An Indian woman had been his guide into the world."

Catherine C. Haggman, New Westminster, May 1932.

THE GREAT FIRE AND STANLEY PARK.

"My step-brother and myself were going up Water Street where the Sunnyside was built, when the people started to holler 'Fire' and run, so we turned and raced for our skiff; the fire was coming at an awful rate from the C.P.R. Townsite. I lived with my step-father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Southam; my name was Sarah Emily Bullock.

"My step-father put his scrip on 150 acres of land that is Stanley Park. My mother came out from England on the ship *Robert Low* with Mrs. David Spencer, Sr. Mr. James Southam, my step-father, had served in the Royal Navy and was given scrip; Stanley Park at that time was just government land.

"I got into my skiff and started home, but had only got as far as Deadman's Island when everything was gone; it was a grand but awful sight."

Mrs. S.W. Handy, Cascade, B.C., April 1932.

SPRATT'S OILERY.

"Was built by Spratts of Victoria in 1875." - F.H. Holt, 1932.

Note: see docket on W.R. Lord, who says (26 August 1933) that it was originally built by Andrew Rusta but taken over and reconstructed by Spratts.

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN VANCOUVER.

"My mother was the mother of the first white child born in Vancouver after incorporation, a daughter, afterwards married, now dead." (Both wrong.)

Frank A. Jackson, son of Mrs. John W. Jackson, jeweller.

(Note: Mrs. D.R. Reid says her child, Alexander Campbell Reid, was the first.)

Neither are correct. See Margaret Florence McNeil, 27 April 1886.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION.

"The C.P.R. General staff was at Port Moody, except for Mr. Cambie who was then chief engineer for the Pacific Coast construction, and in charge of the line construction from Port Moody to Vancouver. He had his office at Hastings." (Major General) "J.W. Stewart and H.B. Smith, one of Mr. Cambie's assistant engineers, who went east soon after the line was completed."

Paul Marmette.

DOCTOR BECKINGSALE. GREAT FIRE.

"Dr. Beckingsale ran back to his house to rescue his wife's jewels, but when he got a safe distance, he found it was a hatchet he had rescued instead of his wife's jewels."

Mrs. Thos. Whipple, May 1932.

(Mrs. D.R. Reid says, "two hatchets.")

GEO. WAGG. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION.

"Came to Nanaimo coal mines in September 1882 by way of Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington, Northern Pacific Railway under construction from east end and west end, a gap of 800 miles between the two ends. I walked; it took 30 days about. Stayed at Granville Hotel, foot of Carrall Street Christmas 1882; afterwards went to Port Moody and helped to discharge 300 miles of railroad iron which had come out from England."

Geo. Wagg, 1932.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION. VANCOUVER AND PORT MOODY.

"Arrived Gastown summer of 1883. Was with Rogers on preliminary survey of C.P.R. from Port Moody, reached Hastings on survey on Christmas Day 1884 and worked all day on line in a snowstorm." "Party camped in Geo. Black's Hotel" (Brighton Hotel) "at Hastings."

Otway Wilkie, Westminster, 1932.

GRANVILLE. HOTELS.

"I arrived in New Westminster in 1865, but it was probably ten years after that I saw Gastown. There was three hotels: Deighton's, Sunnyside, and Joe Mannion's; one grocery store and Chinese wash house, and lock-up."

DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

"I have seen a lot of different stories of how Deadman's Island got its name. After the fire, when I was burned out, I built a house on the south side of the island. One day when I came back from work I found that someone had buried a Chinaman close to my house. About a month after a man named Underhill was drowned at Hastings Mill, and they planted him close to the house. So I said to my partner, 'I'm going to get out of this; this is a regular dead man's island,' and he said that was a good name to give it, so I moved across the bay and rented a cabin from Procter, and when the Chinese Riots happened they wanted me as a witness. I had gone over to the island to look at some traps I had set for coon, and they asked my partner where I was, and he said, 'Deadman's Island,' and they wanted to know where that was, and he told them, and the name stuck ever since."

Wm. Walton, Port Coquitlam, 1932.

A.M. WHITESIDE, K.C.

"We saw the Great Fire from New Westminster."

A.M. Whiteside, 1932.

EARLY DAYS IN VANCOUVER. MRS. EMILY STRATHIE. MRS. EMILY ELDON.

Manuscript written by Mrs. Emily Eldon, 1150 Alberni Street, at request [of] Major Matthews following conversation at Pioneers Picnic, Newcastle Island, 15 June 1932.

The one redeeming feature of the Great Fire, the anniversary of which the pioneers celebrate each year, is that it impressed indelibly upon the minds of those who lived through it, conditions as they existed at that period of the city's history. Other days may have vanished from our minds, but memories of that event, of Vancouver, its environs, and the people of that day, are as clear now as they were a week after the fire.

WATER STREET BEFORE THE FIRE.

Our little home was on Water Street, facing the sea, and about the middle of the block between Abbott and Cambie streets, almost directly opposite the Methodist church and parsonage. My husband, Mr. Alexander Strathie, a Scotchman, and I were in Winnipeg when, through the North West Mounted Police, we first heard of Vancouver, and started off via Chicago and Seattle. Seattle was a little bit of a place, and I recall wondering, as we approached it by train, how anyone could live in a place like that. We arrived in Victoria in 1885, stayed there a year, there was little use coming on to Vancouver then; there was nothing here for him to do, and in the spring of 1886 we came on to Vancouver.

Water Street was not a street at that time; it could hardly be termed a road for it dipped down to the contour of the old shore, and the two-plank sidewalk from the parsonage to the Deighton Hotel dipped with it.

Rev. Joseph Hall was living in the parsonage at the time of the fire. I knew the Rev. James Turner, and also the Rev. C.M. Tate, the Indian missionary; he just came and went. Two or three little narrow paths led up and down the shore, up the bank of the shore in front of our house; worn by the Indians constantly going backwards and forwards to their canoes on the beach. The shore was littered with big boulders, and kelp; there was no sand.

VANCOUVER'S FIRST TEA ROOM.

My husband engaged in the contracting business; he leased a lot [*Lot No. 2, block 5, O.G.T.*] from Mrs. Mowat, and built a small house, as I have said, facing the sea, and opposite the Methodist church and stable. The little restaurant sometimes referred to by pioneers as mine was not actually a restaurant or café or anything of that sort. What really happened was this.

Before the fire people used to come over from New Westminster; it was a good long drive in a buggy, and sometimes they wanted a cup of tea and something light to eat. There was no place where such could be obtained in Granville; at the hotels there was a bar, and the dining room open at regular hours, or you could buy biscuits at the store, and munch them on the roadway, but there was no place where a person could get a cup of tea and a piece of cake or toast. People used to ask me, before "The Fire" to give them a cup of tea, which I did, at first doing it to oblige them, but it got to be a habit with the people, so I said to Mr. Strathie, who did not care very much for the idea, "I'm going to put in a couple of tables." That was all the restaurant there was to it.

STANLEY PARK BEFORE "THE FIRE."

It had been our custom, my husband's and mine, to take a walk on Sunday afternoons; sometimes, indeed frequently, we went towards the west, along a narrow trail which led from Water Street in the direction of Coal Harbour, and English Bay. The trail led along the top of The Bluff, it ran between what is now Pender Street and Seaton Street, [*Hastings Street West*] passed John Morton's clearing, just a little clearing, less than an acre with a board shack big enough for

two people, and wandered on towards what is now the entrance to Stanley Park. It was a narrow track, lined with bushes so thick and close that it was necessary for a woman to draw in her skirts close around her legs to avoid her clothing being torn.

THE FIRST STANLEY PARK “BRIDGE.”

At almost the exact spot where, first the bridge, and afterwards the present causeway was built, was the narrowest point of Coal Harbour—that was why the bridge was built there—an enormous tree had fallen across Coal Harbour, and its trunk formed the first primitive crossing into our great park, or as we called it then, The Reserve. It was an enormous tree with its roots still attached. Where it came from I don't know, likely blown over, perhaps drifted in. I never saw such tremendous limbs on a tree. Tree and branches rest in the mud and water, which, when the tide was in, was fairly deep. I recall how gingerly we crossed the trunk of that tree, and how my husband used to exclaim, “Now, be careful, don't fall into that water.” I was young then, and enjoyed the scramble across the tree trunk; once on the far side we hopped from boulder to boulder till we got to dry land, and then strolled down the skid roads until it was time to go home again. They were getting shingle bolts out. I rather think it must have interfered with boats and canoes entering the head of Coal Harbour, for it was right in the water.

AN INTERRUPTED JAUNT—THE GREAT FIRE.

Well, on the particular Sunday afternoon of the fire, our midday meal was over, and together with a friend, a Mr. Haslam, we had decided to take our usual tour. There was a lot of smoke about, at that time a more or less continuous condition; we were accustomed to it, but on that day it was particularly bad, and towards two o'clock it became so dense we could hardly see; perhaps that was the reason we wanted to go for a walk, to get out of it for a while. There had been talk that someday or other the great piles of debris of clearing—great pyramids of roots up on the hillside all ready for burning—would take fire, and burn us up. Cordova Street, west of Abbott, and as far as the present C.P.R. station, was being cleared for plowing. The orders were not to set fire to the piles of wood until a wet day, but the ground was everywhere covered with that peculiar kind of brown covering of decayed leaves and wood, common in a forest, and which when dry smoulders like a punk stick. The ground was extremely dry, perhaps someone had dropped a match or cigarette or something; perhaps a bit of fire had been smouldering for a week, and needed nothing other than a wind to set it going as a fire. Anyway, after our meal, Mr. Haslam and Mr. Strathie said they would go off and take a look at the fire while I prepared to go out with them. And off they went.

A BURST OF FIRE.

While Mr. Strathie and Mr. Haslam were away I prepared to go out. We did not indulge in much preparation or dress. Clothes such as one would wear in a city were out of place in Vancouver before the fire. I had on a cheap print dress and slippers, and went upstairs for some purpose. I was also wondering what was keeping my husband and Mr. Haslam so long. To the west of our house, separated by a narrow passage of, perhaps, four or five feet, was a similar house. At our back, on the lane, and facing Cordova Street, was a very pretty house, newly built, newly painted, the property of George Black, and it had recently been elaborately furnished. Surrounding us, particularly across the lane were a good many small trees and bushes, in fact, the new house was built among them. Cordova Street was, of course, opened up, but it could scarcely be called a street.

I had just entered a bedroom, and was standing momentarily, when with astonishing suddenness, a great sheet of flame swept before my eyes down the narrow passageway between our home and the next house; for a moment I was bewildered; it was so startlingly sudden, and more or less mechanically, I suppose, I grasped my husband's hat which lay on the dressing table, and as I slipped out of the room I had but a few seconds earlier entered, the windows crashed in; it was a remarkable experience.

Almost simultaneously, I heard my husband calling from below, “Come quick, come quick,” and then adding, “don't waste any time.” I rushed downstairs and he told me to dash straight across the street; right straight across. Upstairs was a trunk, it contained fine clothes, some jewellery and

treasures, some my husband's, some my own; we kept them in the trunk for the reason that they were quite unsuitable for wear in the rough and ready old Granville; they were proper enough for a city, but not for Granville; too conspicuous altogether. He bolted upstairs, got the trunk and dragged it across the street to where I was waiting on the shore, then over the bank, down the Indian path—one of their little trails—and out onto the wet beach where he deposited the trunk on two good sized boulders.

We were cut off by the fire, there was no escape, neither to the eastward nor to the westward; one thing alone remained, take to the water, and we were not long about it either.

THE LUMBERJACK'S HASTY RAFT.

On the shore were a number of people, including two lumberjacks, and those two lumberjacks certainly were wonderful men, in their great big gum boots up to their hips. Out of the loose lumber near at hand, ready for building a store for a tailor, they and others, made a clumsy raft by placing beams and planks crisscross one upon another, and onto this rickety pile of lumber—no nails or fastenings—it was done in a great hurry, fifteen men and two women scrambled as we pushed it out into deeper water. Mrs. Ben Wilson's father, Mr. Morris, I think that was his name, had gout, or something, anyway he was a cripple and could not use his legs, was placed on the raft, and of course the farther we pushed it out from the shore the deeper it sank for its human load was far too heavy for it, until finally the water was up to Mrs. Ben Wilson's father's neck; he was sitting in the water, the rest of us were in the water up to our middle and each clutching each other, for our foothold was extremely unsteady, and we had to hold on to each other in order to keep upright. Anchored some distance from the shore was one or two dinghies from pleasure boats. We were all clutching to keep on the raft as best we could; Mrs. Ben Wilson was appealing to save her father.

Then my husband said he was going to swim out to one of the dinghies, and take me with him, but I said, "No, you cannot make it," but he said he could, and I said, "No, you go alone, you will never be able to make it with me, we shall both drown." I could not swim.

We tried to push the raft out still further; the fire was all around us, and the flame was coming right over. Then at that moment, a little steam pleasure yacht from Moodyville, I do not know her name, but she was owned by a Capt. Butler, and had just come in the inlet from New Westminster, saw our plight, and by careful, clever manoeuvring—she had to work and worm her way in to avoid the flames—reached us. We got onto her, and I was put in the captain's little pilot house. I was so cold my teeth were chattering, I could scarcely articulate. We were taken down to Andy Linton's wharf, which was a float running well out into the water; there were some boats there, got into those, and rowed out to the hulk *Robert Ker*; we were the second boat load to reach her.

THE ROBERT KER.

At that time the *Robert Ker*, afterwards dismantled, and for many years used as a coal hulk by the C.P.R., was an idle sailing vessel floating at anchor; she was owned by Mrs. E.B. McKelvie's father, Capt. Soule; anyway, she was in charge of a caretaker, employed to prevent theft of her sails and equipment. The first boat load of people to reach the hulk had been refused, so we were told, to be allowed aboard; the stupid man had said he had orders to keep people off; that was what he was paid for, and threats were made to throw him into the water before he could be induced to let the rope ladder down, but when we arrived there the people were aboard; that must have been about three in the afternoon. Once aboard there was nothing to do save stay there. My possessions consisted of my print dress and slippers I stood in, and my husband's hat; my husband lacked a coat. In time the fire dwindled, the excitement calmed down; all that was left of Vancouver was the soil.

RECOVERY OF THE TRUNK.

Towards evening I began to wonder how my trunk had fared. As you know, in June it is light almost until ten o'clock. Then, when I saw the caretaker with a pair of field glasses, I asked for the loan of them. He enquired what I would like to look at. I replied I would like to see where I had

lived. I searched the shore with the field glasses, but no sign of the trunk, so I determined to go in search of it. I got a boat, and a man rowed me over—my husband did not want me to go, so I went away without him knowing, he said it was useless to go over—and just as we reached the shore I saw a couple of Indians coming down the little path I have told you about; one of them, an Indian woman, had a little red and white thing in her hands, a little thing just a few inches long. I recognized it as the pincushion my mother had taught me to make, and it had been in my trunk. I enquired of the Indian woman where she got it, and she replied, “just there,” pointing; she had picked it up floating in the water. The tide had come in. I requested the man who had rowed me over to put his hand down into the kelp; he did so. The first thing he brought up from the bottom was a handful of kelp, and hanging onto the bottom of the kelp was a little black thing which arrested my attention; miraculously it was my little gold locket, burned black by fire. I told the man to keep on. The next thing he brought up was my husband’s silver watch, now in the Vancouver Museum, or your Archives, wherever you are going to put it. I have kept it forty-six years, though as a watch it had been valueless. Further efforts produced nothing save burned fragments of a blouse or a skirt. The locket and watch, being heavy, had probably sunk lower and lower as the clothing burned, and were thus preserved. The locket chain, however, being light had probably remained in the burning clothing, and had melted together. This incident may seem trifling, but it gives people of today some idea of the terrific heat and force of the fire. My trunk was placed so far down on the beach, so far from the bank which was dry land, that it was amongst the kelp, and when retrieved, covered with water the depth of a man’s reach, the heat must have been so intense as not only to complete the destruction of the trunk at a distance, but with such completeness that a metal chain melted together.

Subsequently a Victoria jeweller made the black gold locket as good as new; it was gold, and I have it yet.

As I returned to the *Robert Ker*, I heard shouts, “Here she is”; my husband had said it was “no good” going ashore, and when he missed me became alarmed, and thought I might have fallen overboard.

Note: W.E. Graveley’s metal office sign, bearing their firm name, was placed beside a stump for safety after removal from his office entrance; all that was afterwards found was a lump of metal on the earth. Similar instances are numerous.

How Mrs. Hall [*Rev. Joseph Hall*] and her children got onto the scow I do not know. The Rev. Joseph Hall was away at Eburne preaching, and had the horse with him. He possessed also two cows [*Mrs. J.Z. Hall’s narrative, Early Vancouver, 1931, Matthews.*] Someone opened the stable door, and let them out. One, the big white one, went out in the inlet, and kept swimming in and out from the shore; I recall how she would blow—like a whale—and thus saved herself. A dog—I think he was deaf—did the same thing. The other cow was afterwards found dead across the Indian trail down the bank just west of the stable. It seems to me that the stable was west of the parsonage, and the hall—after it, the hall was built just before the fire—to the east of the parsonage. All were on one lot, they were close together, right in front of our place.

John McLennan’s place was up near the corner of Cambie Street—west of the Carter House; I think Scoullar’s hardware store was east of the Carter House, next door.

REESTABLISHMENT.

The new steamer *Princess Louise* with a lot of Victoria passengers came in the next morning about ten o’clock; she should have been in earlier, but had been delayed. The passengers all went back, of course, to stay in Vancouver was impossible, and I went with them. Mr. Strathie and I talked it over, and decided that I should go to Victoria and try to get things started again; he remained behind to prepare a new home. He admonished me not to stop too long; I said it might take a week. So away I went, my only clothes were my print dress and my slippers; my hair was all loose, those were the days of long hair, and I had lost all my hairpins.

At Victoria I had much to contend with. There were no chartered banks in Victoria at that time, nor in Vancouver; money was deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, and the Post Office

required thirty days notice. I presume the regulations would have been suspended in such circumstances if it had been possible; perhaps they had not the actual coin or notes on hand to meet such a sudden demand. Anyway, I could get no money out of the Post Office Savings Bank, and did not know what to do.

To cut short a long story of bewilderment I will simply state that I was walking up the street when I met Mr. Brown of Brown Bros., the grocers. We knew each other, but I had had no business dealings with them. He stopped and enquired if I was one of the victims of the fire, and I said I was. The outcome was that he said he would try and get me some money, and took me to the private banking firm of "Kishner Green"; no, I don't know how to spell it.

Mr. Brown presented me to a man at the counter whom I had never seen. The man asked, "how much did I want?" I replied, "\$500." I added that while it was very good of Mr. Brown to identify me, at the same time Mr. Brown was almost a stranger to me, knew nothing of my affairs, and that, kind as he was, his identification was of very little real value as he knew nothing of my circumstances, but that if the gentleman at the counter would give me the money I would give him my check for it. He kept looking me up and down, and I kept trembling in my shoes. I was getting quite nervous; fear that I should be refused. Presently he said, "All right, I'll give it to you," I gave him my check, my husband's account and mine were joint.

Some fifty graniteware kitchen utensils were given me, I bought a stove, I got more things and in about seven days returned to Vancouver, carrying among my possessions a much treasured present, a great roast of beef.

A HEROINE OF THE GREAT FIRE
Mrs Alex. Strathie. Water st
Built June 1886, Demolished 1910



No. 113 Water street. Lot 2, Block 5, O.G.T. Erected by Alexander Strathie during week after Great Fire of 1886 on site of former home. Demolished April 1910. See narrative Mrs Alexander Strathie. later Mrs Emily Eldon, "Early Vancouver", Matthews, 1932.

Photo Apr. 1910.

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REBUILDING A HOME AGAIN, ON WATER STREET.

Mr. Strathie was rebuilding when I arrived; a two-storey home, No. 118 Water Street, on our old leased lot on Water Street; the floor was down, the scantling of the frame was up, and part of the siding, perhaps three or four feet, but there was no roof. The Hastings Mill was but a small mill in those days; once every two months or so a sailing ship would come in, her cargo would be ready for her on arrival, and she took some time to load too, but when the great demand for lumber for rebuilding Vancouver was thrown upon them it was beyond their capacity to meet it, so that the lumber was apportioned out, and that was the reason so little progress had been made, during my seven days absence, in the construction of our house.

HASTINGS MILL WHARF.

"Whether the construction of the C.P.R. wharf at the foot of Granville Street had been started or not I am not sure; certain I am that it was not being used. Hence I went down to the Hastings Mill, where all the freight was being landed, to get my household possessions; the kitchenware presented me was missing; it had been checked off the steamer; the shed was blocked with stuff coming in. There was some confusion; it was a reconstruction period; at least the shed was cleared, but no kitchenware. The checker enquired its value. I replied, "\$12.00," and was given the sum, and bought more at the store, but all I could get was tinware. The stove was set up on our lot on Water Street in the open; there was no other place to do it. Presently men began to come around and ask for a meal. I told them I had nothing for them. "But," they said, "we know you have." I asked them how they knew; the answer was that they could smell it; the aroma of the cooking was spreading over the adjacent area. I told them the roast was just a small one I had brought from Victoria, but eventually they got some of it. A lot of strangers came from many places to see the ruins the fire had caused.

GEORGIA STREET "IN THE STUMPS."

We remained on Water Street until 1889; we lived in the upper storey subsequently, and rented the lower to Mr. George Melven to use as a jewellery store. Then we moved to a new home "out in the clearing." There were only two houses on Georgia Street, one belonged to Mr. Cambie the C.P.R. engineer—on the southeast corner of Thurlow and Georgia streets; ours was on our first sixty-six foot lot in the 1100 block further west, between Bute and Thurlow, south side; afterwards we acquired two more sixty-six foot lots adjoining; we had to cut our way through the brush, small trees, and stumps, to reach it. That would be in the summer of 1889.

[signed] Mrs. Emily Strathie.

Note: Mrs. Emily Strathie afterwards married the late George Eldon, City Park Ranger (or superintendent) for many years. There are no children. The home at No. 118 Water Street was demolished in April 1910. (See photo with Mrs. Eldon and Mr. Eldon standing in the doorway, also a bicycle, the day demolition was in progress.)

A detailed historical map of Vancouver, 1886, showing the city layout, surrounding forests, and geographical features. The map is oriented with North at the top. Key areas include Vancouver 1886, Hastings Sawmill, East End Forest, West End Forest, False Forest, and Indian Reservation. The city of Vancouver is shown with streets like Hastings, Burrard, and False. The map also depicts the Pacific Coast, False Creek, and the city's expansion. A legend in the top left corner identifies symbols for the Pacific Coast, False Creek, and the city of Vancouver. The map is a historical document, likely a reproduction of an original map, showing the city's layout and surrounding areas in 1886.

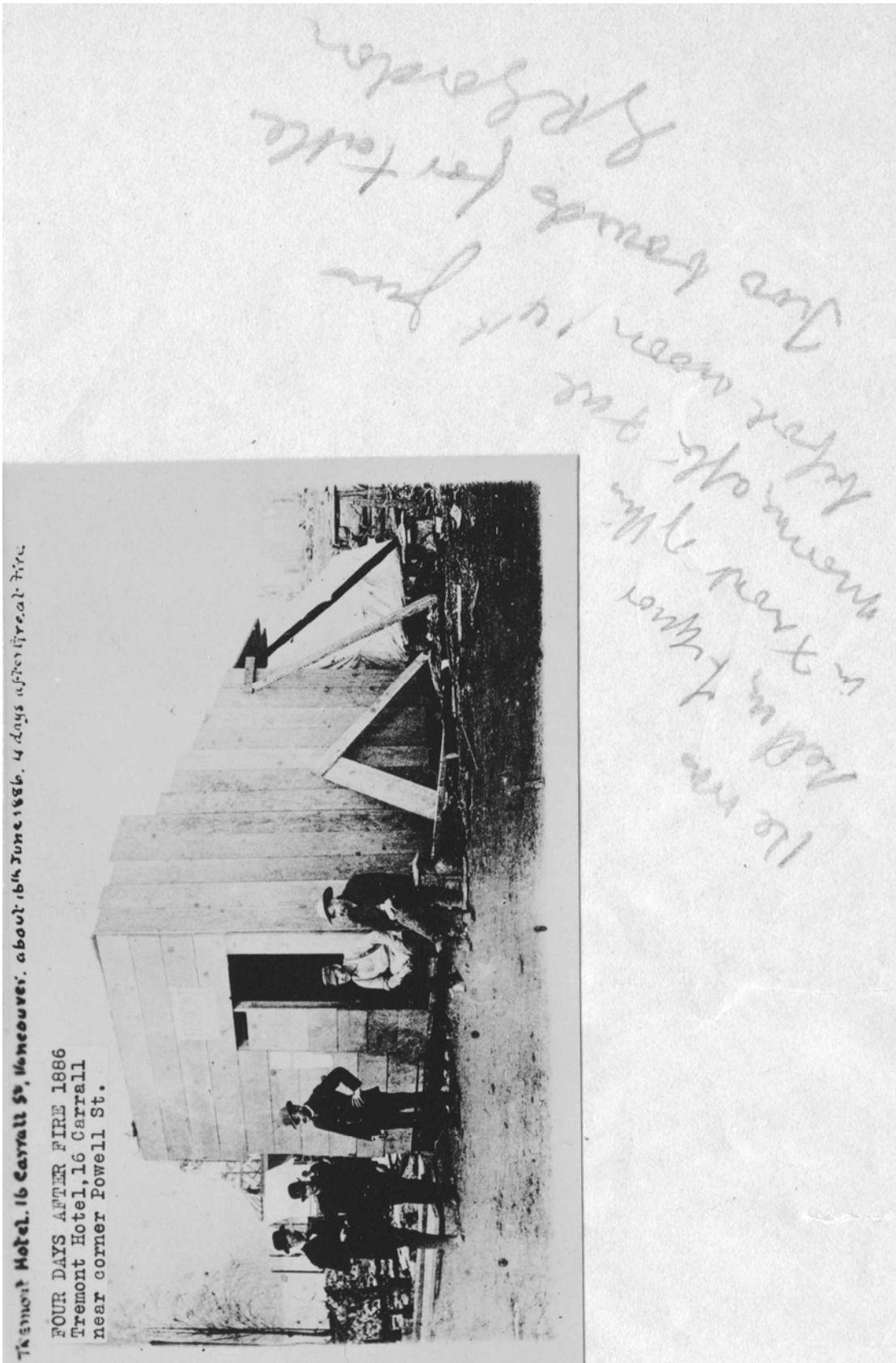
J. S. Matthews
Archivist.
City of Vancouver.
June 1972.

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Geo. Schellky
May 20/32

FROM SKETCH BY MAJOR J.S. MATTHEWS,
ENGLISH VETERINARIAN

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Item # EarlyVan_v2_079

THE TREMONT HOTEL.

There is a photograph extant showing a rough, very rough, board shed with five men before it, three standing, two sitting—one the two on a small stove—and in the background a tent, in the distance other small frame buildings being erected, a tree on the left, Burrard Inlet, and charred boards lying about. The word “TREMONT” appears on a white square on the front of the shed.

This is the “Tremont Hotel Four Days After the Great Fire.” It stood on the southeast corner of Powell and Carrall streets; not exactly on the corner, but afterwards at No. 16 Carrall Street.

Geo. L. Allen, owner of the first boot and shoe store, was asked, 24 February 1933, to elucidate the photograph. He said, “For booze,” then he smiled, “the boys had got to have their booze even if the town had burned down.”

Then he continued, “McKendrick, the man who made the famous boots. Oh, his was not a shoe store, he just made boots, what we called a ‘buck-eye’ shoe store. He had a little store on Cordova or Carrall Street; it was on Carrall Street first, I think, before the fire, afterwards Cordova.”

C.D. RAND.

Together we called on Mr. Fowler, of E.E. Rand and Fowler, financial and real estate agents, Bower Building. Mr. Fowler said, “Oh, I burned all C.D. Rand’s books. They were lying around here so long, I could not keep them any longer; they were quite interesting too; showed all the purchases of the first lots sold in Vancouver.”

CLEARING THE FOREST OFF “WEST END.” E.G. BAYNES.

E.G. Baynes, of Baynes and Horie, (generally reputed) owner of Grosvenor Hotel, also a forest lodge in the north, believed called Douglas something, park commissioner for many years, private in Vancouver’s first militia (volunteer) unit, associated with Holy Trinity (Anglican) Church and presented them with an organ; a splendid citizen of great public spiritedness and sound judgment. Mr. Baynes said, 25 July 1932:

“It seems to me to have been a long time before the area west of Nicola Street to the park was cleared of forest. I was employed with many others cutting down black stumps and burning them; over an area of large extent running from English Bay east as far as Bute or Thurlow, and I don’t know how far north.

“I arrived here 6 April 1889, and about a week after went to work as above for \$2.00 for ten hours. Then I went to help my uncle J.H. Franklin on some building work for Mr. E.H. Heaps on Powell Street.” (Also archway, at entrance, to first bridge to Stanley Park.)

“Possibly about two or three years later I helped to build the McCreery house on Pacific Street for \$3 per day,” (now site of Tudor Manor) “one of the first I think in that locality. Horrobin and Holden were contractors, Fripp architect. Tommy Graham, foreman, still alive, so is Mrs. Horrobin.”

ENGLISH BAY IN 1890s.

“During this period and after we used to walk through the bush by path” (new growth) “from the Hotel Vancouver to English Bay. The sandy beach was then a very small area and our ‘dressing rooms’ were in the bushes.”

It would since seem to have been shown
by the Prov. Archives, Victoria, that this photo
was taken by Dally in 1867-1870, as a copy
they have is entitled "Indian Ranches at
Burrard's Inlet" (see Miss Wolfenden
letter, June 20th 1934) J.S.M.

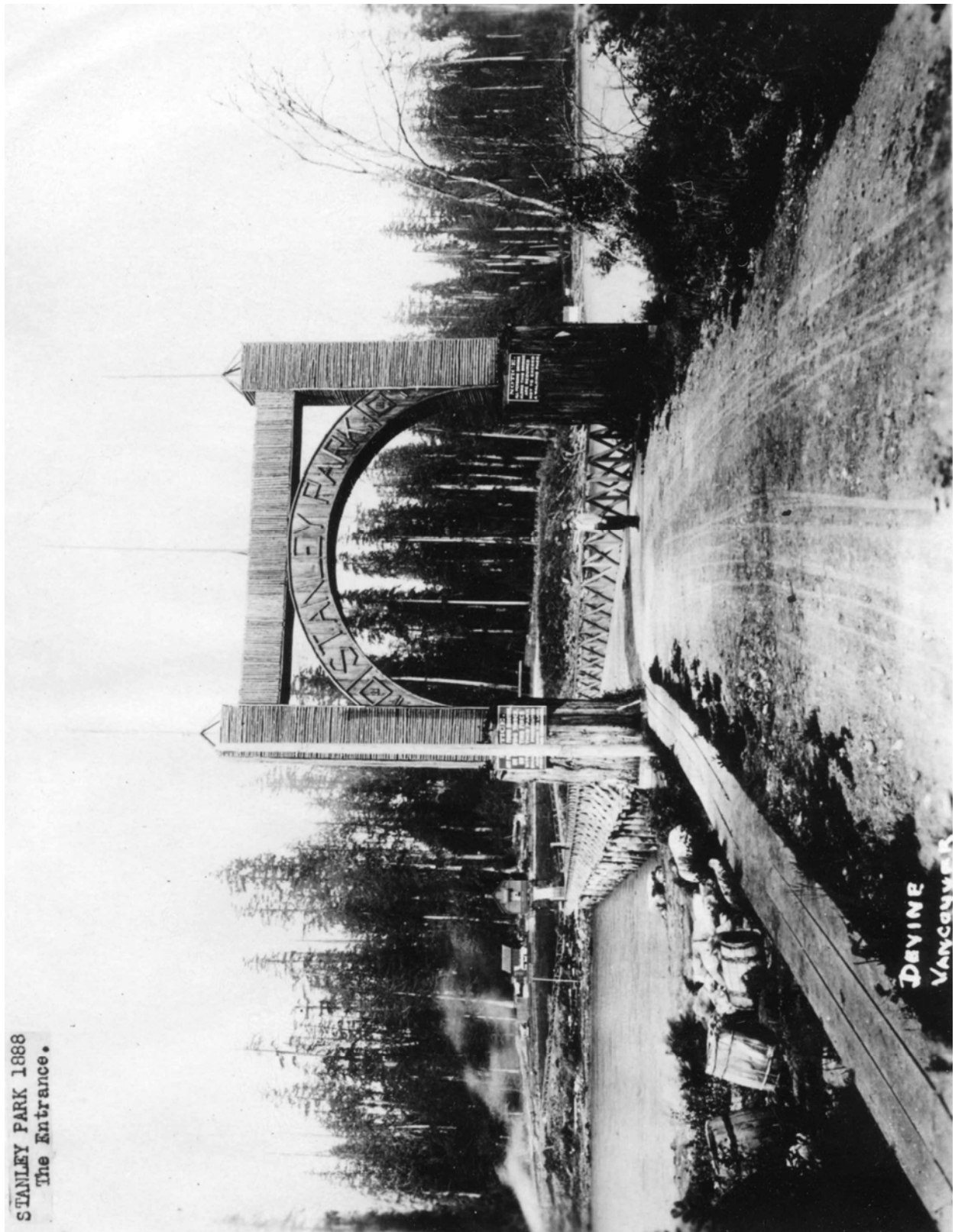
The six canoes, the spear pole, and
the absence of a chimney in the shacks
would appear to prove this J.S.M.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_080

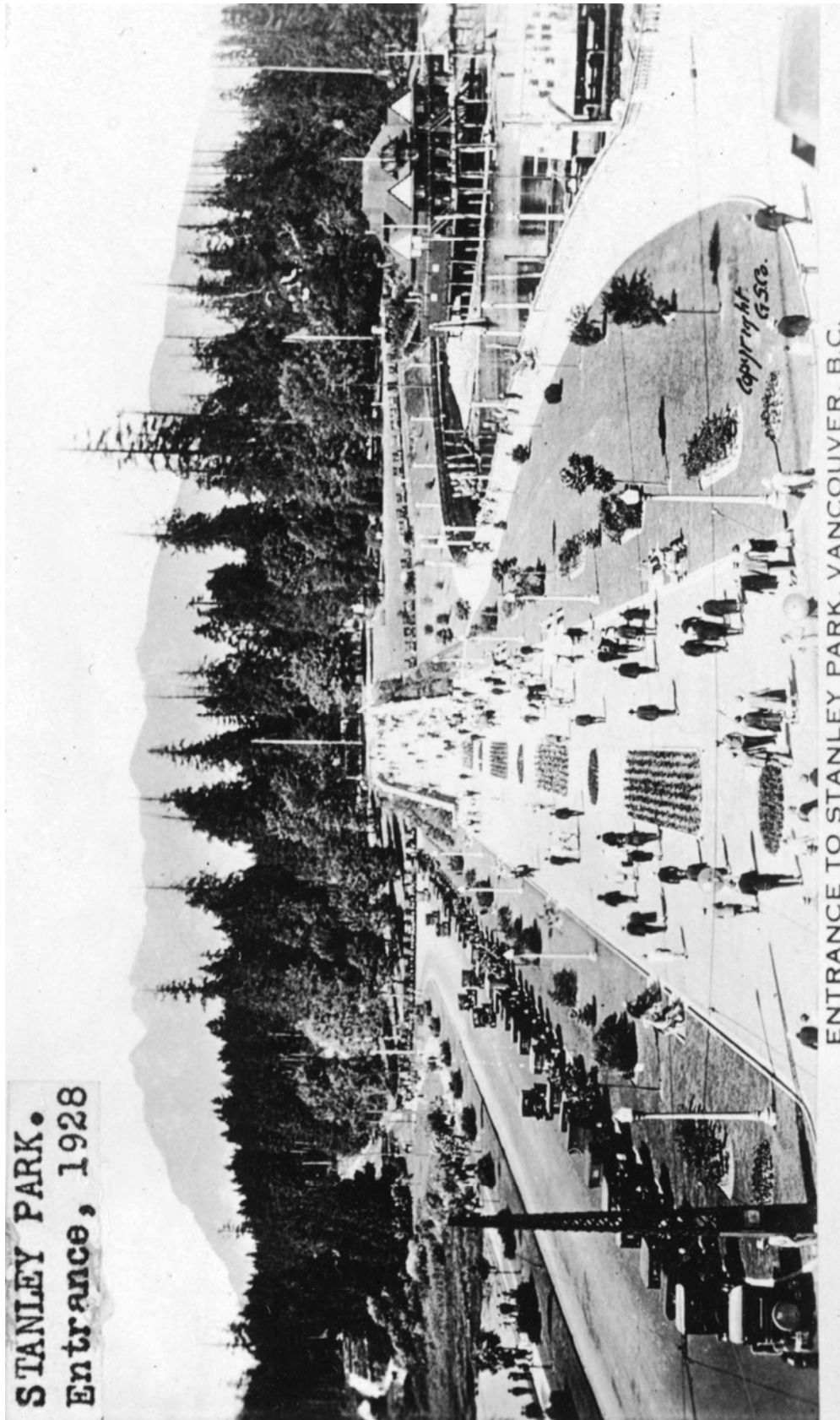


COAL HARBOR 1887, now "Lost Lagoon"
(between Georgia and Robson Sts.)

Item # EarlyVan_v2_081



Item # EarlyVan_v2_082



STANLEY PARK.
Entrance, 1928

ENTRANCE TO STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Copyright 1928
G.S.C.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_083

STREET CAR TICKETS. “MALKIN’S BEST” AND “TAYLOR’S SLACKS.”

“Malkin’s Best” and “Taylor’s Slacks” were euphemisms. The former was the trademark of W.H. Malkin Co. Ltd., wholesale grocers, and used by them on their teas, coffees, etc., and was applied sneeringly to those street car tickets issued after a prolonged argument between the city and the B.C. Electric Railway Co. in 1929 following his Worship W.H. Malkin’s election as the first mayor of Greater Vancouver, the amalgamated city of Vancouver and the municipalities of Point Grey and South Vancouver, 1 January 1929. They were eighteen for one dollar, and proved unpopular; the suggestion was that they were the “best that Malkin could do.” The appellation was unjust.

“Taylor’s Slacks” was a sequel, epitomizing “a fare for travel during slack period of traffic during day,” as was first used in August 1932. A pink ticket, nine rides for fifty cents, and proved very popular at once. In both cases they were acceptable during the non-rush hours of 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. each day, and all day on Sundays and holidays; yet eighteen for one dollar proved unpopular, and were rarely used, while nine for fifty cents proved popular and were immediately bought freely.

The adoption of the weekly pass on all city lines for \$1.25 took place in the fall of 1932 (September). Most people considered it a new idea; actually monthly passes for \$1.50 per month were issued in 1898 or 1899.

GASTOWN. KINGSWAY—WESTMINSTER ROAD.

In the panoramic photograph of Vancouver “before the fire,” there can be seen the faint outline of Kingsway or Westminister Avenue (Main Street) as, in the distance, it descends Mount Pleasant through the woods. It can be seen a faint irregular white line; the wagon trail, the “New Road” from New Westminister.

Other points of interest are the Ferguson Block—a long roofed two-storey building, corner Carrall and Powell streets, then Carrall Street with the dark maple tree, and then the gable end of the Sunnyside Hotel. In front of the Ferguson Block can be seen a white horse headed west. To the east of the Ferguson Block can be traced Hastings Road running along the shore between what is now Powell and Alexander streets, and the stores facing on them. The small church is St. James’s about the foot of Columbia Avenue. Under a microscope the course of the old road can be traced along the shore. (See Theo. Bryant.)

The two canoes are of a type which would indicate that they were owned by northern Indians who worked at the Hastings Mill; they are not of Squamish design. The historic steamer *Beaver* is tied up to the Hastings Mill wharf, near the freight shed and store.

Mr. Geo. L. Schetky describes this photo.

“The long building here in the centre is the Ferguson Block on the southeast corner of Carrall and Powell streets. Hartney was on the corner, Grant and Arkell was on Powell Street next door, and my store was next. Tom Dunn” (Thos. Dunn Hardware Co.) “was around the corner on Carrall Street. The two-storey building with gable end facing you, and diamond shaped black mark in gable, is the Sunnyside Hotel. You see this white spot, oblong shaped, about an inch to the west, well, I think that is the old jail on Water Street. You can see the maple tree, a dark bushy tree just to the left of the Sunnyside.

“In the other direction, towards the east, just east of the Ferguson Block on the waterfront was the store of ‘Wings’ Wilkinson. He was a cobbler then, now manager of the New York Life in Vancouver, and there is a point in West Vancouver called Wilkinson’s Point. The tall building to the left—between two trees about an inch apart—is ‘Tinware and Stoves, F.A. Hart—Furniture.’”

GRANVILLE ST at Georgia 1887



Famous big tree (same as photo "Vancouver Lots For Sale") stood on Georgia St between Seymour and Granville Streets. Photo (about) 1887.
Photo by courtesy H.T. Devine ES. Copy by J. Moore Photo

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Item # EarlyVan_v2_084

GEORGE CARY.

George Cary, 1 March 1932, read to him and approved 9 March 1932.

BIG TREES.

"The biggest tree I ever saw in British Columbia was the big tree on Georgia Street; its measurement, for I measured it more than once, was fourteen feet four inches diameter across the widest part of the stump. The stump stood on what is now a theatre, the Strand Theatre, on Georgia Street, south side, east of the lane between Hastings and Seymour streets. The stump is probably there yet, unless it has been dug up; the streets were not laid out at that time, and it is hard to tell now, part of the stump *may* have been on Georgia Street; I'm not quite sure. When the tree fell it fell towards Granville Street, across the corner of the lot where the Hudson's Bay store now stands. If Mr. McCraney says it fell the other way, then Mr. McCraney is wrong." (Mr. W.H. Gallagher also states it fell towards Granville Street.)

"Part of the tree was subsequently cut up in sections and shipped to the Old Country, to some Jubilee, Queen Victoria's, exhibition; they might have sent some sections elsewhere, to the Toronto Exhibition; if they said they did, perhaps they did, I am not sure. During the clearing operations an attempt was made to burn the log, but it would not burn; the heart burned out for ten or twelve feet back, but the sap and bark would not burn. A great hole was burned in the centre of the stump. W.H. Gallagher has a photo of the burned out stump. J.W. Horne set up a 'real estate office' in the burned out butt; just a show place, had their photos taken; you know the photo, everyone does.

"I know nothing about any tree seventy-seven feet in circumference which I am supposed to have felled near Vancouver in August 1895, and which has been published in lumber journals, and made a boast of. I am prepared to assert that no such tree, twenty-five feet in diameter, ever grew in the Lynn Valley or anywhere else in B.C."

Query: Could it be that the bark was sixteen inches thick as it says here.

Answer: "Oh, yes, I have actually seen bark twelve inches thick."

"That man on the ladder is called George Cary, but it is not me. There are lots of 'Carey' in British Columbia, but not another 'Cary.' 'Cary' is Irish, old Huguenot. The tree looks to me like a redwood."

Note: the picture of this wonderful tree was published on page 1081 of the *Illustrated Canadian Forest Magazine* of October 1922, also the *Vancouver Province* of 2 November 1930, and the *Log of the Lab*, University of British Columbia, 31 May 1931, and has formed the subject of investigation by the Forestry Department of Victoria, and the Forest Products Laboratories of Canada, Point Grey. It was stated to be 417 feet high, 25 feet in diameter, and felled by George Cary "who is seen on the ladder" near Vancouver, in August 1895. Diligent search by several persons including the Forest officials of B.C. has never been able to establish anything authentic; it is generally discredited by old loggers who logged around Vancouver (see their remarks elsewhere).

SEE George Cary's denial of the
authenticity of this statement

Illustrated Canadian Forestry Magazine, October, 1922.



Plate reproduced by courtesy of the Western Lumberman.

This Fir Giant measured 417 ft. in height with a clear 300 ft. to the first limb. At the butt it was 25 ft. through with bark 16 in. thick, its circumference being 77 ft.: 207 ft. from the ground its diameter was 9 ft. Felled near Vancouver in August '95 by George Cary, who is seen upon the ladder

*Never grew in B.C.
L.Sus*

Item # EarlyVan_v2_085

PORT MOODY.

"I arrived in Victoria on the 4th of April 1884. They were selling Port Moody lots at that time; you know the C.P.R. had been completed from Port Moody to Yale then." (Note: the first through train from Port Moody to Yale was on Wednesday, 23 January 1884 – B.C. Directory, 1885.) "My brother and I bought a couple of lots and then concluded that we would go over to Port Moody and see them. I think it was on the old steamer *Irving* that we went over to New Westminster, and then went over to Port Moody by stage. The tide was out when we got to Port Moody, and when, from the top of the hill, we saw the tide out, and a half a mile of bare mud flats below us—we were both steamboat men—we said, 'Good Lord, this is no place for a terminus.'"

GRANVILLE.

"We got an old fellow to row us down here to Granville, and when we got to the Second Narrows the tide twirled and twisted the boat around. I said, 'There's going to be no terminus up there (Port Moody), the terminus is going to be down here.' So we put up at the Deighton Hotel."

SECOND BEACH. COAL HARBOUR. STANLEY PARK.

"I was born with a gun in my hand, so soon afterwards I went after some grouse. I started off for the woods around the head of Coal Harbour; west of the present entrance to Stanley Park, as being a more likely place than what is now known as the West End of Vancouver. There was no Lost Lagoon then; just water all the way from Granville to where you cut across to Second Beach, and plenty of salt grass in the shallow shore around the head, too. The first time I saw old Mr. Tippen, who died a year ago, was around what was then the head of Coal Harbour, now the west end of Lost Lagoon. He was splitting shingles; there were no shingle machines here in those days. There was a trail through from Coal Harbour to Second Beach, and a sort of landing there for logs where loggers rolled them into the salt chuck of English Bay. I sat on a big stone on the beach, lit my pipe, and had a smoke.

"It was a beautiful spot, and as silent as the mountain top; the only living thing which moved was my dog.

"I was 'after' grouse, so after a smoke, I concluded I would take a walk around the reserve, now Stanley Park. There was no trail around it then, so I called my dog, and started off into the woods. I kept pretty close to the shore; it's safer to keep close to the beach, and after I had gone a piece, the sound of a saw in the trees startled me. Sound carries a considerable distance in the trees. 'Funny,' I thought, to hear a saw, so I went over to investigate."

HAND SPLIT SHINGLES.

"Before long I located an old fellow with whiskers down to here"—and Mr. Cary drew his hand across his stomach. "The old chap did not seem particularly glad to see me, but I had a flask with me, and gave him a 'shot of soda water'; that eased things up a bit. I had my lunch with me, and he gave me a cup of tea. I said to him, 'what do you do here?' He looked at me sideways and replied, 'Making shingles.' Presently I started off on my tramp, but he called after me, 'Hold on,' and proceeded to direct me to a trail leading deeper into the woods, to somewhere about where the road runs, probably further in, and saying, 'That's where the grouse are.'"

COAL MINE IN STANLEY PARK.

"Then I noticed a shaft in the ground, perhaps twenty feet deep. He had a windlass over it, lowered a bucket down, pulled it up again, and lowered it down. I said, 'What's that?' He looked at me and said, 'Coal, didn't you see that vein of coal as you came by?' There was no sign of coal in the shaft; he was just sinking to where he expected it to be; prospector; he was after coal; the few shingles he made and sold got him some grub. The location was past a high place; where there is a lookout now, called Prospect Point; somewhere about there. I guess it has been there for centuries, on the Bluff.

"Oh, yes, it was hard work getting around the reserve, but the going was not as tough as I thought it would be; not as tough as I have done prospecting. You will always find an animal trail around such a place as Stanley Park; wild animals wander around the shore a lot, and that makes a sort of trail near it."

SAWMILL IN STANLEY PARK. CAPT. STAMP. BROCKTON POINT.

"I don't know just exactly just where Capt. Stamp did locate his first mill in Stanley Park, the one they afterwards moved to the Hastings Sawmill site, but I have always understood it was just inside Brockton Point; about between that point and Deadman's Island. I always had an idea that those shacks along the shore there were built for the sawmill people to use; they probably intended to get their water from Beaver Lake, I don't know."

POTLATCH IN STANLEY PARK IN THE '80S.

"Of course, there were Indians living over on the Narrows side of the government reserve; I was over there once at a potlatch; lots of tum tumming and dancing; did not seem to be many Indians there. I was over in the evening, and perhaps the women and children had gone back to 'the Mission' at North Vancouver; they were passing back and forth all the time."

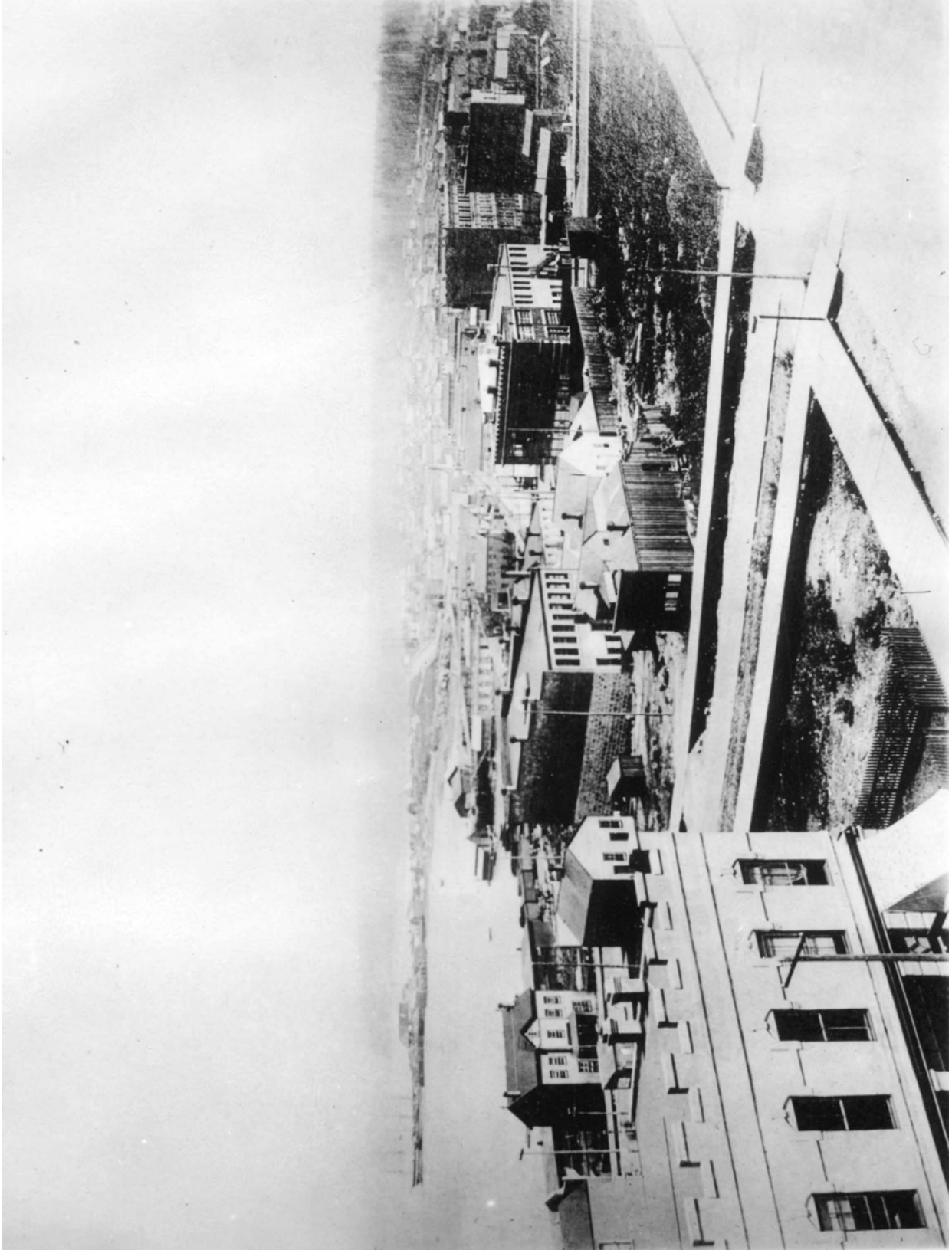
CORDOVA STREET. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL. MCLENNAN, McFEELY AND CO. LTD.

"Cordova Street was not really stumped at the time of the fire in 1886. The lots were cleared from Water Street back to the alley—now Trounce Alley—beyond that all was bush. All was bush between Abbott and Cambie; not big trees but small trees and bushes. At the time of the fire, the frame of the old 'Cos,' the Cosmopolitan Hotel, northwest corner of Abbott and Cordova, was up, and a big heap of window frames and sashes lying in a pile in the street. The studding was not burned and was afterwards used. Mr. McFeely, afterwards McLennan, McFeely and Co. Ltd., he was an old town mate of mine from Lindsay, Ontario—his father had a little tin shop there in Lindsay, about two by six" (feet) "and he was lame. He could not get around on his feet very well, but, my, he was real clever at poker."

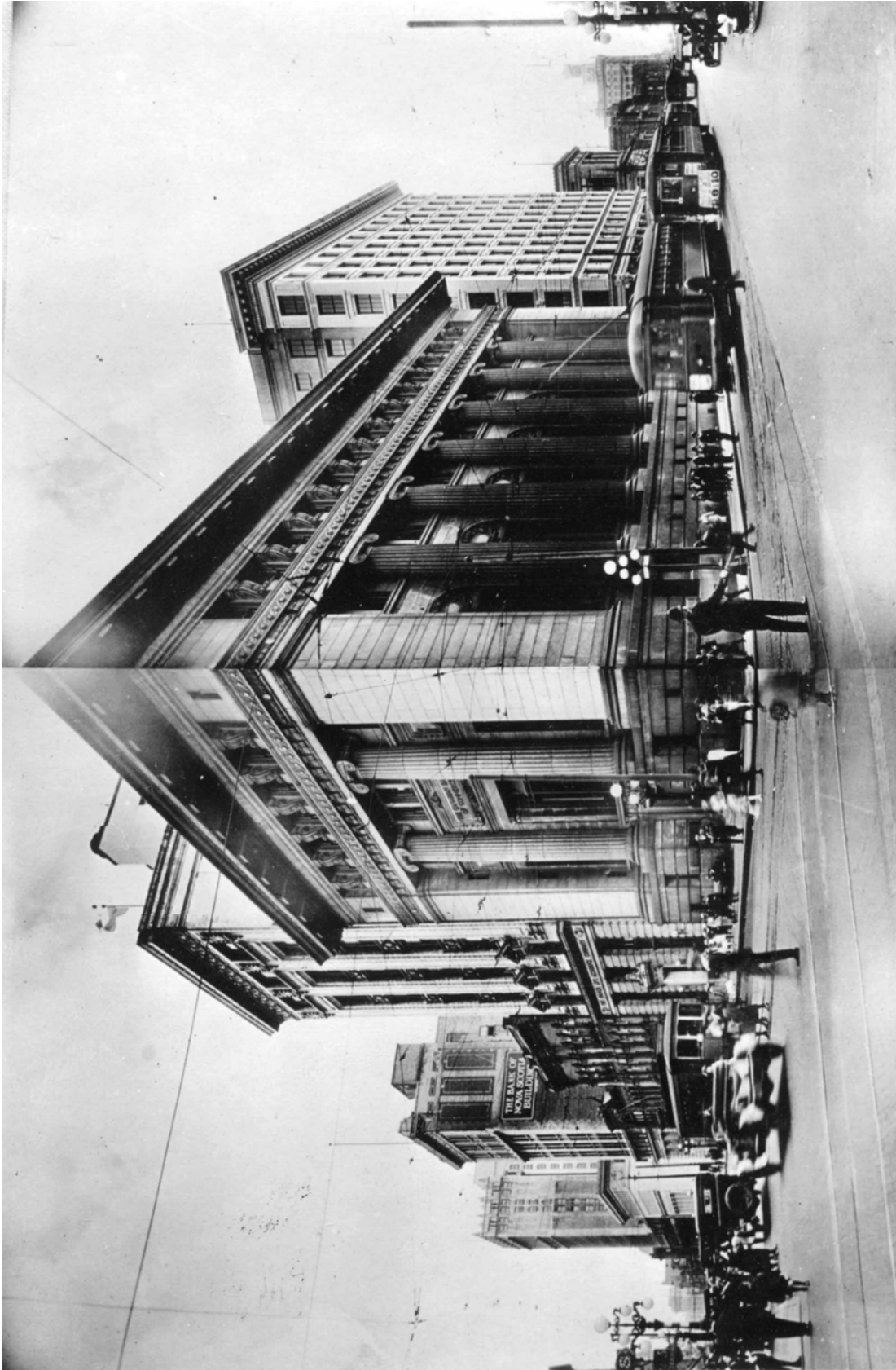
"Well, as I was saying, McLennan, McFeely's were going to start a tin shop; they had one of those hand presses; those machines which make galvanized iron guttering, etc., but after the fire they changed their minds and got up a lot of little stoves from Victoria. The studding of the little building they were erecting for a tin shop escaped the fire;" (see Geo. L. Schetky) "I think it was on the corner of Columbia and Powell streets. McFeely came to me and said, 'What shall we do?' I said, 'Get some corrugated iron.' So we covered the scantling with corrugated iron, and that was where and how McLennan, McFeely got their start."

JOHN DEVINE. CHINESE RIOTS.

"John Devine, father of H.T. Devine, built the store on Cordova Street which McLennan, McFeely afterwards occupied; I was the contractor. I don't know whatever became of their old tin shed; I suppose they used it for a warehouse. The Cordova Street building served them for many years; it had a lot of fancy iron work above it in the front; ornamentation; McLennan and McFeely put that on themselves. The Hudson's Bay was next door." (See H.P. McCraney and the start of the Vancouver Public Library.) "When they sent that bunch of hoodlums, those special police from Victoria at the time of the Chinese Riots, the police used to march up and down Cordova Street, and my fellows working on construction could not resist throwing the sawn off bits of blocks of wood at them as they passed. The sergeant came over and told me he would hold me responsible."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_086



Item # EarlyVan_v2_087

BEAR AND COON ON GRANVILLE STREET.

"The new Edinburgh Hotel was opened for the first time at 5 p.m. on Saturday, June 12th 1886, and burned down the next afternoon, Sunday, June 13th. It was while I was rebuilding it that a couple of fellows came to me about an enormous bear which was troubling them out Granville Street way; I had a bit of a reputation as a hunter and fisherman. They had a float house down on False Creek," (see photograph) "about where Robertson and Hackett's Sawmill is now; just at the north end of the Granville Street bridge. Anyway, the two fellows came after me, so I took my dog, and went down the C.P.R. right of way which was chopped out; you could not get around by Granville Street very well at that time, and what do you suppose I shot. Why, after walking 'clear around' all that distance, I shot the mammoth 'bear,' and" (disgustedly) "it was nothing more than a great big coon."

FALSE CREEK. L.A. HAMILTON.

"Just after the fire of 1886, L.A. Hamilton, the C.P.R. surveyor, and his sister, Miss Hamilton, went to live across False Creek in a shack built close to the water on the east side of where the Granville Street bridge is now." (Note: a little creek came down there.) "It was all trees over there then. I don't know whose shack it had been; it was close to the big maple tree." (See Capt. Nye's narrative.) "I think it was where the old bull puncher, John—I cannot think of his other name;" (Beatty or Beaty) "he married an Indian and had quite a family—had lived; she hung herself; False Creek had no bridge then, and I have rowed Miss Hamilton over several times. Of course, farther west on the shore was the Indian Reserve and the Indians. There were no houses in Vancouver after the fire, and the Hamiltons and everyone else were very glad to get any sort of shelter."

C.P.R. (KITSILANO) TRESTLE BRIDGE.

"Tom Allan had the contract to build the C.P.R. trestle bridge across False Creek. Just west of the trestle was his blacksmith's shop; he was making iron bolts and fastenings for the piles of the bridge, and an Indian was out shooting ducks or something, and the bullet ricocheted on the water and went through the blacksmith's arm. There was a lot of ducks on False Creek in those days."

SAM GREER.

"I had a couple of Sam Greer's lots over the bridge. I wanted to help Sam out, so I bought them, fifty or seventy-five dollars, and he gave me an agreement that if he won his case against the C.P.R. he would give a proper deed for them."

BLASTING AWAY THE STUMPS ON VICTORY SQUARE.

"Before the fire it was quite a sight; we used to go out on Water Street and watch it; you see they were blowing the stumps up on 'the hill,' up above Victory Square and beyond. There were men especially detailed for the blasting, and when the gang quit at noon the men were told to 'get out,' and then the powdermen would take their torches; they had cut their fuses to different lengths; each man to eight or ten fuses. Then each powderman would apply his torch to his longest fuse, and the man next to him do the same with the next set of eight or ten, and then each went on along until at last each powderman would reach the shortest fuse he had to light, and then they skipped out. It was quite a sight too, and sound, oh ho, just like a bombardment, and the roots skyrocketing."

THE GREAT FIRE STARTS.

"I don't know how many people lost their lives in the fire, but I do know that there were six or seven bodies collected down at the Royal City Planing Mills. Just before the fire burned Vancouver you could see nothing for smoke; the whole 'hill,' as we called it then, that is, above Cambie Street, was on fire for weeks before that; there had been talk that someday it would burn the town down; we expected some such thing would happen with all that C.P.R. slashings and the fires, but on that day you could see nothing for smoke, so I went down and told Jack Stewart, the chief of Police, that the men in the saloons had better come out and help to fight the fire. Jack replied nonchalantly, 'Oh, yes, that will be all right.' I was up by the corner of Cordova and Cambie streets, and we were doing the best we could, but at last it got across Cordova Street, but where the Sterling Hotel now is" (northeast corner of Cambie and Cordova) "where I was fighting it."

FLAMES REACH VANCOUVER.

"Chunks of flaming wood as big as my leg were flying clear over us through the air, and dropping into the town; I was there and saw them. J.J. Irwin owned that corner, and had a shack on the alley back of the corner. He said to me, 'Look after my wife and kids.' When I got down to his shack I turned around and saw that there was no time to lose. I told Mrs. Irwin to get ready to get out; she put her hat on, and got the little boy. It was my intention to take them east on Water Street, but when I got down there the whole place was ablaze, so I went to the shore at the foot of Cambie Street, where the C.P.R. were filling in and putting in piling. The C.P.R. had made a fill as far as Cambie Street.

"There were some fellows there on a float. I ran out in the water and threw my coat on the float, and shouted, 'I've got a woman and a child,' but they did not wait. The only hope lay behind that C.P.R. fill, so I told Mrs. Irwin to take the other child, and I waded out in the water up to my waist. There were some Chinamen on a raft, and the tide swung the raft near me. I called to them to come in, but they could not or would not, so I went out and grabbed it. One of them took a swipe at me with a piece of two by four, but it was short and did not hit me, and I got my two charges on the Chinaman's raft. Mrs. Irwin said something about throwing the child in the water; she said she would rather let it drown than burn; the flames were coming right over. Then a gallant little tug came right in and took us in tow, and we were soon out at the *Robert Ker*. I am sorry I never knew what tug that was; they were a gallant lot. And," continued Mr. Cary with just a touch of irony, "I did not notice any of those Chinamen on the *Robert Ker* afterwards. Capt. Sproule owned the *Robert Ker*." (Note: the tug was the little *Senator*.)

SPRATT'S ARK.

"That night I slept in Spratt's Ark," (oilery) "and the wind blew through the floor boards; I was cold, very cold. Afterwards, of course, money was no use; it would not buy anything. I tried to get some blankets from those distributing relief necessities, but there was none for me; they were all wanted for the women and children, I suppose. Someone has told me a good story about old John Clough, the jailer. After the fire he came in bearing loads of blankets on his shoulders; no one asked where he had got them. He got them out in the woods somewhere; some hinted that the old boy had 'pinched' them, and hid them out in the woods, and when the fire came he went out and brought them back again for the use of the distressed. Poor old John was real human."

REGINA HOTEL'S ESCAPE.

"The way the Regina Hotel on the southwest corner of Cambie and Cordova streets escaped was simply that it was out of the path of the fire. You see, the town went as far as Cambie Street only. The only building west of the Regina Hotel was the little shack the C.P.R. built; about the foot of Richards Street, where Kelly Douglas' is; where the first bank, the Bank of British Columbia, was afterwards. Scoullar's hardware store was not west of the Regina, but close to the Carter House; after the fire I got a couple of cups, tin cups, out of the debris of Scoullar's hardware store."

THE FIRST SODA WATER MANUFACTURER. THE CITY CHARTER.

"Faucet, the first manufacturer of soda water in Vancouver, was burned in the fire and his widow married J.J. Blake, the first city solicitor. I am pretty sure J.J. Blake drew up the first city charter; there was only J.J. Blake and Jack Boulton who could do it."

CITY POLICE.

"The necessity for four city police on the police force before the fire was that although when Vancouver was first incorporated it was a very small town, it was a very lively town. Water Street was built up with saloons. The people from the east, especially from Winnipeg, were pouring in in droves." (See photo of police force in front of "City Hall" in tent.)

THE FAMOUS MAPLE TREE.

"About the old Maple Tree on Carrall Street. The sketch which you have of Granville in 1882 shows the famous tree with a slanting trunk, while the other picture, the photo of Granville "Before the Fire" shows the trunk perpendicular; both are correct; it depends on the angle from which the tree was viewed. I will tell you what I recall of the lean on that tree trunk.

"I used to stop at Tom Cyrs' Granville Hotel a few doors west of the Deighton Hotel, and had a front room, and also had a trained dog; he would do almost anything. The 'boys' used to throw paper up the old maple tree, and my dog would run up the tree and retrieve them. He had to make a little effort to get up, but 'he made it'—up the sloping trunk. It pleased the dog, and it amused the 'boys' on the corner. The old tree stood out in the street; that was how I could see it from my window. Of course, when they put up the monument they could not put it where the tree stood. Which reminds me about the deer."

WILD DEER ON WATER STREET.

"Up in the west end there was a buck and two does; they got so used to the men slashing that they became quite tame; they would come around, you could see them any day; everyone knew about them. Anyway, there was a boardwalk along Water Street, and my front room at Tom Cyrs' Granville Hotel was over that boardwalk; it looked out over Burrard Inlet. Many times at night I have heard those deer go by on that boardwalk, tap, tap, tap, as they walked along the boards. Harry Cole, he came up with Charles Doering, the early brewer, and was his first bartender; the darn fool, he went out and shot them, the whole three. They were up in the slashing around where the Roman Catholic Cathedral is, the Holy Rosary. I felt so sorry about it I felt like shooting him."

LANTERNS LIGHT CORDOVA STREET.

"Another little circumstance of those early days, hardly worth mentioning, but, right after the fire I was living in a little cottage, just a shack, on the rise of the hill in the alley between Hastings and Cordova Street; right back of Jonathan Miller's post office which was on Hastings Street between Hamilton and Homer. You know, there was no electric light, or gas, or anything of that sort, and at night, out of doors, everyone carried a lantern. We used to look down from our shack at the head of Cordova Street, and watch the lanterns bobbing, bobbing, bobbing in the darkness all up and down Cordova Street."

LIQUORICE ROOT.

"I'll tell you how to find liquorice root. Go to an old maple tree well covered with moss, and you may see a small fern growing out of the moss. Scrape the moss away and follow the root. You will find a long root, about as thick as your little finger, and with knuckles on it every inch or so. Chew that root; you will find it tastes like liquorice. Sometimes it grows on rocks, but it is not so sweet as when growing on a maple tree. A mixture of liquorice root, Oregon grape, and barberry bark is the finest kind of medicine. That was what the Indians used. I don't suppose there are many living now who can tell you about liquorice root."

THE FIRST TRAIL IN NORTH VANCOUVER. LONSDALE AVENUE.

"Atkins, of Atkins and McCraney, put in the first trail from Burrard Inlet back to the hills in North Vancouver. It started just about where the ferry landing is today. The real estate men wanted a trail, so I cut a rough footpath up the hill, in and out among the stumps. Pete Larson did not go over to North Vancouver for years after the fire. After the fire," (1886) "Peter Larson started in a tent, a big tent, then he ran the old Union Hotel on Abbott Street; he shipped sailors, on the sailing ships."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Important: see "Big Trees" file. See "Geo. H. Dawson" file.

THE BIGGEST TREE RECORDED IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, IN VICTORIA PARK, NORTH VANCOUVER.

"Atkins, of Atkins and McCraney, put the first trail from Burrard Inlet back of the hills; it started just about where the ferry landing is today." (Lonsdale Avenue.)

In a conversation at North Vancouver, 3 April 1941, Jack Mee, son of Charles Mee, pioneer, said "My father had the contract to remove that tree; he told me it stood right on Lonsdale Avenue, just above the Lower Keith Road, in Victoria Park, and that the roots of it almost filled Lonsdale Avenue from side to side; he burned out part of it after blowing as much as he could with stumping powder."

Geo. H. Dawson who surveyed North Vancouver in 1896 and was afterwards surveyor-general. See photo, C.V.P. Tr. 17 of enormous tree, with Mr. Dawson standing in the middle of it; a photo presented by his sister, Miss Dawson, Victoria.

HASTINGS PARK RACE TRACK.

"The first race track and stables at Hastings Park was built by Atkins and McCraney. The track had a slope on it then; it has been levelled since."

TREMONT HOTEL.

"The Tremont Hotel," (see photo of "Tremont," a wooden shack four days after fire) "why, the Tremont was I think the first brick building in Vancouver."

THE "PRINCESS LOUISE TREE." JOHN MCDUGALL.

"The 'Princess Louise Tree' was right down there," (pointing) "at the foot of Columbia Street. John McDougall, Chinese McDougall, they called him after the Chinese Riots. He lives up at Quesnel, B.C. now, in a cabin."

GEORGE CARY.

"What brought me to Vancouver was this. Father was a fur trader in Ontario. When I was no more than fourteen I used to go with Father and put up at the fur camps in the inland lakes north of Toronto, Bull River, Burn River; I was clerking. The Hudson's Bay people controlled the fur market, but at that time, 1867, there were still one or two independent fur dealers. The fur dealers used to stake a trapper just as others would stake a prospector, and it was usually my job to travel around and see that the Indians and trappers were working. If they did not work you not only lost the grub stake but the 'ground' as well. The custom was that if a man held the ground for one year without interference it was his ground. The custom, too, was that if you found a trap on your ground, the first time you would spring it and hang it on a tree, the second time you would hang it and drop it on the ground, and if you found it the third time, you took it away in your canoe. That was the unwritten law, and I have heard a judge state so in court."

"I had a Chippewa Indian as a guide, but you bet each of us paddled our own canoe. We went away around the lakes from Lindsay, Ontario, crossed clean over up the headwaters of the Ottawa, were away six weeks or more, covered hundreds of miles paddling every day; we went once a year. George Skelton made me a birch bark canoe; it weighed just 27 pounds, paddles and all. Then Father wanted to make a doctor out of me, and I worked for a doctor for a while, then they thought architect, and I tried that, but could not stand the confinement. Finally in 1871, on the 9th [blank] the great fire in Chicago took place; you could see the glare in Toronto, and on the 13th I reached Chicago with fifty cents in my pocket, and hungry, got a meat pie for 10¢, and climbed seven storeys to a room; there were no elevators in those days. Chicago was burned for about four miles by two, and I helped to rebuild it. I was in Chicago in 1871 and 1872, then went to Mexico City, and in 1884 came up to Victoria, and over here in 1886. I was born in 1853. In the fall of 1886 I went to Port Moody to meet my wife; she died a year ago. My eldest son has been lost somewhere; probably in the north; a splendid fellow; we have not heard of him for eleven years. My second son Norman is at Hazelton, an electrical engineer, and has three children."

SEALING AND WEST COAST INDIANS.

"I once went out sealing, as hunter, on the sealing schooner *C.D. Rand*, Capt. Westerland, a Swede, and went up the West Coast. We had two white boats, three men in a boat, hunter, boat puller and steersman. We went to Ucluelet to get the Indian hunters. When engaging Indians, you had to pay in advance, \$30, I think; it was to get them to put their canoes on. You cannot get Indians to move until they are ready; so we were there two or three weeks. We got ten canoes, twenty-one Indians and two klotchs; one of the klotchs was 'oposchman,' otherwise, 'steersman for a whiteman.' The Ucluelets were at that time sort of semi-civilized; about the toughest tribe on the coast. Any missionary, or anything of that sort, they simply threw out, but while we were there a young missionary came along, some foreigner, Swede or Norwegian, and wanted to hold a meeting. So he came over to us and asked us to go with him; he was a little afraid to go by himself. The old Frenchman had a store, and let him have that to hold his meeting in. He took as his text the Virgin Mary and the Immaculate Conception. An old klotch was sitting next to me; probably the 'boys' had given her a shot or two of booze; the missionary was explaining, when the old klotch shouted out, 'Halo, halo, halo, Mary halo tenas.' (No, no, no, very no, Mary drunk.)"

SEALING.

"That was the year they put the kibosh on the sealers. The British had about four, and the United States about a dozen patrol boats driving us off. Before we went out I felt that the sealing treaty was going to be enforced, and I told the captain to keep clear of any smoke; we had a fast schooner, and it was the eighth of May before they caught us. The treaty came into force while we were out, and the patrol boats cruised up and down sending the sealers in after they had sealed down everything tight. Once or twice they nearly caught us; once in a rainstorm; they came right down on us, but before they could come aboard and serve us with the notice that the treaty was in force they had lost us in the rainstorm, and it was two or three weeks before they found us again; in the meantime, we kept on sealing. The patrol boats required that the schooners head for port immediately they were sealed up, and also had to notify any other sealing schooners they came across that the treaty was in force. One time a schooner came near us and we went on board, and after a drink or two, left again, when the captain called after us that he had a paper for us that he had forgotten; we shouted to him that we would get it the next time we saw him; it was a notice to quit sealing that some patrol boat had given him to deliver to any sealing schooner he came across, but we did not want the notice and we never expected to see him again. Finally they got us, and we went to Wrangel to report. I left the schooner there, but the captain stayed, and on his way back to the south the Indians took charge of the schooner, mutinied, and finally landed in jail in Vancouver. They were a tough lot."

DUCK POND ON HOWE STREET

"I don't like to make statements about which I am not positive, but it was somewhere up about the Badminton Hotel at the corner of Howe Street and Dunsmuir Street that I have seen ducks in the swale, wild ducks, oh, yes; it was a low marshy place."

The above as narrated at the Imperial Hotel, and afterwards read to Mr. Cary and approved. 1932. JSM.

JERRY'S COVE, JERICHO. BIG TREES.

James McWhinney, 20 February 1932. "I think the way that Jericho came by its name was that in early days it was known as 'Jerry's Cove'; Jerry Rogers had a logging camp out on the Jericho golf course, at a little cove there which provided shelter from wind and sea."

Note: there were a number of "coves" on the shores of Burrard Inlet, for instance, Skunk Cove (Caulfield), Jerry's Cove (Jericho), Snug Cove and Deep Cove (Bowen Island), Deep Cove (North Arm, Burrard Inlet), Cedar Cove on Powell Street, Fisherman's Cove near Point Atkinson.

"I came to Moodyville in 1878," continued Mr. McWhinney, "via San Francisco, Portland, Victoria, New Westminster and Douglas Road; the stage line from New Westminster to Hastings was just a wagon with seats; three or four persons to a seat, and a couple of horses to draw it.

"Hastings Mill, Moodyville Mill, Granville and Hastings were all kept going by loggers and sailors; it was all foreign lumber shipments in those days; no local trade. There were a good many ships in, six or seven of them at a time, bound for Australia, China, etc.

"I was afterwards logging boss for the Moodyville Sawmill Co., Moodyville. I logged over here in Vancouver sometimes. There were two old Frenchmen over here making shingles; they shaved them—there were no shingle mills in the country then—and the same with cedar shakes.

"Ben Wilson, whose early store was on the street at the corner of Abbott and Water streets, ran a store in Moodyville first. He was single then. Afterwards he ran the hotel at Hastings. He was married not very long before he died, and Mrs. Ben Wilson ran the store in Granville. Old Mr. Gold of the Gold House had run a store over in Moodyville before he moved to Granville. John Robertson had a saloon close by Mr. Gold's on the beach at Granville. George Black had the butcher shop in Gastown; his slaughter house was just east of Westminster Avenue on the south shore of False Creek. He went up to Hastings afterwards, and after that went out of business, and had a ranch up at Coquitlam."

THE GREAT FIRE.

Pioneers have never ceased to argue as to where the Great Fire started, a question which 47 years still leaves unsettled. [In] *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, Mr. Gallagher states, "a strong rising southwest wind."

Theodore Bryant, Ladysmith, 13 April 1932, writes, "I was at Sumas on that memorable day. I was on my way home from church which was held in the old red schoolhouse, when about four o'clock a big cloud of dark smoke came over Sumas Mountain." Mrs. Ruth Morton, second wife of John Morton, said, 7 May 1932, "We were living at Mission then, we saw the smoke in the sky." Rev. C.M. Tate, Indian missionary at Chilliwack, relates that burned cinders dropped in Chilliwack. The three statements give a good idea of the direction of the wind, and its force.

EARLY VANCOUVER.

Geo. L. Allen, 29 March 1932. "The best way to describe Vancouver as I first saw it on 25 May 1886 is to describe it as a whole lot of fallen trees, cut down, tumbled over one another; there were no streets. Save for a few buildings around Water and Carrall Street—Water Street was of course planked between Carrall and Abbott streets, bridged as it were over the hollow of the shore; there was nothing else. There were a lot of shacks of rough lumber around.

"Vancouver had been incorporated as a city about three weeks when I arrived, but was still a rather wild looking place. At that time Hastings and Granville streets were merely hewn out of the standing timber; the cleared timber from these streets was heaped up in large piles for future burning. The Great Fire started originally from one of these burning log heaps about where David Spencer's store stands." (Note: others say a little to the east, 100 yards or so.)

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. THE FIRST FIRE CHIEF OF VANCOUVER.

"I came here from Emerson, Manitoba," continued Mr. Allan, now resident at 1465 West 15th Avenue, and one of the earliest pioneer business men of Vancouver. "I was born in Perth, Ontario, 28 May 1857, so that I am now 74. I came via Emerson, Manitoba to Minneapolis, from there by train to Tacoma, where I boarded a small steamer for Victoria. I spent the Queen's Birthday in Victoria, and then came on to Gastown by an early sidewheel steamer piloted by Capt. John Irving, still living. I went to work for Sam Pedgriff and his wife, who had a general store—sold everything—on Powell Street between Carrall and Alexander streets; that was how it was that when the Great Fire came three weeks later I got Mrs. Pedgriff out of danger.

"Mrs. Pedgriff was in her bath when the alarm of fire came that Sunday afternoon. I ran and knocked on the bathroom door with all my might, and told her she would have to get out, and get out quickly. Perhaps I should be more truthful if I said that Mrs. Pedgriff was in her little cabin at the back of the store, having her bath. She answered back that she was 'in her bath.' I told her it did not matter what she was in, she would have to get out, and quickly too, or she would be burned up. Then, and not until then, did she come out, and off she ran up Powell Street to get the children, who had gone to the Presbyterian Sunday school. That was the last I saw of Sam Pedgriff, the first fire chief of the city of Vancouver.

"I was staying at the Burrard Hotel," (northeast corner, Hastings and Columbia) "at the time of the Fire. David Evans" (well-known tailor) "and I were in our room together when the alarm first came. We packed our clothes, etc., as quickly as possible. I helped Dave carry his trunk out and then went back for mine. Just then a wagon came driving by, and I asked the driver if he could take a trunk; he said, 'yes, but be --- quick about it,' but before I could put my trunk on his wagon he was gone, and my trunk burned in the middle of the street. All I had left on my feet was a pair of slippers."

THE FALSE CREEK TRAIL AND BRIDGE.

"To save myself I went off down the trail which then ran diagonally across Hastings Street, and down to the edge of False Creek near the gas works now, and then ran off through the stumps to the False Creek bridge, but I had not gone far when I caught up with a woman with four children flying for their lives. After that, of course, I could not run for I had two babies in my arms; she took the other two. I told her I was heading for False Creek and that she would find me there, but believe it or not, I was glad from time to

time to put my nose down in the dust of the trail for fresh air; rather what I thought was fresh air; anyway, it was fresher than what I was getting."

THE TOLL OF DEAD.

"After I came back up again from False Creek I went over to where the Burrard Hotel had stood on the northeast corner of Hastings and Columbia streets. Across from the Burrard Hotel, on the southeast corner, was a sort of furniture factory; a high building for those days, and I presume it had given me some sort of shelter, a breath of fresh air to those in the path of the blast, but what I actually saw on my return was the bodies of six or seven persons, beside the building, in a sitting posture—I could see their watch chains dangling—but quite dead. They looked like persons, sitting motionless, leaning over. I believe they were afterwards identified by their watch chains. Oh, yes, there were six or seven of them; I could not stand that sight; it was too terrible.

"Mrs. Strathie—she still survives—now Mrs. Emily Eldon, and active in the Pioneers Association, was living on Water Street, opposite what was afterwards Fred Allen's feed store." (The Old Methodist Hall.) "She was 'a brick of a woman.' She lives at 1150 Alberni Street now.

"That night Dave Evans and I slept together down by the Bridge Hotel; we divided between us a sack of oats for a pillow."

THE FIRST BOOT AND SHOE STORE IN VANCOUVER.

"As I have said, the Pedgriffs had a store, but they knew very little about storekeeping; Mrs. Pedgriff was supposed to be boss of the store; I had had experience in a shoe store back east. So after the fire—the Pedgriffs had gone—I thought I would start my own. First I bought a lot on Hastings Street, the lot where the C.P.R. Telegraph now stands on the south side of Hastings between Richards and Homer, but I never built on it; two or three years later I sold it for \$7,000 cash; that was just a speculation. But one day, when I was poking around Cordova Street, Robert Grant came along and I asked him if it was a store he was putting up. He replied, 'yes, it was stores.' Ed Cook, still living, was the contractor and architect, and the outcome of it was I soon purchased it from Robert Grant, paying down as a deposit \$500, put in a stock of boots and shoes, the first real boot and shoe store in Vancouver; it was just around the corner from Carrall Street, on the north side of Cordova Street. You can see the sign over the sidewalk in that old photograph of Vancouver, Dominion Day, 1890, and the first street car coming down Cordova Street; the Dunn-Miller Block was across the street."

CITY HALL. MAYOR'S OFFICE. MAYOR MACLEAN. CHURCH SERVICES AFTER FIRE.

"The story of the church service held in my store the Sunday after the Great Fire, and while it was in process of erection—it may not have been the Sunday afterwards as Mr. Gallagher states—is quite correct; I was not there, but I heard about it. Mayor MacLean, who attended the service, afterwards had his office, at least his first office after the fire, and one which he used as the 'Mayor's Office,' in my building. There was an outside entrance to the upstairs, and both Mayor MacLean and John A. Evans, life insurance agent whose office is now across the street on Hastings Street from the Strand Hotel, were my tenants. Where Mayor MacLean's office was before the fire I do not recollect; perhaps Sunnyside Hotel, for his wife had not arrived at the time of the fire, and the city had been incorporated, or organized but a very few days."

"WRECK" OF CUTCH ON WATER STREET.

"The pioneer gulf steamer *Cutch*, belonging to the Union Steamship Co., did attempt to reach Water Street," Mr. Allan smiled. "That's quite true. It was very foggy and she was trying to make the Union Steamship Dock at the foot of Carrall Street. She must have been coming at a pretty good clip—perhaps half speed—I don't know exactly, but she crashed her nose through the C.P.R. trestle some yards west of the Sunnyside Hotel. She might have hit the old Hotel itself. The C.P.R. trestle was pretty close up to the Sunnyside Hotel; the waves, at high tide, used to dash against the lower boards of the Sunnyside. I would not say that the old *Cutch* actually pushed her nose into Water Street, but it was not very far from it. She lay there part of the day—until the next tide—and then got off. I don't recall seeing Capt. Johnston after that." (See Capt. Nye.)

THE OLD CITY WHARF.

"What I do recall about the old City Wharf is, after the fire, seeing the City Council holding their meetings in an open tent close beside the wharf at the foot of Carrall Street. There is a well-known photograph of the scene, the city wharf beside the tent, Gibson, of Gibson's Landing, on the wharf; no wharf to boast of, but a place to tie up to. It was a case of catch the tide, get in, and get out again before the tide went out. The old *Senator* took the mail once a day from there to Moodyville."

THE FIRST BRICKS.

"No, I do not recall a schooner load of bricks upsetting the first Union Steamship Co. wharf; perhaps they did," (see George Cary) "but what I do know is that the first bricks used in Vancouver came from Bowen Island where they were made for Joe Mannion of the Granville Hotel long before I came in 1886. They were not used for buildings, they were experimenting with them, perhaps they used some for chimneys. I could show you the exact place where they were made; it was about two hundred feet from where the Union Steamship dock at Snug Cove, Bowen Island is, on the north side of the cove; Andy Linton knows all about them."

THE CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS—OUR FIRST PLAYGROUND. AL LARWELL.

"Cambie Street grounds was undoubtedly our first playground, or park, as they call them now; certainly before Stanley Park; there was no Stanley Park then. What you have said about Al Larwell is perfectly true, but you have not said half enough. He was the first 'caretaker' at Cambie Street grounds; I don't think he was a paid official; sure he was not, but he was the first 'park superintendent,' and lived in a little shack on the northeast corner. He was an exceptionally fine good man; you could have gone much farther in what you have said about him and still not exaggerated. If he saw a boy smoking or chewing tobacco, or telling improper stories, he would say, 'Boys, you cannot do that in my presence.' He was strict, but they loved him all the same. Many a boy I have seen him send away from Cambie Street grounds for some infringement of his rules. Then again, he looked after our mitts and bats; he was without doubt the first playground caretaker, or park attendant, in Vancouver, and honorary at that. I think it would be a nice tribute to that splendid man if some memorial could be erected to him. Joe Reynolds will tell you all about Al Larwell."

"I suppose, in the first place, I came to Vancouver for a bit of adventure. Years afterwards, in 1898, I walked into Atlin—that was the last gold discovery—opened a general store there and remained two years. Mrs. Allan, who was Miss Maud Sharpe of Perth, Ontario, and I were married at Rat Portage, now Kenora, Ontario; she came to Vancouver in 1900, before our marriage; our son is Lawson M. Allan."

Geo. Allan died 24 December 1933.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_088



Item # EarlyVan_v2_089

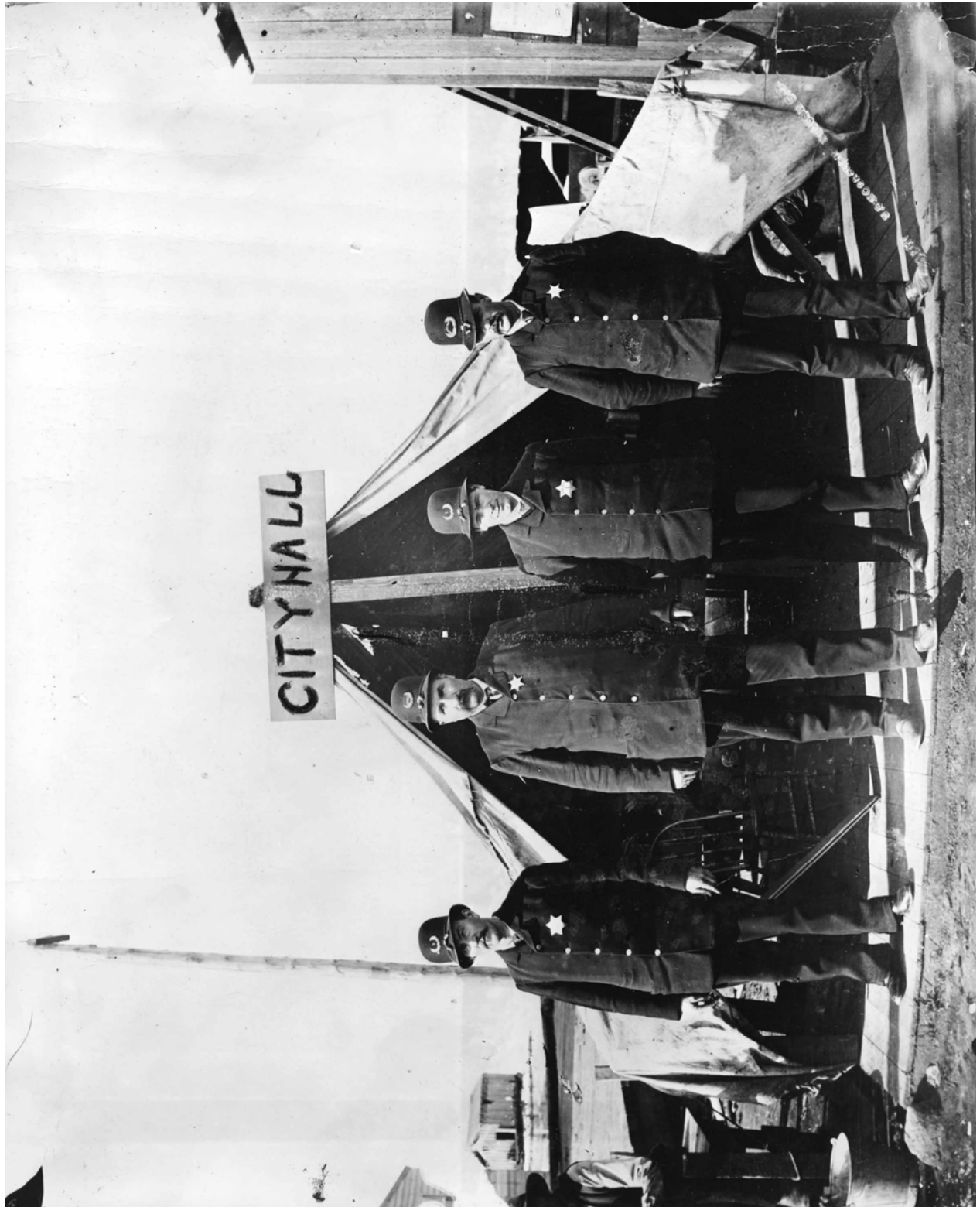
Residence, first Mayor, 1886 (as in 1932)
S.W. cor. Dunlevy and Oppenheimer sts.



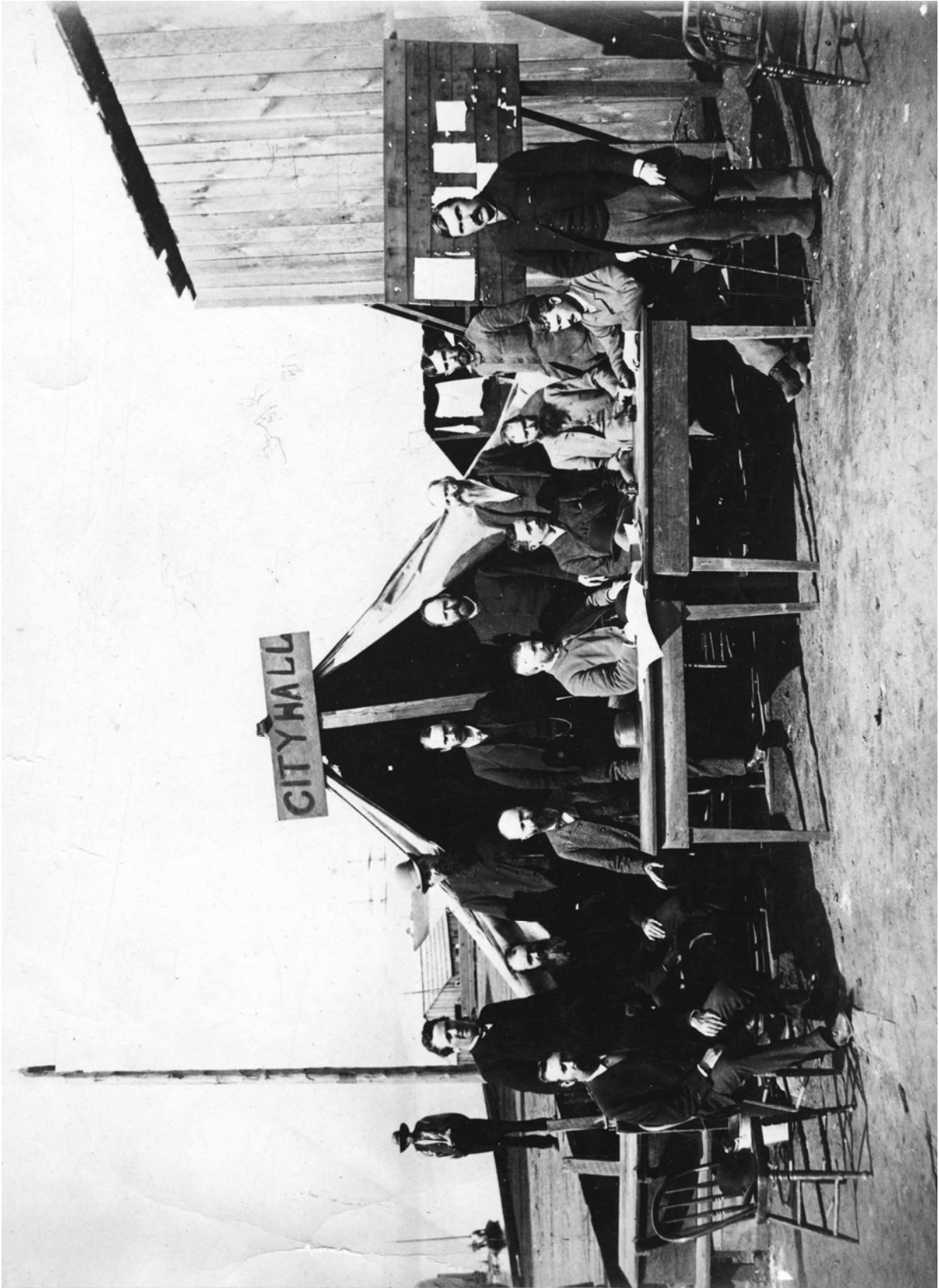
The home of the first mayor of Vancouver. (Mayor M.A. MacLean)

see back.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_090



Item # EarlyVan_v2_091



Item # EarlyVan_v2_092

“He was, it seems to me, one who, more preeminently than others, envisioned the growth of our city, our harbour, and especially our foreign trade, as it has actually taken place since.”

From recollections of W.H. Gallagher in *Early Vancouver*, 1931.

NOTES OF AN INSPIRING PIONEER SPEECH.

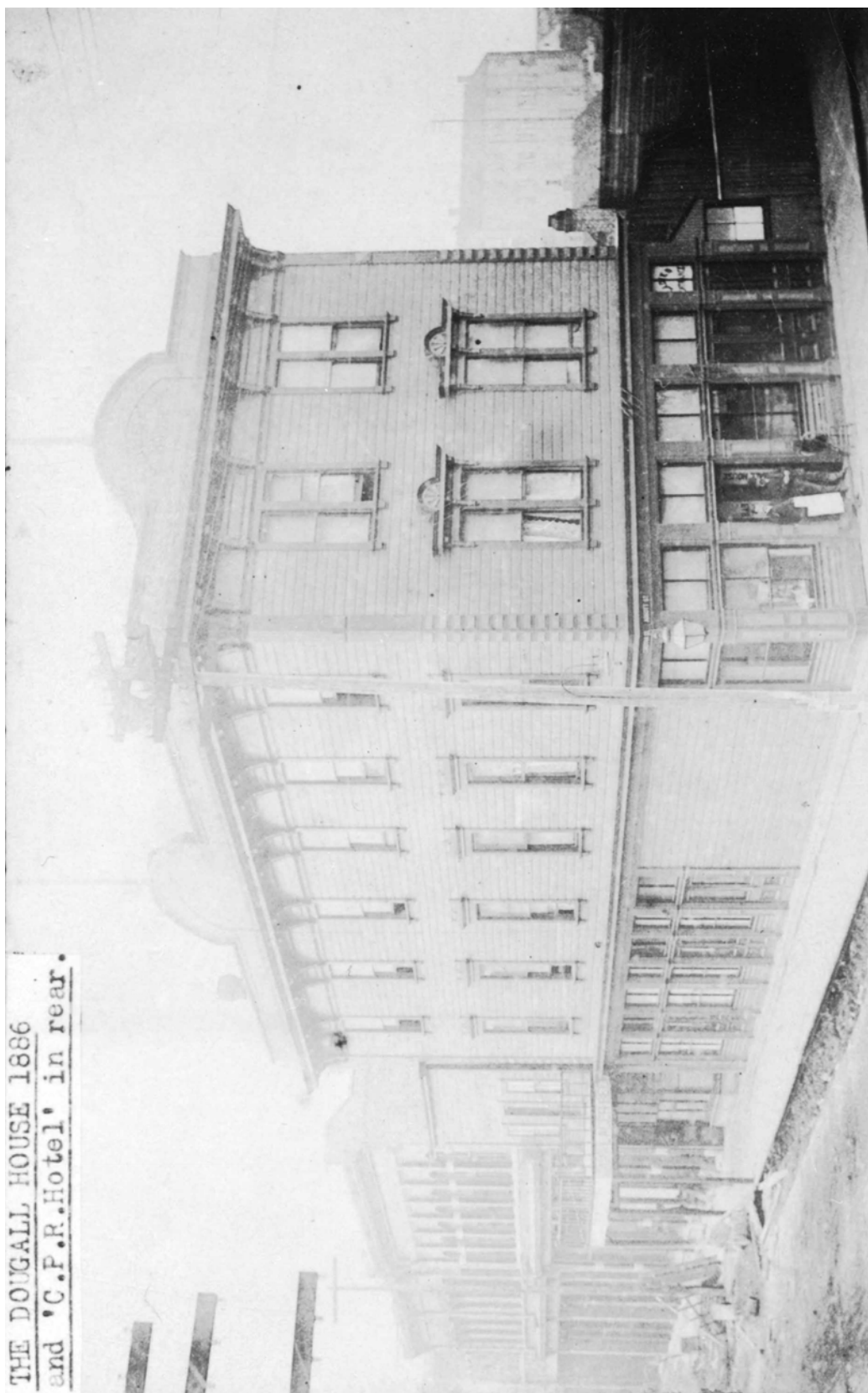
(presumed to have been delivered at a New Year's Even banquet—31 December 1886—at the Dougall House, corner Cordova and Abbott streets, Vancouver)

by

His Worship Mayor M.A. MacLean
First mayor of Vancouver
1886

These notes, after careful preservation for over forty-five years, were loaned for copying in February 1932, to Major J.S. Matthews by his widow, Mrs. Margaret A. MacLean; they are on stationery headed “MAYOR'S OFFICE, VANCOUVER, B.C. ... 1886,” (no crest).

The original house, the first home of His Late Worship Mayor and Mrs. MacLean, built out of relief funds sent from all parts of the world to Vancouver at the time of the Great Fire, 1886, still stands at the southwest corner of Cordova Street East and Dunlevy Avenue. His Worship lost all his possessions in the Great Fire.



THE DOUGALL HOUSE 1886
and 'C.F.R. Hotel' in rear.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_093

(On City of Vancouver stationery, no crest, probably the first letterheads printed, and before adoption of first civic crest.)

MAYOR'S OFFICE
Vancouver, B.C. ... 1886.

(His Worship's own handwriting.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF METROPOLITAN CENTRES IN THE NORTH WEST AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

The British provinces of Manitoba, and the territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Athabasca comprise a vast area much of which possesses superior agricultural resources.

Half a century is but a little while—in history; yet even a quarter of a century has wrought appalling results in the development of our Northwest. One hardly dares conjecture what marvels fifty years may work in the wilderness to the northwest of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Fifty years ago there was not a steam railway nor an electric telegraph in this world, today there are over 100,000 miles of railway on this continent alone, and more than half a million miles of telegraph. Fifty years ago there was not an ocean steamship afloat; now there are over ... plowing the waters of the different oceans of the world. Fifty years ago the population of the Dominion was ..., today our population is ... Fifty years ago the population of the United States was 13 millions; today their population is 60 millions. Fifty years ago there was not a friction match, a revolver, a breech loader, a percussion cap, or a sewing machine, etc., etc., etc.

Ten years ago Dakota was for the most part howling desert; five or six years hence Dakota will have a million inhabitants. Two or three generations hence there will be millions of sturdy Anglo-Saxon people living west of Winnipeg and north of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the newer northwest it is likely that the next important urban growth beyond Minneapolis and St. Paul will be at Winnipeg.

DESCRIPTION OF THIS PROGRESS

Five hundred miles to the northwest of Winnipeg is the vast and fertile plains of the Saskatchewan Valley, and still further in the same direction are the great Athabasca and Peace Rivers, and the broad basin drained into the Great Slave Lake. The Peace River Valley is as far northwest of Winnipeg as Winnipeg is north west of Chicago. Someday there must be, in the nature of things, a new northwestern metropolis in the Saskatchewan region, and eventually there will be a city somewhere below the Great Slave Lake; and still the illimitable Northwest stretches on and on. From the Great Slave Lake to the Alaska boundary is nearly another thousand miles.

Through this region passes the broad MacKenzie River on its journey of a thousand miles to the Arctic Ocean, and parallel with the McKenzie, some three or four hundred miles further westward is the upper stretch of the Yukon in our own British Columbia. Between these streams are the ranges of the Rocky Mountain system containing without a doubt the gold and silver of another California.

Who can foretell the possibilities of the northwest portion of our own British American Empire; stretching as it does more than 3,000 miles from Winnipeg to Bering's Straits?

These far north western regions, it is true, are not the most favoured and genial on the globe, but they have vast and material resources, and are capable of sustaining a large population; they await a prosperous future. Their high altitudes are tempered by the warm Pacific currents from China and Japan. The Saskatchewan Valley is in the same latitude as Central and Northern England; the Great Slave Lake is on about the parallel of Stockholm, Christiana, and St. Petersburg; Sitka is not much further north than Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Cincinnati was the metropolis of the North West of two generations ago; Chicago has become the centre of a greater north west lying beyond; Minneapolis and St. Paul are assuming large proportions at the head of the Mississippi Valley as the commercial centre of still another and more extended northwest. The process is to be repeated (in our own Northwest).

INTERPROVINCIAL TRADE

(First page missing)

The resources of British Columbia thus briefly enumerated, being of just the very kind in which so large a portion of the North West Territories are conspicuously deficient, will find a home market by means of the railway. Calgary, Regina, Qu'Appelle, Brandon, Winnipeg may before long draw their chief supplies of lumber and coal from the Pacific Slope, while fresh salmon and other fish from the Fraser River and the Gulf of Georgia, together with such fruits as cannot be grown to advantage in the prairie region will, in a few years, be articles of common consumption in the Territories and Manitoba.

In return the prairie farmer will be able to furnish the hardy miner, the industrious lumberman, and the skillful fruit grower of British Columbia with the staff of life in highest perfection, together with pork, beef, hides and wool.

Interprovincial intercourse will thus become highly advantageous, and should do much, not only to stimulate the development of the latent resources that Canada possesses in such great variety, but to increase the home and foreign trade of her merchants.

JSM 1932

OUR FIRST MAYORESS (MRS. MALCOLM A. MACLEAN).

Memorandum of an evening spent with Mrs. M.A. MacLean, first mayoress of Vancouver, who, tomorrow, Easter Sunday, 27 March 1932, will be 84. She is a very gracious lady, mentally alert, and with a sweet smile, but feeble and not very well, but sufficiently active to participate in a quiet birthday party with a few relatives and friends, including her son (only), two unmarried daughters, Dr. Perry, a nephew, Mr. Tom McInnes, the historian, and his sister Miss McInnes.

Mrs. MacLean was charmingly gowned in a mauve satin dress of mid-Victoria design which, purchased in Toronto about 1882, lace V front and cuffs, its longish train supported by an ornamental rope slipped by a loop over her left wrist, and so well preserved as to appear almost a new dress. She made a delightful picture of old fashioned grace and graciousness.

During short bits of conversation Mrs. MacLean said:

"I was not in Vancouver at the time of my husband's election, nor at the time of the Great Fire; we came here in the fall of 1886, that is, the children and I, came by the C.P.R. to Port Moody and thence down the inlet by the old *Princess Louise*. There were but five passengers on the train. Mr. Melville Thomson of the Thomson Stationery Co. was one, and there was a woman who got off at Port Moody, I forget her name, her husband worked there.

"The train trip to Vancouver was terrible; the worst of it was the trains did not connect, they were short of rolling stock or something. We had to go through the United States, and at some place, I forget where it was, we had to walk through a field of snow, one of the children clutching my dress, the other on one hand, and the third in my arms. At some place we stopped one night at a hotel, and the snow came into our room. There were just five of us on the train, that is, adult passengers; we got off at Port Moody and came down the inlet on the *Princess Louise*.

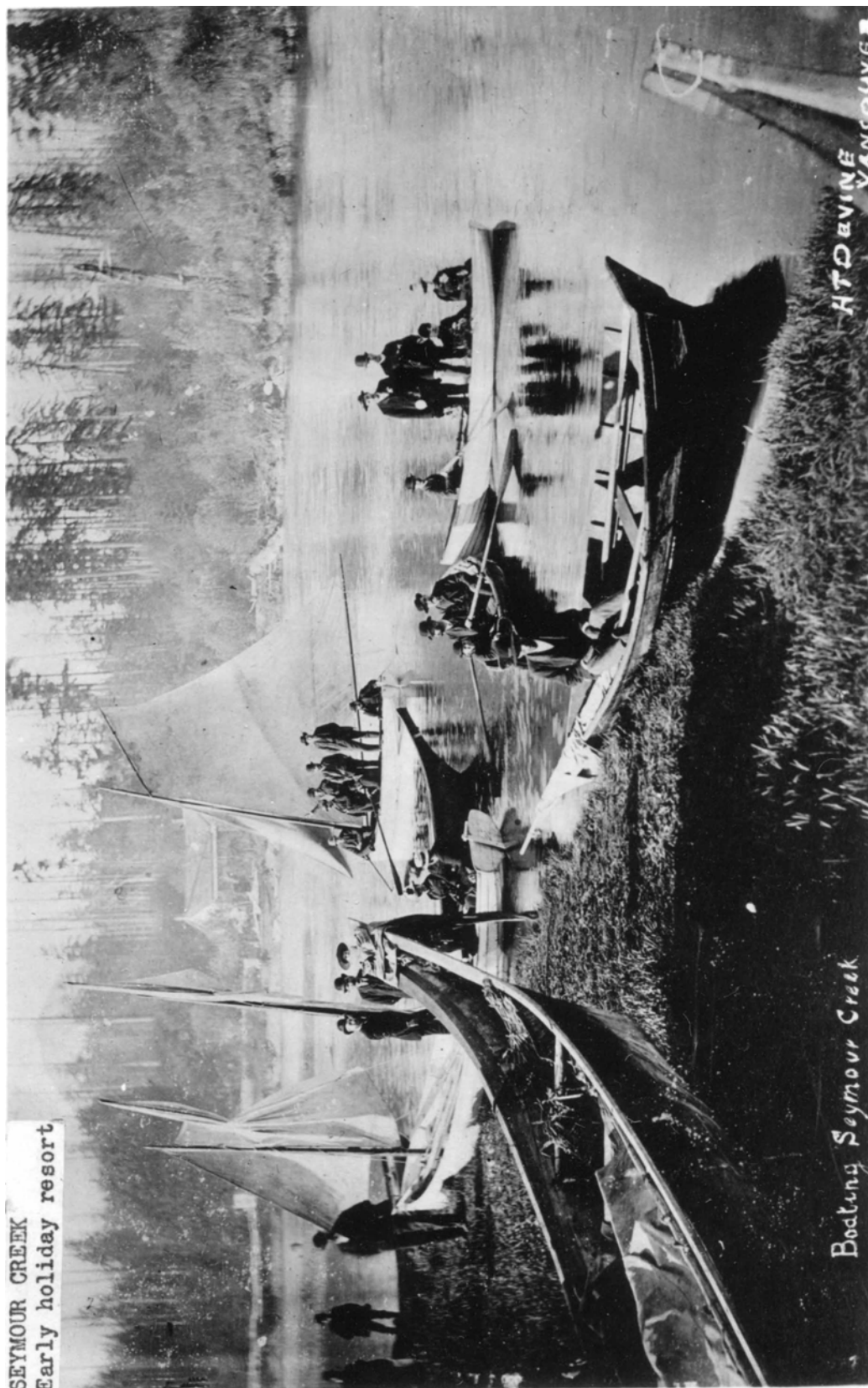
"On my arrival, of course, Mr. MacLean was mayor, and we had such a busy time. Mr. A.W. Ross, M.P., my sister's husband, was away in Ottawa, so at first we went to live with her in some rooms over a store. Then we went to stop at the Gold House on Water Street; it was just finished and was so nice. I must try and think who were stopping there. Well, there was Mr. and Mrs. H.T. Ceperley," (Note: of Ross and Ceperley and the Ceperley Playgrounds, Stanley Park) "and, oh, I forget! After we built our own place on Dunlevy Avenue, but I have not seen the old home for years; they tell me it is almost falling down now." (See photograph taken in 1931.)

"Those were the *busiest* times, so much entertaining, so many dances, so difficult to get help in the household. White help at any price was almost impossible, and the Chinamen were so independent; if

there was an extra person in for dinner, or something the Chinaman did not like, they would pack up and walk out without saying a word.

“The dances were mostly in hotels, or big rude halls built for the purpose; no one had a ball room; we went out to George Black’s at Hastings a great deal, he had a hall for dancing there.

“No, we did not go to Stanley Park for our picnics; there were no trails over there. When someone would say, ‘What shall we do? Go for a drive or take a boat?’ well, if we took a boat—one of those big boats—we went across the inlet in the direction of the Mission, or perhaps it would be to Seymour Creek that we would go, but it seems to me the waters of Burrard Inlet were smoother in those days.”



Item # EarlyVan_v2_094

"Oh, yes! It would have made a great difference to Mr. MacLean if he had not lost his property in the Great Fire of 1886; it might have been very much different for all of us. He had been to San Francisco to buy a lot of beautiful furnishings for our home; all were destroyed. Then he had two buildings, two store buildings, both were burned, and nothing was insured. The insurance papers were to have come by the boat the next morning.

"I have had Mr. W.H. Gallagher's story which you have written" (*Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931) "read to me, and enjoyed it. I think his story of the Great Fire is the best I have ever read, and as to the rest, I am not familiar with all of it; what I do know is correctly told. He was, as you say, without salary or expenses during both years of his term of office."

Did he not receive anything? we asked.

"Nothing," was Mrs. MacLean's positive answer.

"You have heard of the Hobson-Taylor Missionary Party; they were the first which went this way to China. Well, they wrote asking if there was any sleeping room in Vancouver, and when they arrived the whole twelve of them came to our house, our small house; such a crowding. And the next morning I asked them what they would like to eat; I thought perhaps fish. They said they had not had any fish, and would like fish very much, so I gave them fish, fish, fish," and Mrs. MacLean laughed as heartily as her years permit.

"The Rev. Mr. Thompson was our Presbyterian minister.

"I was through the North West Rebellion of 1885; I saw it all," and by her countenance and intonation, it must have been a trying experience. "I was in the house by myself a good deal of the time. There was a looking glass in my bedroom, and as I lay in bed I saw lights in the looking glass. I thought I must be losing my senses. Each night I could see moving lights in the looking glass. Some gentlemen came for a meal, and I told them I had a pretty good meal for them this time, but that it might be the last if things kept on the way they were; I might not be in my right senses to make another. Then they explained to me about the lights that I had seen in the glass. They were the reflections, through the window into the looking glass, of the Indian signal fires; different shapes to communicate from one Indian band to another how matters were progressing during the day; semaphoring, as it were, to each other, and, their fires were all around."

His Worship Mayor MacLean was born at Tiree, Scotland, went to live in several places in Ontario, then, with his wife, lived in Winnipeg, afterwards had a farm either at Qu'Appelle or near Wolseley, Manitoba (see *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931), participated in the North West Rebellion, and came on to Vancouver, put all his money into real estate and property, then came the fire which "cleaned him out"; one of his store buildings was so new when it was burned that it was without occupants. His house was built out of funds sent from distant points for the relief of Vancouver after the devastating fire six weeks after his election as mayor (June 1886). He died in Vancouver in 1895, being survived by his widow, Mrs. Margaret A. MacLean, an only son Cluny, now of MacLean's Ltd., Tea Importers of 150 Alexander Street, and two daughters, Miss Isabella at home and Miss Ethelwyne, now employed in the Dead Letter Office. Mother and daughters have resided for many years at 883 Broughton Street. Mrs. MacLean's grandmother was a granddaughter of the celebrated Scottish heroine Flora Macdonald.

On Easter morning (Sunday, 27 March 1932) being Mrs. MacLean's 84th birthday, a basket of beautiful Easter lilies was sent to her by His Worship Mayor Taylor with the compliments of the citizens of Vancouver.

W.H. Gallagher: (see elsewhere) "MacLean, before he went to Winnipeg, had been a merchant in Oshawa, Ontario."

DEATH OF HIS WORSHIP EX-MAYOR MALCOLM ALEXANDER MACLEAN.

Conversation with his daughter, Miss MacLean, 10 February 1932.

"It was Joe Fortes, the bartender at the Sunnyside Hotel, who helped to save Mrs. A.W. Ross, and her son Don, escape the fire on 13 June 1886."

Note: merely another instance of that wonderful ducky, "Old Joe," for whom all Vancouver held so deep an affection that they erected a monument to him at English Bay, where he spent over thirty years as, first unofficial, then official, beach master and life guard.

"Father," (Mayor MacLean) "died in our home in the 600 block, Hornby Street, in 1895. Our house can be seen in the photograph of Vancouver taken from the Hotel Vancouver, back of the white house, and on Hornby Street."

FIRST CHIEF OF POLICE.

"His full name was John Malcolm Stewart."

A.W. ROSS, M.P. W.E. GRAVELEY. C.P.R. TERMINUS.

Memo of conversation with W.E. Graveley, 11 April 1932.

"A.W. Ross was member of parliament for Lisgard, and a 'C.P.R.' member of parliament, and Van Horne tipped him off that Port Moody would not be the terminus of the C.P.R. I sold hundreds of lots in Port Moody, but never once did I buy one myself. He" (A.W. Ross) "formed a syndicate to buy up all the land east of Carrall Street; Dr. Powell, Major Dupont, 1460 acres right in the centre of the city, from Burrard Inlet to away up in Cedar Cottage. A.W. Ross had no money, and when it came to making the first payment he had to apply to others.

"Innes was my partner in Winnipeg as well as here. He" (A.W. Ross) "sold Innes—Innes, Richards and Ackroyd, an early firm, they were incorporated before the fire—he sold half of his one-fifth interest to Innes and myself. Then he again got into financial difficulties, so we had an assignment drawn up—I have it yet—and gave us one twentieth of the interest. We got up a pamphlet, the *West Shore*—we had an advertisement in that—drawing attention to the place; that was in 1884."

(Note: see *The Name of Vancouver* and its appearance in the *West Shore*, published in Portland, Oregon, September 1884.)

EARLY REAL ESTATE. C.P.R. SELLS FIRST LOT.

"I built a little real estate office on the northeast corner of Alexander and Carrall streets. Tom Dunn, the hardware man, and Hart, furniture, were down Hastings Road. When the C.P.R. came along they ordered the stores away. I was staying at the Sunnyside Hotel, and was friendly with all the C.P.R. officials. They asked me why I did not move too. L.A. Hamilton and others were staying at the Sunnyside, Hamilton was C.P.R. surveyor. I told them that I did not want to move and that I wanted to buy a lot. They wired Van Horne, and he replied, 'All right,' so I bought the southeast corner of Carrall and Cordova Street, where the Oyster Bay Café is, and own it yet.

"We moved my little shack up Carrall Street with seven teams of horses. The horses came down the street too fast, and bang went the telephone and telegraph wires; came tumbling down, and the horses brought up in a cut down tree or something. I got into all sorts of trouble. Joe Armstrong started 'after' me, so I saw J.J. Blake, and he asked how high the gable of my building was. I said, 'Fifteen feet.' 'Oh, well,' he replied, 'do nothing,' which I did. See Judge Howay's history book published twenty years ago, you will see there the first real estate advertisements; we pointed out the distances from London to Vancouver, from Vancouver to Yokohama, and the distances to other places." (See *West Shore*.)

EARLY TELEPHONE.

"Oh, yes, there must have been a telephone before the fire, or how could Joe Armstrong have got after me; besides my little shack was burned in the fire."

FIRST LOT SOLD. FIRST MAP OF VANCOUVER.

"I bought the first lot the C.P.R. sold in Vancouver. You see, the first map of Vancouver was made in 1885; it was all called Coal Harbour then. I have travelled the world over, and have yet to find a city which appeals to me so much, or a place of such hope and prospects."

TENT ON CARRALL STREET. GREAT FIRE PHOTO.

"That tent, the white tent in the well-known photo of Vancouver the day after the fire is in the middle of Cordova Street. That stump, the nearest one, is still there, on the right of way of the C.P.R., east side, between, about half way between Carrall and Cordova Street, a few feet north of the lane. It stood exactly as it was in the photo until last year, then someone cut the top off for fire wood, but the lower part is still there, the only stump left on the peninsula, as far as I know. I own the lot the second stump is on. I paid \$700 for the first lot; at first my taxes were \$11.90; now they are \$800."

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. GRAVELEY AND SPINKS.

"When the fire took place we were up Mount Pleasant. I said, 'It looks to me that the place is on fire.' We came down the hill, crossed the old wooden bridge over False Creek, and came on down the old trail which slanted from Carrall Street across Hastings and struck Main Street about where the gas works is. We met a horse and wagon coming along furiously. It was loaded with household furniture and mattresses. We went on, and got as far as my office, got out one or two books, ledger, cash book and so on, then we cleared out pretty quick, and then, strange thing I so well remember, I turned the key in the lock. I tried to get my trunk, etc., out of the Sunnyside, but the Sunnyside went up like a puff. Then I took a nice metal sign painted in black and gold, 'Graveley and Spinks,' and slipped it under my arm; I will tell you more about that later.

"As we passed the Burrard Hotel, and the three-storey building opposite," (north east corner of Hastings and trail) "I passed Balfour the proprietor; he was an alderman. He was up to his neck trying to get a lot of children out of danger and said, 'Give me a hand with these children.' I took one child up on my shoulders and started off for False Creek." (See note below.) "When I came back there were three or four dead bodies under the Burrard Hotel; they had evidently crawled under the hotel to save themselves, and had been burned to death.

"The next day a man came to me and said, 'I have some papers belonging to you.' I said, 'Where did you get them,' and he replied, 'On the beach.' They were a bundle of deeds, agreements of sale, tied closely together, and had been in my trunk in the Sunnyside Hotel, and when that burned they must have been sucked out in the fierce air blast caused by the fire. I have them yet, all stained with mud, and including the deed to the first lot sold by the C.P.R."

THE REAL ESTATE SIGN.

"As we were escaping I put the sign down behind a stump and when I came back it was gone. I thought it queer that anyone should want a sign with my name on it; not a sort of thing other people want. I looked at the ground, and there was my sign all right, but it had melted; that will give you an idea of the heat of the fire."

HIS WORSHIP MAYOR MACLEAN. THE FIRST COUNCIL.

"M.A. MacLean was a broad visioned man, generous to a fault, and a man of whom Vancouver should be proud to have had for its first mayor. Well, judge for yourself; he was victorious over Alexander in the election, and Alexander was a well-known and influential man. Yes, I do think that our first aldermen were men of great heart and understanding, and," (significantly) "better than some we have had since."

Note above: two of these were Alderman Balfour's children; the other two those of his wife's mother (Mrs. Martin who died 1932.) Alderman Balfour's widow still lives, 1932.

Note: the leading remarks of Mr. Graveley serve to illustrate the controversy "East End versus West End"; see W.F. Findlay, who states that the great question was "which way will the city grow?"

THE FIRST CITY COUNCIL.

Ex-Alderman Harry Hemlow, so far as is known one of the two surviving members of the first City Council, the other being ex-Alderman L.A. Hamilton, in Toronto. Mr. Hemlow resides at the Martinique Hotel, Granville Street, has been there several years, is very deaf, in poor health, financially depressed, complains of poor memory. He died a month after this interview, in March 1932.

"I came to Vancouver in the spring of 1886—before the fire—at the time of the fire I was running the Sunnyside," (hotel) "John McInnes had it before I did; the old registers were burned in the fire. The old ones would have shown a wonderful list of famous names for it was the 'swell' place of Granville. It may be that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's daughter, did stay there; I don't recall. During my incumbency many well-known people were guests at the Sunnyside.

"My permanent guests included Father Fay," (Roman Catholic) "Father Fiennes-Clinton," (Anglican) "Rev. Mr. Thompson," (Presbyterian) "Alderman L.A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A.G. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. A.W. Ross, M.P., and brother-in-law to Mayor M.A. MacLean, Mayor and Mrs. MacLean, Harry Abbott, C.P.R. superintendent, C.D. Rand, E.E. Rand, Mr. Terlew, private secretary to Mr. Abbott, and a whole lot more. I had a lot of photos of early Granville, but they were all burned in the fire when I was living on Hornby Street—such a pity.

"I have read your story," (Mr. W.H. Gallagher's in *Early Vancouver*, 1931 issue, dated 30 December 1931) "and it seems all right to me; what a remarkable memory he has. There is one thing I am uncertain about. Did the first meeting of the first City Council take place in the old Court House? I thought it was in Ed Blair's hall. Ed Blair's hall was about six doors west of the Deighton Hotel; Johnson was running the Deighton at the time of the fire, and Ed Blair's hall was at the back of a saloon on Water Street; a biggish hall where we used to have dances. The Court House was a mere bit of a place.

"I was away at Portland at the time the well-known photograph of the 'City Hall' in a tent was taken; that is why I do not appear; I was the only one absent.

"The reason Mayor MacLean had his office" (see notice in newspaper, and *Early Vancouver*, 1931) "on Abbott Street in 1887 was that he was in the real estate business, and had his office there. I don't know where we went after we left the tent, but Col. Powell, Major Dupont, and Mr. Oppenheimer gave the lots to the city to build the City Hall on Powell Street. I put that through the Council, and when the city moved to the Market Hall, the old City Hall afterwards on Main Street—a man named Dawson from England, and another were the architects of the Market Hall—their heirs sued the city, but the city beat them. I was asked to give evidence for the defence at the trial, but when I told the city solicitor that it was a 'dirty deal,' he said to me, 'Well, in that case I don't suppose you want to appear for us?' It seems to me the deed of gift read, 'for city purposes'; it was always intended it should be 'for a city hall.'"

Mr. Hemlow was quite feeble, but I ventured to remark, Why did you become an alderman for the first council? "For a bit of a lark," was his answer. He died a month later, March 1932.

Note: Ferguson Point, Stanley Park, is named after the A.G. Ferguson mentioned above; they were close relatives of the Ceperleys of Ceperley Playgrounds, Second Beach, and rumour is that it was really Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson's money which the Ceperleys afterwards donated to create the playground.

THE FIRST CITY TREASURER AND TAX COLLECTOR, G.F. BALDWIN.

William F. Findlay, 12 April 1932.

The late Mr. Findlay, together with his wife, were fatally injured four days later in a motor car accident on the Granville Street bridge. Mr. Findlay arrived Vancouver 22 October 1887; both were pioneers; their remains were cremated. The funeral was asserted to be the largest private funeral ever held in Vancouver. The author, formerly a yachting companion of both, ceased to count after 500 had passed the remains lying in state; many hundreds did not enter the chapel.

"Did I ever tell you how G.F. Baldwin, our first city treasurer, tax collector and everything else, came to get the position. Well, on the afternoon of 4 April 1886, he was reporting for the *Victoria Colonist* covering the proceedings of the Legislature in the Press Gallery, and that afternoon an act incorporating Vancouver into a brand new city was passed, creating a city, of course, without a council, officials, finances, or anything else.

"On going back to the *Colonist* office, he first wrote up the Legislative proceedings—they had reportorial staff of three only at that time—then wrote out his resignation, and took the boat to Vancouver. Just who

he approached I do not know, perhaps M.A. MacLean, one of the candidates, perhaps both; anyway, he was appointed and held the position for many years." (Until 1920, i.e. 35 years.)

OUR EARLY WATER WORKS. MAYOR DAVID OPPENHEIMER.

"I remember listening, as a boy, to a very interesting conversation, about 1888, between my uncle Lewis Carter of the Carter House and Mayor Oppenheimer. A by-law was being submitted to the people for \$80,000 for the proposed water system. Eighty thousand dollars was a lot of money for a small population to assume, and Mayor Oppenheimer took it upon himself to personally interview the rate-payers. He came to the Carter House, and I stood by and listened to the conversation which followed.

"My uncle said that he admitted it would be advisable to have the water, but so far as he himself was concerned, he was independent, he had his own well, and the water had served him for several years. 'I am not an engineer,' he went on, 'but I do know something about it. How are you going to get the pipe across the Narrows?'

"'Flexible joints, float it on logs, and then sink it,' answered Mayor Oppenheimer." (They did not adopt this method, but dragged it. See Phillip Oben who confirms this.)

"'Do you think it can be done?' said Uncle. 'Won't it cost too much?' Then followed an instance of Mayor Oppenheimer's determination and remarkable farsightedness. 'I know it,' he asserted, and then with still further assurance added, 'I know it, and without much cost too.'

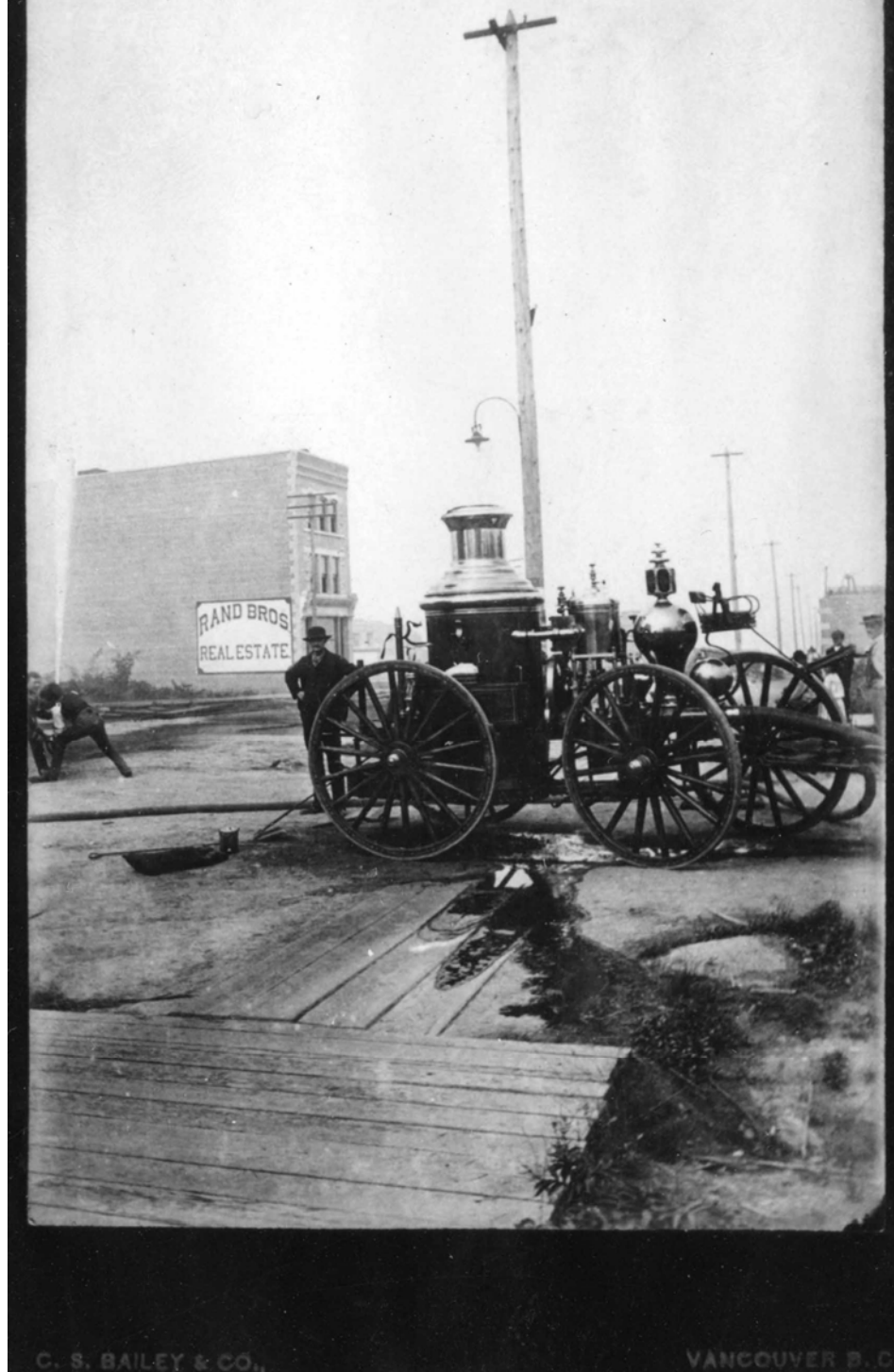
"Uncle interjected, 'The pipe will be on the bottom; supposing some vessel out of its course strikes it?'

"'That chance is one in one hundred thousand,' retorted Mayor Oppenheimer, 'and we shall have to take a chance on that.' Then he went on, 'Of course, the day will come, and that day will be within fifty years, when they will bring the water underneath the Narrows in a tunnel. The population will be so large that conditions will warrant it.'

"'Well, you may be right, at that,' I heard Uncle Carter reply."

Note: the conversation was prompted by the starting of the tunnel, not yet, February 1933, fully completed and ready for opening and use—less than 45 years, not even 50 as prophesied.

GRANVILLE ST at Dunsmuir 1889-1890
Pumping from water tank before
water system installed.

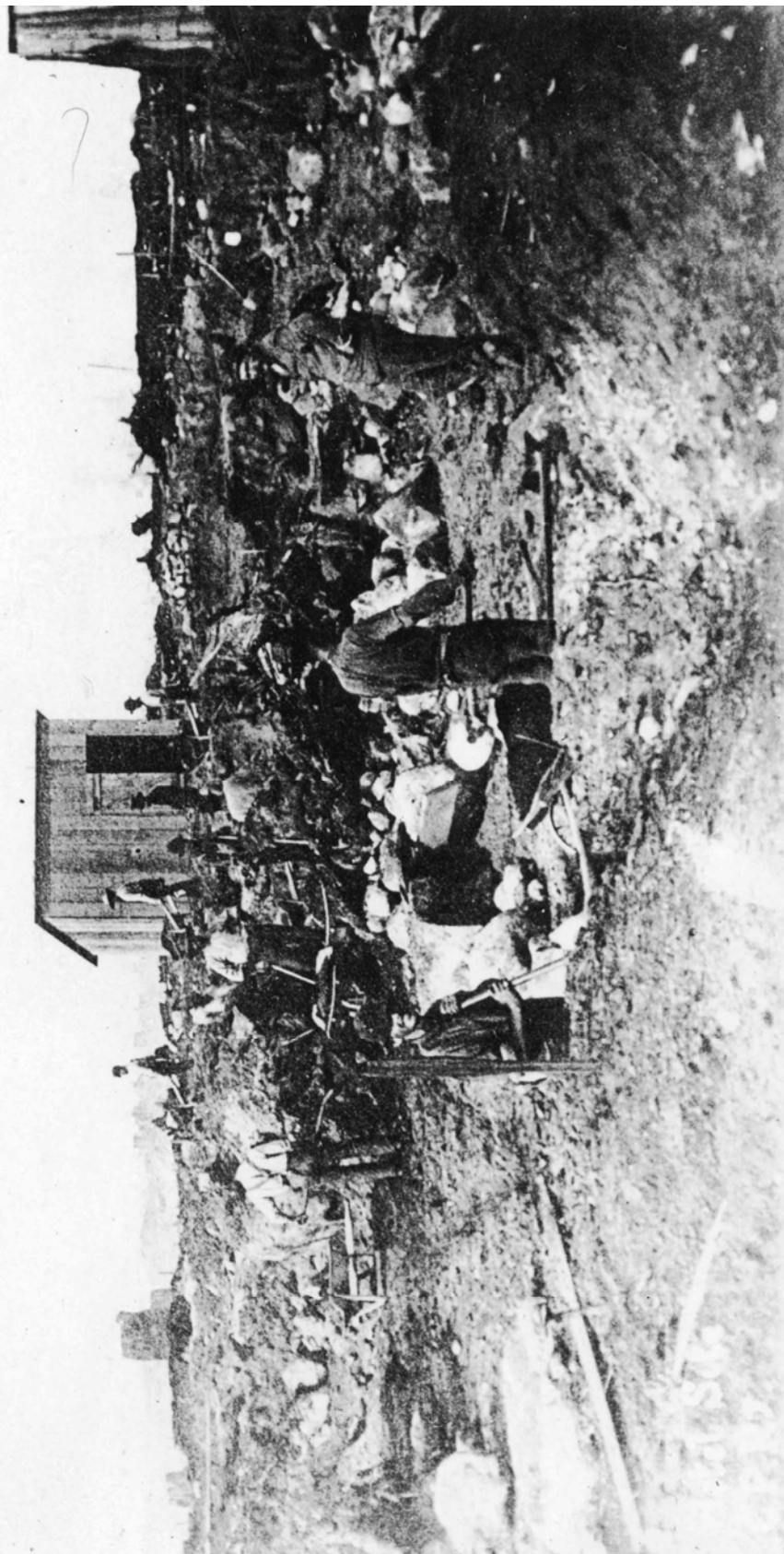


C. S. BAILEY & CO.,

VANCOUVER B.C.

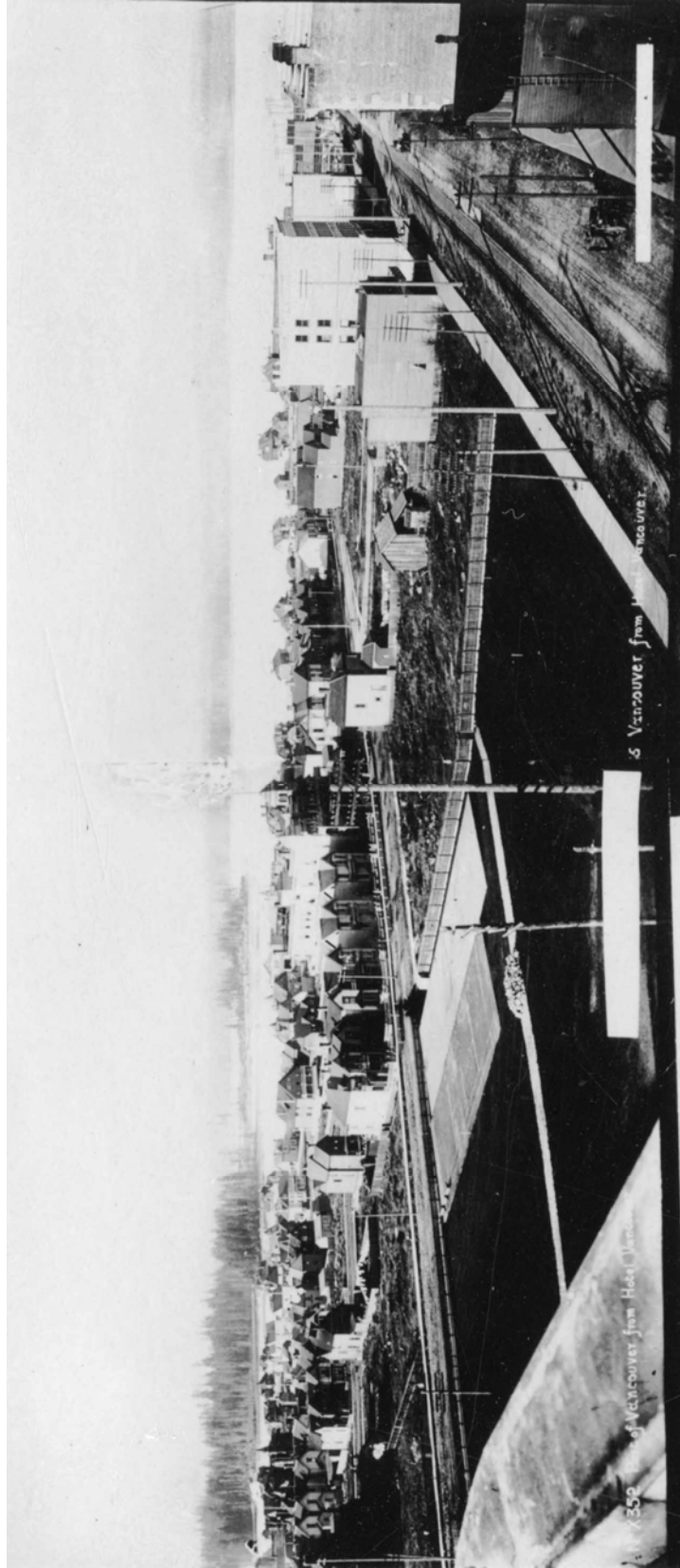
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A wilderness where grew
THE HEART OF VANCOUVER



The crest of the hill midst a confusion of forest debris. Excavating the foundations for the first Hotel Vancouver, Granville and Georgia St, 1886. (Courtesy H.J.Cambie Esq)

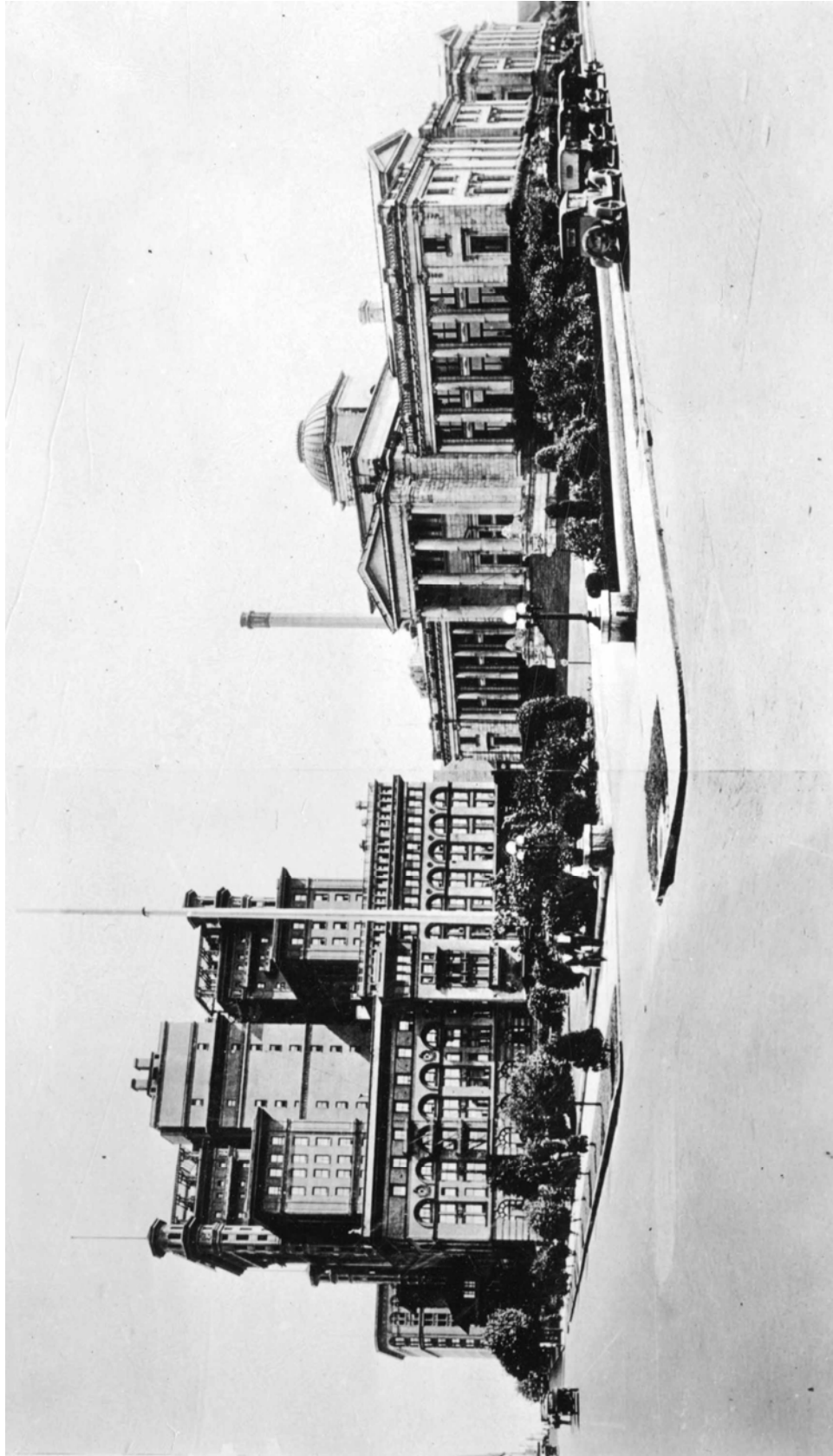
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CLEARING AWAY THE FOREST. THE GREAT FIRE.

"To use the old term 'boulder pin clearing' was the system adopted for clearing, for sweeping down, the forest. Anything up to a foot, or eighteen inches, was cut half through at the front; anything from five or six inches in diameter up to a foot or eighteen inches diameter would be cut half through, and then a big one, a big tree, let down on top; and the 'boys' were pretty clever; they could put a falling tree almost anywhere, almost drive a stake with it. You can imagine what it would be like if you went into Stanley Park, and Stanley Park in its densest part is not dense; too many trees were taken out by loggers; and then fell ten or twenty acres with one sweep.

"Now add to this a hot summer or spring, and after a couple of months drying, a fire got into it, and you will get some sort of an idea of what sort of a fire there was here on 13 June 1886."

HOTEL VANCOUVER. EAST END VERSUS WEST END.

"That's quite true; the everlasting argument was, 'Which way would the city grow?' For instance, in the fall of 1886, Uncle Carter undertook to buy the lot on which the Templeton Block stands at the northeast corner of Hastings and Carrall streets. I think the price was \$1,250, and he intended to buy, but overnight the price jumped \$200.

"Then again when the Hotel Vancouver was built in the exact location it now occupies, there were expressions of much astonishment such as, 'Well, why are they building it *away* up there on the hill?' Much emphasis was put on the word *away*."

CLEARING THE FOREST DEBRIS AWAY.

"At the time of the fire there was a huge pile of debris back of William Dicks Limited, present store on the northeast corner of Hastings and Homer Street; it straddled the lane below it. They were using a tree which had been toppled as a gin pole—Uncle Carter estimated its height at 80 feet—and with the assistance of a 'donkey' engine were piling the roots and logs into a towering heap. That was where Gladwin was working when the fire started, and, Sunday, too."

Note: Gladwin, since dead, is asserted by Mr. Findlay to have been the man who actually set fire to the pile, having received orders to that effect. J.S.M.

THE SMALLPOX SCARE. THE FIRST MASTOID OPERATION.

"Dr. Langis is right about the smallpox scare. I remember the excitement which old Captain Rudlin of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's steamer *Charmer* created when he tried to land a smallpox case at the C.P.R. Dock. There was quite a fuss. The police authorities would not let him tie up, nor land at the C.P.R. Dock, nor the Hastings Mill. He attempted to tie up at the C.P.R. Dock without success, then moved to the Hastings Mill and tried to tie up there, and I vividly recall the dash through town of the civic authorities; they commandeered the Carter House bus, and swore in special constables, and dashed off through the town to prevent his landing at the Hastings Mill. Then he cast anchor in the stream, and finally landed at Hastings. I think the matter was referred to in the pulpits the next day as an 'attempted outrage.'

"Dr. Langis performed the first mastoid operation in Vancouver. He was without proper instruments, and so they say, went down to Tom Dunn's hardware store, purchased a couple of the best chisels, tested them for quality, started in, and finished a successful operation." (See if Dr. Langis mentions this in *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931.)

C.P.R. CAR BUILDERS AT YALE.

"My Uncle, Lewis Carter, crossed the continent five times, the first time in 1872. He was, for three weeks, on the survey line, the surveying of the route, of the C.P.R. from Port Moody to Vancouver. He had charge of the C.P.R. car building shops at Yale for two and one half years; they built freight cars there, and some of the first turntables. In the last years of the shops there they were turning out six freight cars, mostly box cars, per day, and in this connection I will tell you something to illuminate your story about the medicine ditches." (See *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931.)

HARRISON HOT SPRINGS. INDIAN MEDICINE DITCHES.

"Uncle told me, and I also heard it from one of the Agassiz boys of Agassiz, that in the early days the Indians and the prospectors did a lot of the same sort of thing at what is now Harrison Hot Springs; he

said he did it himself lots of times. He and his partner carried two barrels of flour, six bags to the barrel, into the Cariboo, going in via Fraser River, Harrison River, Harrison Lake, and the trail; their plan was to carry two bags as far as they could see, and the walk back rested them for the next effort. It was while on these journeys that they did what I will tell you about.

"The Harrison Hot Springs was, at that time, just two little streams out of the mountain running down into Harrison Lake; one of these, which was a sulphur stream, had considerable volume; the smaller stream was potash. Even in those days the value of a sulphur stream to relieve rheumatism and similar ailments was well known. Both Indians and prospectors took the potash waters internally in the firm belief that they were of much value in stomach and kidney troubles. In those days, of course, there was no hotel or bathhouse at the springs, but necessity provided impromptu bathtubs for those wishing to take the 'cure.'

"The method was to draw up the canoe close alongside the sulphur spring, unload its contents, beach it in the soft mud, weight it down with a couple of good sized boulders—there was plenty around—and then dip the canoe full of hot water. A canoe of water would be of considerable weight, and a canoe means life, or death, so that their owners were careful of them, but the soft mud supported the outside.

"The water is cooler now, it used to be 165 F, now it is about 160 F; you used to be able to cook an egg in about five minutes. Then, after filling the canoe with hot sulphur water, they dipped in a little lake water to bring it down to 152 F or so, and after spreading a blanket, or tarpaulin if they possessed one, over the top of the canoe, the bather got inside and remained there 20 minutes or half an hour, and as the water cooled the partner would add a little more hot water. This went on winter and summer; the springs were easily marked by the clouds of steam arising from the hot water, and which could be seen for miles. In the spring months, when the traffic was heaviest, it was sometimes necessary to get in an advantageous position, so many were taking the treatment of just having a hot bath, before the canoe could be got close enough."

WILLIAM HAILSTONE, SAM BRIGHOUSE. THE WEST END OF VANCOUVER.

"I understand that William Hailstone parted with his half interest, or what ever interest he had with Sam Brighthouse for a twenty dollar gold piece, several sacks of flour worth about five dollars, and a cayuse with a string halt, worth perhaps \$25; you could buy lots from them for \$10 or \$15. Hailstone logged off the West End, or perhaps rather more correctly, sold some logs off his place. He got tired of the game, and 'pulled out.'"

VANCOUVER ROADS IN 1887.

"My first 'impression' of Vancouver came in the form of a big bump on the back of my head. I arrived by train, 22 October 1887, and took Uncle's bus to the Carter House; an open 'express' conveyance with seat longways on both sides, a covering supporting with iron stanchions, and canvas flaps for the sides to let down in rainy weather, and drawn by two horses. The Vancouver roads were very poor for somewhere on our way up the incline to Cordova Street or down to Water Street, the bus gave a big bump, I bounced out of my seat, my head banged the stanchion of the covering, and left a big bump on the back."

The above is an uncorrected memo of a conversation at Mr. Findlay's home one evening; no opportunity offered to have it corrected before his death four days later. JSM.

Copy by
W.J. Moore Photo Co
Vancouver.



Famous hostelry, 166 Water St, replaced earlier Carter House destroyed in great fire 1886 two weeks after opening, first three story building in Vanc'r. Demolished 1921-2. quartered police enforcing suspension city charter, Chinese Riots 1887. On verandah, Mrs (Margaret J) Carter, 3rd from left: C.E. Taggart, 4th Chas E Doering, 5th Lewis Carter, owner, 7th John L. Carter, brother. Copyright W.F. Findlay, 244 E 11th St.

For further details see conversations with pioneers for 1931. Note 5 tele phone wires. Verandah removed, in early years after erection. Mrs Carter, wife of proprietor and sister to W.F. Findlay's brother. Hotel was considered a "good family hotel", and had splendid view of water and mountains from front windows. Erection of this building commenced on Monday, day after great fire of Sunday, June 13, 1886.
J. S. 1932

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS AFTER VANCOUVER BECAME A CITY.

The Daily Province
Saturday
December 21st 1912

Loaned by Mrs. Emily Eldon, 1932.

OLD TIMERS, asked about the first Christmas in Vancouver after its incorporation, which was the first Christmas after 'the' fire, recalled interesting events of that day with mingled sadness and mirth. There was mirth over how they had enjoyed themselves then in spite of the circumstances, and there was grief when there came thoughts of those who have since passed away. A few chats were had with old timers. While, as old timers will, they wandered occasionally from that particular day, what they have to say contains much of interest.

Vancouver was informally christened in 1885 (a) and incorporated as a city in 1886. The first election for the city was held that year, and the townsite was fire-swept a month or so after—on June 13th. The next election was held on December 13th, 12 days before Christmas.

BACK TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

"The first Christmas in properly and legally incorporated Vancouver?" remarked Mrs. George Eldon, "Well, it was not much of a Christmas to tell the truth. There have been better Christmas celebrations, as far as jollity went, in old Gastown and Granville townsite days. But we enjoyed ourselves that Christmas, too, even if, in visiting neighbours one had to crawl over piles of ashes, in traversing which you could not tell what sad relic you might lay bare. (b) Still, there was a spirit of camaraderie in the air, and it is safe to say that no one in tent or shack or newly built home went without a greeting, or that anyone went without a Christmas dinner.

"After all, that spirit of neighbourliness that prevailed is something not to be forgotten, and certainly not to be ashamed of," added Mrs. Eldon reminiscently. "Most of us who were here were bound together by the common terror we had experienced on that recent day in June, and the newcomers were made welcome because we all remembered that they had come from places which had rushed help to us as fast as trains or steamboats could get things here.

"But as for that Christmas Day, December 25th 1886. Let me see. There were, I think, three Protestant and one Roman Catholic place of worship. I think they all had services on Christmas morning, but, bless you, when the services were over pastors and priest and all members of all denominations shook hands and wished each other a Merry Christmas. If there was tent or shack where anyone thought there lacked Christmas cheer there was no question as to what church the occupants belonged. They were visited, and if the shack was bare they were genially forced to come somewhere where good cheer prevailed."

REAL CHRISTMAS CHEER PREVAILED.

"I believe that a real downright honest, hearty, true Christmas cheer prevailed in Vancouver that day as keen and pure a sense as it ever prevailed anywhere since the shepherds kept their weary but hope-inspired watch. I know, too, that Vancouver at the time had the sympathy of New Westminster, Victoria and Moodyville, and that hampers which came were satisfying, as were also the messages of good will that accompanied them were heart warming. There was open house at New Westminster and Moodyville for Vancouverites that day, and many took advantage of the kindly hospitality. Moodyville, the town on the spit, was then, as you know, some considerable place, and it is pleasing to know that it is coming back into its own.

"In those days, we might not have liked to see so much good lumber leaving there and also from the Hastings Mill for South America and other points, when it was so much needed for home-building here, but that was bringing money into the province, and just then money was badly needed. Optimism was prevalent here, then, too, and on that Christmas day men who were comparatively rich on June 12th, and had been fire-swept into pauperism on the thirteenth of that month, and while poorly domiciled in tent or shack had that spirit of hope which has made Vancouver what it is today."

Asked as to her activities on that day, Mrs. Eldon said, "Oh, I enjoyed that day with the rest of the folks, but while you are welcome to make use of my reminiscences, I do not care to figure personally. To tell the truth, even in the midst of Christmas jollity and genuine neighbourliness I could not quite forget the horrors of that thirteenth day of June."

(a) Earliest known mention of "Vancouver" is September 1884.

(b) Human remains of those who burned to death.

WAS BUSY JOLLY DAY.

EX-CHIEF OF POLICE JOHN McLAREN.

When asked about Christmas of 1886 in Vancouver, ex-Chief of Police John McLaren said, "Gosh hemlock, lad. Do not ask me to give all the details of that day. I was a patrolman then. The late J.M. Stewart was chief, and my associate on the force was ex-sergeant V.W. Heywood. Did we have a busy day? Well, yes, we did, but it was not in the matter of making arrests. The late M.A. MacLean was mayor then, and he thought the duty of the police force on that day was to ensure that everyone had his share of happiness rather than bother about making arrests. It was close to our duty that day to find anyone who was moping alone in a shack or tent, and see that he got out and enjoyed himself.

"On that day in Vancouver crimes were not even thought of, much less committed. We did not have much of a jail to put anyone in anyway, and no one would have been cruel enough to chain a man up to a stump just because he had had a drink or two. There was a bit of a jail it is true, about where the old City Hall on Powell Street is now, but what few prisoners were in it had a good time under the supervision of Mr. John Clough. Every old timer remembers John, though he might not know who you were speaking of if you said Mister.

"The prisoners in that jail, I may mention, had no trouble about keeping warm if blankets counted for anything. There was something in the way of a miracle connected with those blankets. At the time of the fire John Clough was sojourning in the jail on account of having been generous in treating an Indian friend to firewater. When the fire gained uncontrollable headway the jail was forgotten, and John did not propose to stay there and be burned up, so he let the other prisoners out, and took French leave. (c)

"John went out in the woods, and stayed there until a day or so after the fire was all over, and then he came back and reported. John had only one arm, but when he reported he had a pile of blankets with him that would have kept the Turkish army from getting cold feet. They came in mighty handy, not only for prisoners, but for others. When asked how he came to obtain, much less carry, so many blankets, John's laconic response was, 'Oh, I'm an old prospector,' and we let it go at that.

"There were only three hotels worthy of a name in the city then. They were all crowded, but there was no quarrelling or fighting on that Christmas day. It was a case of, 'Drink hearty, but behave yourselves, and let the spirit of the day prevail and forget your troubles.' Vancouver has had many happy Christmas days since then, but none more genuinely jolly than that one."

(c) Said to have been chained to stakes.

AS MR. PAYNTER RECALLS IT.

ASSESSMENT COMMISSIONER PAYNTER.

"I remember the first Christmas in Vancouver well enough," remarked Assessment Commissioner Paynter, "but I was very much of a cheechako at the time, and perhaps should not speak authoritatively. As a matter of fact I had just arrived. I remember that there was no club here, and that the general meeting place was at a very popular one on Carrall Street. I know this, however, that on Christmas morning, my family and myself attended service at St. James' church, but was in an upstairs room on Alexander Street, the lower floor of which was used as business premises of Keefer Bros." (d)

(d) Probably Keefer Hall.

One of the oldest men on the city hall staff could tell many interesting stories about those happy go lucky times, but he, having been a newspaper man in his earlier days is naturally very modest about getting into print. He does say, however, that the first Christmas Day celebration in Vancouver after incorporation was more or less a continuation of the second election ever held in Vancouver.

The first election was held in May of 1886, and the second on December 13th. In that second election for the mayoralty the late M.A. MacLean defeated Thos. Dunn, who is now in Prince Rupert, by 154 to 122. The elected aldermen were Sam Brighthouse, Dr. J.M. LeFevre, Jos. Humphries, Joseph Mannion, R.H. Alexander, Robert Clark, Edwin Saunders, G.H. Lock, David Oppenheimer and Isaac Oppenheimer.

In those days everyone knew everyone else, and on Christmas Day all the candidates met to drown sorrow or to celebrate victory. The Bodega Hotel on Carrall Street, run by Sandy MacPherson, of genial memory, was the headquarters, for be it known, there were no clubs in Vancouver in those days, and the Hotel Vancouver, later a general meeting place, was then only a prospect.

EX-ALDERMAN JOHN MCDOWELL.

Ex-Alderman John McDowell says that his clearest recollection of the Christmas Day of 1886 was the fact that on that day the first collection for a hospital in Vancouver was taken up. The present chief of the fire brigade, Mr. Carlisle, and himself were the originators of it, and all the other subscribers were teamsters. Speaking of that first Christmas reminded Mr. McDowell of Vancouver's first municipal election held in May of that year. He had only arrived in Vancouver a short time before, and he was met on the street by Mr. Sam Greer, who asked him to come over and vote for Mr. MacLean for mayor. "What shall I vote on?" queried Mr. McDowell, referring to his lack of property qualification.

"Oh, that will be all right," said Mr. Greer, "come with me."

Mr. McDowell accompanied Mr. Greer to Pat Carey's hotel. The hotel was more than full at the time, but there were tents in a vacant lot alongside.

"Here's a man wants a room," said Mr. Greer.

"All right, come along," said Pat, and he led the two out to a tent. "There's your room, No. 5," said Pat.

"Come along and vote," said Mr. Greer, "you are registered now."

(e) See W.H. Gallagher, Early Vancouver, Matthews, 1931 for method of voting and registration.

LIEUT.-COL. C.A. WORSNOP.

"No," said Col. Worsnop, "I was not here on Vancouver's first civic Christmas, having arrived just three months afterwards, in March 1887. This, however, is the twenty-sixth Christmas I have spent in this city—some white, some wet, some mild as spring. That of 1887 was so mild that two or three four-oared crews of the old Vancouver Boating club went out rowing on the inlet.

"I well remember the 1887 festival. I was then on the *News-Advertiser*, and a jolly crowd formed the staff. Mr. Carter-Cotton was editor-in-chief, and some of the other members were the late M.H. Hirshberg, Cecil Freeman, now in England, Jack Wilson, who furnished the power—his strong arm—for driving the old fashioned hand press, (he died in South Africa), Jim Wright, foreman, best of fellows, and 'Fatty' Waters, a typical old typo, who periodically threw down his stick and went out prospecting. Other members of the 'chapel' came and went when the spirit moved them. That old operator, Time, has ticked out '30' for most of them. This was long before the days of the linotype.

"Well, on Christmas Day, 1887, the chief and I started for a walk across False Creek (there was no Mount Pleasant or Fairview then). The day was a brilliant one. There had been quite a fall of

snow the night before, and the sun shone brightly, making the forest, which came very close to the embryonic city in those days, glitter with its white covering."

LOST OVER FALSE CREEK.

"Making our way across the Westminster Ave. bridge we followed the trail along the bank of False Creek until Leamy and Kyle's mill was reached. This, the third mill in Vancouver, and the first south of the creek, stood near where the end of the magnificent new Connaught Bridge is now. Here we struck a skid road, and started to climb up the hill, through dark stretches of forest and small clearings, until after a couple of hours tramp we ran into a clearing where lots of new stakes, planted by surveyors formed a second growth almost as thick as the original.

"To our amazement we found written on one of the stakes, 'Twenty-Second Avenue,' and then we realized what a distance we had come. Not wishing to retrace our steps on the skid road, we made our way easterly along the rough trails, and blazed lines until after some hours hard work we emerged on the Westminster Road, wet from head to foot. As we pushed through the bush the newly fallen snow would drop in miniature avalanches down our backs, and from time to time, when walking along, some fallen monarch of the forest, we would slip off into the deep snow. You can imagine how overjoyed we were to reach the road, and how gladly we turned our faces towards home and dinner. Such a tramp, however, had its reward in the keenest of appetites, and a willing capacity to enjoy the festive turkey and other seasonable delicacies.

"In spite of many drawbacks incidental to a new place, we old-timers used to enjoy ourselves in those days."

CHRISTMAS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN VILLAGE WHERE VANCOUVER NOW STANDS.

The Daily Province

Saturday.

December 21st 1912

(This story, and the preceding one, was probably written by Mr. Carter-Cotton, son of the Hon. F.L. Carter-Cotton, and formerly a reporter on his father's daily, the *News-Advertiser*.)

"What kind of a Christmas did they have in Vancouver thirty-five years ago? How did you spend your holiday?" These questions were asked the other day by the *Province* of an old-timer—one of the bright old men whose memories of early events in this city has not even been dimmed.

"What kind of a story would you like?" queried back the old-timer. "How would you like a bear story—for there were plenty of the black fellows then in the woods where West End apartment houses now stand? Or I might tell you how Captain W.R. Soule arrested Tompkins Brew, how the Victoria special constables turned white, or ---."

"But has that anything to do with Christmas?" the interviewer asked.

"No," was the quick reply, "but those incidents come into my mind when I think of Christmas. There are many people in Vancouver today who can remember the city as it was twenty-five years ago; but when it comes to pushing back the hands of time ten years more it is almost like communicating with another generation. The ten years preceding 1887 you might regard as a period of slumber or stagnation. The people were looking forward during the earlier years to the settlement of the railway terminal question—just as Sir Charles Tupper pointed out in an admirable article last Saturday. Everything was much undecided, and there was a very strong pull in favour of Bute Inlet."

TIMES WERE PRETTY DULL.

"With such an unsettled condition of affairs, can you blame those who were here in not investing money in property? Indeed, there was no property to buy. The Hastings Mill Company would not sell, the townsite of Granville was a reserve, and you could not get a foot of it from the government for love nor money. You ask—why did we not squat? One reason was we were law

abiding people, and when we understood the townsite was reserved we considered it our duty to obey the law. Squatting was of later date. All property outside of Granville townsite and Gastown was held in 160 acre blocks, and these were not for sale. Of course, if we could have purchased property I think some of us would have done so, but whether we should have emerged as millionaires is a conundrum, for anything purchased would either have been eaten up in taxes, or parted with years ago to avoid such a catastrophe."

EARLY VANCOUVER PICTURED.

"Burrard Inlet, as far as population was concerned, was a very small place in 1877. There were two mills doing business on the inlet, then—mills, too, that were renowned all over the world even at that early period, for the quality of the lumber that they shipped abroad. They were the Moodyville Mill and the Hastings Mill. Both of these mills employed a large number of hands. The manager of the Hastings Mill was Capt. Raymur, who had formerly been a ship captain, as well as ship's husband for Anderson, Anderson & Co., the owners of the mill in London.

"Mr. R.H. Alexander was next in authority at the Hastings Mill, and he had with him in the office Mr. Ainslie Mount, whose father had been an employee of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Victoria. Mr. Henry Harvey was manager of the mill store and also postmaster. Mr. Chas. Coldwell, afterwards Alderman of Vancouver, was the mill foreman, and Mr. P. Caffney, the engineer, completed the roll of the official class. Capt. W.R. Soule was the mill stevedore.

"The Moodyville Mill had for its manager Mr. Hugh Nelson, afterwards senator, and lieutenant-governor of the province. Mr. Ben Springer, everywhere respected and beloved, was next to the manager, and head bookkeeper. Mr. Hermann Brantlecht was assistant, Mr. David Shibley Milligan was storekeeper and postmaster, while Mr. Philander Sweet was mill foreman, and Mr. Murray Thain was the company stevedore. Murray was sometimes assisted in this work by Capt. John Thain, his brother, whose residence was in Victoria. Of all these officials I think only Hermann Brantlecht is still living. I forgot to tell you of Jim Lockhart, the mill engineer, one of the cleverest men in his particular line that has ever been on Burrard Inlet. He too has passed away. James Van Bramer, who ran the ferry between Hastings, Moodyville and Gastown, or Granville, also lived at Moodyville, nor must I forget that Nestor in the two boat businesses, Capt. Smith, Sr.

"At that time there were no hotels or saloons in Moodyville, but there might just as well have been, because there was one hotel at Hastings kept by Maxime Michaud, a French Canadian who was reputed to be wealthy, and there the men obtained all the liquor they desired."

CELEBRITIES OF THE TOWN.

"Now as to Gastown, called after that celebrated philanthropist Gassy Jack, or Jack Deighton. To get an idea of old Gastown, picture to yourself a road extending from what is now the Alexandria Hotel, west as far as 113 Water Street, which corresponded with the western boundary of Gastown. The northern side of this road was open, and faced the sea." [*The Sunnyside Hotel stood on the north west corner of Water and Carrall Street.*] "Where the Alexandria now stands there was the Sunnyside Hotel. Many people who are resident in the city today will remember it as it is not many years since it was pulled down to make room for the present structure. This hotel had the front resting on the bank, and the rear extending out over the water and supported on piles. It had been built with an eye to convenience as well as comfort, for in the floor at the back was a trap door, through which one could lower groceries, clothing, and other comforting articles into the canoes beneath."

GEORGE BLACK.

"Next to the Sunnyside dwelt Mr. George Black, well known all over British Columbia as an ardent and patriotic Scotsman, and poor indeed would be the Scotch dance or picnic if Black, in Highland dress, were not there to give the affair a 'go.' Next to his residence Black had his butcher shop, where he or his man Robinson dispensed meats to the residents and shipping of Burrard Inlet. I can see Black now in my mind's eye as, with a preliminary twist to his curled moustache he would lean, one hand on his hip, and the other resting on his knife, whose point

was pressed into the block, tell some amusing story about something he had seen or heard of late.

"On the opposite side from the Sunnyside, and facing it, was the Deighton Hotel, managed by Messrs. Clarke and Cudlip. Poor Tom Cudlip had played his last game of cinch, and passed in his checks. He came from a good Cornish family, and had great expectations through a young son he had, but who unfortunately died of diphtheria in 1878. Capt. Clarke, his partner, is still alive and in good health and lives here in Vancouver. Capt. Clarke had many little confabs with Lord Beresford when he was here, and whom he knew in early days when he (Clarke) was master, pilot, boatswain and cook of Governor Seymour's yacht."

FIRST VANCOUVER JAIL.

"West of the Deighton Hotel was the 'lock-up' where those under arrest by Jonathan Miller, constable and collector of taxes, were kept in limbo. Mr. Miller's position in those days was no sinecure. A pretty hard crowd used to find their way to Burrard Inlet from other parts to escape arrest, and it consequently fell to him to put them in the skookum house. This was more often effected by strategy than by main force. But when Miller had the drop of them he never funk'd his duty, and never failed to land his man. Mr. Miller was also a school trustee, but I will allow him to tell of his trials and tribulations as such in his own way.

"A little further down was a Chinese store. The proprietor of this shop or store had a boy who attended school, and who was a wonder in his class. I have heard since that he turned out well, and was about to leave for China to an important position in the British Embassy, when he was struck down by the hand of death. The Granville Hotel, of which Joseph Mannion was proprietor, occupied a position corresponding to the centre of the town. Joe is still alive. His hotel was well patronized. He had a taking way with him, and always a pleasant smile and address to those who called upon him. Mr. Mannion had many stories to tell about his early experiences in seeking for gold. Having had a good education he could converse on any subject of interest. He knew Davitt and Dillon, the Irish Nationalists, and went to school with one of them."

McKENDRY, THE BOOTMAKER. JOHN FANNIN, PROVINCIAL CURATOR.

"If Burrard Inlet had mills which turned out lumber of worldwide reputation, it also had shoemakers who were justly celebrated for the quality of the leather they put in their boots and shoes, as well as the careful and substantial manner in which they were made and finished. One of these shoemakers was McKendry, who had a small room adjacent to Mannion's Hotel, and which was always well patronized by those who took an interest in what was going on in lumbering on the coast, and other interesting gossip. The other subject of St. Crispin was John Fannin, who lived at Hastings, and who afterwards became curator of the provincial museum. Both of these old-timers turned out an article which was in great demand in all parts of the province. Many of their orders came from far off Cariboo, and though their charges were high, they were paid with pleasure."

ISAAC JONES, CUSTOMS OFFICER AND HARBOUR MASTER.

"CRAZY GEORGE."

"Mr. Isaac Johns, customs officer and harbour master, lived in a neat dwelling to the west of Mannion's. Ike, he was called, was from Bristol, England. He was a capable musician and much in demand for concerts at New Westminster. Often we would sit and listen to 'Crazy George' performing on the flute, of which he was a perfect master. But, of course, Crazy George was of later days. He came here from Peru on a lumber vessel. He was in the band of one of the men of war of the Peruvian navy, and became mentally affected by his having been jilted by his ladylove. Poor George, he was kind to children. I hope he has the flute I gave him in the hospital for the insane, where I understand he is at present. At a date later than that of which I speak, George lived in a small house at the south end of the Main Street bridge."

HOLE IN WALL—HOUSE OF CHEER.

PETER DONNELLY.

“The Hole in the Wall’ was the next dwelling, as well as house of cheer, beyond the dwelling of Ike Johns. Mr. Peter Donnelly was the proprietor, and a thorough Scotchman. On the opposite side of the road, facing the south, was the Methodist parsonage. This dwelling is now used for a fruit business (f) and is 113 Water Street.”

(f) Incorrect. Parsonage destroyed in Great Fire and never rebuilt; he refers to Methodist Hall, etc.

Peter Donnelly was also known as “Robertson.”

“Coming back to the Deighton Hotel, it is worth mentioning that a two-plank wooden walk extended from Gastown to the mill. It was a lovely walk on a hot day, as it went through close timber and brush.”

THE MAPLE TREE.

“At the Deighton Hotel was a large maple tree whose extended branches gave ample shade to the verandah of the hotel, and was a favourite lounging place for the ‘tired’ Siwash. A wide road extended from the Deighton Hotel to False Creek, flanked by trees of the primeval forest.

FALSE CREEK BRIDGE.

“At the bridge across False Creek was George Black’s slaughter house. After crossing the bridge, the trail extended down to the Fraser River.”

JERICO AND JERRY ROGERS.

“In addition to the many employees of the mills clustered in their immediate neighbourhood, were numerous logging camps, both on the inlet itself, and scattered along the coast in the several timber claims belonging to the companies. Jerry Rogers had a large camp, for instance, at Jericho, where some of the finest timber that was ever cut was got out and towed by the powerful tug *Maggie Rogers* to the booms at Hastings Mill. Angus Fraser had a camp on Bowen Island, and Furry and Dagget had another camp in what is now known as Stanley Park, removing some of the giant timbers from that now famous reserve. This camp was the last of five different camps which at one time or another worked within its boundaries.”

HAND LOGGERS. BIG TREES.

“Scattered along the coast from the head of Johnston’s straits to Burrard Inlet were the shacks of scores of hand loggers who cut timber on their own account and sold them to the mills after they had been scaled by the mill scaler. These men were usually in partnerships of two. Some of their dwellings or shacks were located in most picturesque spots. Many of these shacks were hidden in the dense foliage which surrounded them, and their locality could only be divined by the chutes they built on which the immense sticks glided into the water. For it must be remembered that in those days no logs were taken, nor even looked at, which contained a knot to mar the beauty of the flooring into which much of it was cut. The trees cut down were usually those which hadn’t a branch below sixty or seventy feet from the ground. Oh, they were giants in those days. Sticks have been turned out from the mills 30 x 30 x 120 feet long. There was a great demand at this time for square timber of large size for China, and a great deal of it went there.”

HAND LOGGERS, ETC.

“Most of these loggers led a very lonely life. There were very few steamers churning the waters of the northern coast in those days, except one or two bound for Alaska, and an occasional tug in search of some hand loggers’ boom which was ready for the mill. Months might go by, and these men would never see a stranger. You may imagine therefore that they looked forward to Christmas time with a happy anticipation of fun and frolic. Those who were any distance away would take advantage of some passing tug, perhaps a couple of weeks before Christmas, and make their way to ‘Gastown.’ They were, on the whole, a good class of men. Brawny and well developed they were the finest of axemen. Those who arrived first in Gastown usually spent the most of their time on the waterfront keeping a sharp lookout for others who were expected from

day to day. Every man was known, and it was a daily speculation with those already arrived as to whether Jack or Jim or Tom would be the next arrival."

YULETIDE WELCOMES.

"Yes, it was good to see the welcome which each man received as he ran his boat up by the floating stage in front of Mannion's Hotel. All hands would go down to the landing stage until it would threaten to sink with all on board. Then the handshakings followed. Having moored their craft, they would be led up on the bank—and the drinks that would go round, and the questions, and the laughter—all good humoured, and then the enquires as to their prospects, and as to how much they had cut, and what their last boom had measured. Then out they would all go, and visit some other house of cheer, until they had made the round.

"And I am proud to add that there was little drunkenness among them. They drank, but they were not drunkards. They were a superior class of men to that. Ask Mannion, who is here with us today in Vancouver, or Capt. Clarke. They will tell you the same. Of course, there were many among these happy fellows who never touched any liquor stronger than beer, and some not even that. The most of these men were of a saving character, and had money coming to them at the offices at the mill, and after spending Christmas in Gastown would take a little trip to Victoria, which was at that time the Mecca of British Columbia."

CHRISTMAS IN GASTOWN.

"When Christmas Day arrived the hotels would all be full. The tables always groaned with the best the market afforded. George Black made a point of having the finest of bunch grass beef for those who patronized him on Burrard Inlet. The dinner was the meal on Christmas day as it always is the world over, and these dinners in the hotels of Burrard Inlet were no exception to the rule. Yes, and the boys always had toasts in which their lady loves were not forgotten. Joe Mannion and Capt. Clarke would sit at the heads of their respective tables with smiles broader than their countenances, and that they were not niggardly in any way was amply demonstrated at the close, for cheers for their hosts invariably followed. Then all would adjourn and play cards or checkers in the rooms allotted to those games."

JERRY ROGERS AND JERICHO.

"Leaving the hotels at Gastown and paying a visit to the logging camp at Jericho, there you would receive a welcome spontaneous and hearty. Jerry Rogers was always proud of his Christmas dinners. They were high class, and put on the table with great ceremony. Sometimes a miniature barbecue would be furnished the boys, as the old man affectionately called his workers. Such a dinner; better than you can see in this city today. Venison fat and juicy—suckling pigs and turkeys—none of your cold storage turkeys, either, but killed and dressed a few days before—ducks and geese, both wild and tame—and a huge sirloin of George Black's best bunch grass products. A monster plum pudding with a sprig of holly, and aflame with brandy, wound up the feast, to bind together what had gone before. Small stowage, Jerry called it. How the old man's eyes would twinkle as he watched the feast, and listened to the occasional sallies of wit, which burst from different parts of the table."

SPLENDID AXEMEN.

"That gathering of men represented some of the finest lumbermen on the continent. The axemen had no equals with the deftness with which they wielded the single or double bitted axe. To give a proper touch to the feast, there was always two twenty gallon kegs of beer on tap. The good old man was the happiest of the band, for to make his men happy at this festive time was his single aim. Among those who worked in the camp at that time was Mike King. Mike in those days was dressed in a blue shirt, sans coat, a broad strap around his waist, his hair rather long, curly, and hatless. He was an expert with the axe, and was generally selected on state occasions, such as visitors of the Governor-General to fell the giants of the forest."

HOW JERICHO GOT ITS NAME.

"The only thing which remains to tell of the glories of departed days is the name Jericho. This name was given to the camp by Jerry himself, to conform to scripture, for did not Jeremiah dwell in Jericho?"

"The other camps also commemorated Christmas Day after similar methods. There was the Furry and Dagget camp. This outfit was always celebrated for the excellence of their table, which was looked after by the wife of one of the partners."

ANGUS FRASER.

"Angus Fraser, who had a heart as big as an ox, made a special point of seeing that the Christmas dinner should be up to the mark. Being a married man his Christmas was spent partly in the camp, and partly at home." (Also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.)

LOGGING CAMPS.

"On both sides of the inlet, those who were not connected with the camps spent their Christmas much as they do now. Plum puddings and mince pies engaged the attention of busy housewives for weeks in advance of the festive occasion. Isolated, to a certain extent, from the rest of British Columbia, a social and sympathetic feeling bound all as though in one bond of family. Go into any house where there were children and your ears were greeted with squeaking trumpets and hammering of drums, and even before you reached the door the evidence that Santa Claus had not forgotten the little children of this far western harbour was before your eyes in sleighs being pulled on sawdust and mud, or skates being tested on the same material."

COST OF EGGS.

"You often hear today of the high price of eggs. But the prices here today are low in comparison with the prices of eggs in 1877. We obtained most of our eggs, turkeys, geese, ducks, and chickens from an Irishman who paid occasional visits to Burrard Inlet with the fowl I have mentioned, and also with potatoes and vegetables which might be in season. Willy Paterson—that was his name—came from Semiahmoo, and did a roaring business here. He always managed to sell his whole cargo, which was carried in a 12 ton sloop. Just about Christmas time, those with eyes bent upon the First Narrows would see this indefatigable trader making his way in on the rising tide. After clearing his sloop at the local customs house, Billy would make the round of Gastown to ascertain how the supply and demand stood in respect to the farm produce which he carried under his hatches. Eggs were always in demand at this period for making 'Tom and Jerries,' and good stiff prices were asked and paid for absolutely fresh eggs. In 1877 eggs were high—in price I mean—and you could not buy them for less than \$3.00 per dozen, and we were lucky to get them for that."

LITTLE ONES NOT FORGOTTEN.

"I have told you already that the little children were not forgotten at Christmas time. The population of the province was small and much scattered, and old Santa Claus had very long journeys to make which necessarily took up much of his time. He always came to the Inlet two or three weeks in advance of Christmas time, and took a good look at all the little boys and girls to settle in his mind what kind of a present would suit each one. As his sleigh was always full for the little Indians of the northern missions, and as he had to 'make time,' he always made arrangements with the captain of the *Etta White*, who was a distant relative of his—at least the captain used to say so—to bring up most of the presents from his storehouse in Victoria the day before Christmas, and also a special team of reindeer small enough to make their way down the stovepipes which led into the houses. There were *no chimneys*, consequently he had a tight squeeze to get near any little child's stocking. But he was very good, and never forgot any child. They were all well satisfied and well treated; even the little Siwash were not forgotten."

SIWASHES.

"The effects of the Christmas generally led up to a kind of ennui which lasted until over New Year's Day. Then the boys would begin to make a move towards their shacks, laden with all kinds of remembrances of their holidays. Let me add that many of the residents here spent their Christmas in Victoria or New Westminster. Some even went as far as San Francisco."

SLEIGHING—BURNABY LAKE.

"We had visitors, too, from New Westminster, as the sleighing was good one winter, and if there was not too much snow on the ice I think a good many used to find their way to Burnaby Lake where they would enjoy themselves immensely."

ROYAL PEOPLE IN ROYAL CITY.

"A visit to New Westminster always resulted in your being well treated there, and they had no bounds to their hospitality. When you went there, you were sure to see Capt. Adolphus Peele, weather prophet, who always greeted you with some reference to the weather. On my visit there a short time since, although I had not seen him for twenty years, he had the same reference to the weather, and the beauty of it was that he was nearly always right. He has today probably the most valuable collection of weather reports of New Westminster District, and of this province generally, that can be found outside the bureau at Ottawa. Mr. Joseph Armstrong was another gentleman who was there then, and is there now. He has not changed in the slightest in the last thirty years."

"When the Christmas week was over in Old Gastown, the little burg went once more asleep for another year."

(From the *Daily Province*, Vancouver.)

Saturday, December 21st 1912.

(Unknown writer.)

HASTINGS STREET EAST. ORANGE LODGE. KEEFER'S HALL. METHODIST HALL, WATER STREET.

On referring this photograph to Mr. Thos. Duke, a very early Orangeman, he said, "Oh, this would be coming down the plank road on Hastings Street, east of Westminster Avenue." Keefer's Hall was on Alexander Street, between Gore Avenue and Westminster Avenue. (Photo, 12 July 1888, Orange Parade.)

"Vancouver Lodge, Orangemen 1560—Special Church Service.

"All members of the Loyal Orange Association residing in Vancouver are called upon to meet in the Lodge Room, Keefer's Hall, Alexander Street, on Sunday, 8th July at 3 p.m. and from thence to march in procession to the Methodist Hall, Water Street, where a special service will be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Robson. Service at 3 p.m. Text 'An Open Bible.'

"Thos. Crawford, Rec. Sec. 1560."

Early on the morning of 12 July (1888) they went to the wharves to meet the Victoria and New Westminster delegation—went from Keefer's Hall—returning by a different route to luncheon. At one o'clock they reassembled and went to the Recreation Grounds (presumably Cambie Street grounds). Afterwards the procession again paraded the streets. It was a rainy day, which would account for the lack of shadows in the photograph.

Note clearing fires burning over towards Grove Crescent.

16 JULY 1935 – WATERWORKS (CAPILANO RIVER).

Mr. Oben's statement that Chief Joe Capilano told him that he was the first white man who had penetrated to the source of the Capilano River, is disputed by Mr. A.P. Horne who points out that Mr. Oben says that the crossed from the First Narrows to Howe Sound in June 1892.

Mr. Horne, together with two white men and two Indians, one of whom was Chief Joe crossed from Howe Sound to the First Narrows the summer following his arrival in Vancouver, which was in November 1889, and Mr. Horne says that Chief Joe told him his party was the first to cross.

It may have been that Chief Joe meant that one party was the first to cross from north to south and the other from south to north.

(See A.P. Horne, Narratives.)

CITY ARCHIVIST.

WATERWORKS (CAPILANO). CHIEF JOE CAPILANO. MR. AND MRS. PHILLIP OBEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Oben, 4415 Kingsway, Central Park, Thursday, 14 April 1932.

"Chief Joe Capilano told me at the time, June 1892, that I was the first white man who had penetrated to the source of the Capilano River," said Mr. Oben, while Mrs. Oben sat listening. (For detailed account of dates, etc., see Judge Howay's *History of B.C.*, page 956.)

"Vancouver was about to install a water system, to do away with the wells which had formerly supplied the water, and, of course, as you know the Capilano system was chosen in place of the Coquitlam proposal. J.J. Nickson, afterwards the well-known contractor, was superintendent of the Capilano water system construction, and it was he who sent me to find out where the water of the Capilano River came from, and how much; facts which were then unknown. That was in June 1892.

"Chief Joe Capilano of North Vancouver, and another Indian, whose name escapes me for the moment, were selected as my guides, and the three of us started out with sixty pounds of grub, rifle, and blankets each on our backs, quite a heavy load considering the rough mountainous country we were going into. We followed the river course for the simple reason that we had no choice; no trail existed.

"So we travelled all the first day on the river gravel, and camped the first night on a sandbar, then all the next day until the evening when we came right up to the mountain, and, strangely, there we found the water coming up from under a rock; there was about twelve feet of snow on the ground; it was a very peculiar condition. Then we found a space, a hollow about fifty feet square, where there was vegetation, and we went down to that, cut down some trees and made a camp fire.

"The next morning at daybreak Chief Joe said to me, 'I'm going to have a serious time to find my way'; the mountains were clothed in fog. You know, an Indian finds his way by the top of the mountains, steers by them, and on this particular morning they were shrouded in fog. The ground was covered with ice, and on the third day our path lay over the ice; for hours we crossed a great slide; I think it took about four hours to cross that slide; two mountain slides had slid down into the valley, and it was from beneath this great slide, as from a tunnel, that the water was emerging; it came from underneath. Then we came to a lake, not a large one, but about the size of Trout Lake here in Grandview. The lake, of course, frozen over, so we walked across the ice. It was Sunday morning, and I recall remarking that the people in Vancouver would be going to church, so we stopped, and had coffee and biscuits, or rather what we had left. We were 1,800 feet above sea level. I should have named that lake; it was doubtless unnamed at the time; it could not possibly have been named then. Presently Capilano said to me, 'We have got to get a move on as soon as possible because it is a long distance from our objective,' so we left there after about an hour's rest. Joe's objective was the top of a mountain about 2,000 feet high, and he kept circling and circling around the mountain. Our packs were heavy, and to add to our trials it began to pour with heavy rain until we and our packs were soaked, and that made the packs heavier still. Finally we reached the top, and found the moss completely trampled down by deer. We walked pretty fast, lost no time, and it

was very dark long before we got to saltwater on the Howe Sound side. We had had little to eat that day, our grub was all gone, and were a little troubled as to what we should do for food.

"But by some whim of fortune, when we got down to saltwater in Howe Sound we found an old shack on the shore. I do not know exactly where it was, not having been there since; I was depending on Joe. We were soaking wet, and had nothing to eat with us. Presently I heard some hammering in the shack, and on approaching it slipped aside a door—just a board which did as a door—and a voice inside said, 'Hello, where did you come from?' I replied, 'It's all right, friend, we've just come across.' It was very dark at the time.

"The man, whose name I do not know, enquired who we were, and as I did not want to tell him what we were there for, said that we were engineers searching for a railway route. I asked him if he had any flour, and he replied, 'Yes, come along with me,' and took us to a little shack. The shack was locked, it was pouring rain, we had to get shelter, so I took my axe and pried the door open. It was very dark, about ten p.m. both inside and outside, but there was an old stove in the shack, so we lit a fire to dry ourselves and our blankets. Presently he said, 'Come along with me,' so I left the two Indians drying their clothes and blankets, and he took me to his little house about a thousand yards further on, introduced me to his wife; they had one child; the lady was very nervous, so I explained myself, told her that I wanted something to eat.

"She set to, and made some buns, and certainly treated me splendidly, and in a short time I was able to take a lot of buns to the Indians, when we all ate together. What we should have done without those kind people I do not know; they were very, very kind. I never found out who they were.

"So the man came back with me to 'our' shack, and afterwards suggested that I come over to his house to sleep. 'No,' I replied, 'I have slept with the chief here since I left the city, and I am going to sleep here tonight,' I thanked him, but we three all stayed together.

"The next morning was a lovely one, and they brought us more biscuits and I do not know what else; we had lots to eat.

"The settler had an old flat bottomed boat which was not seaworthy so we set to work to fix it up; tarred and painted it and so on; it took us two days, and on the third, at daybreak, we started home in the fixed up flat bottom boat, and the settler came with us; four in the boat. Joe, that is Capilano Joe, said that if we worked hard we could reach Vancouver 'by tonight.' We worked hard, good and hard; it was a long pull, and it was midnight when we reached the First Narrows.

"When we got to the city I gave the man fifty dollars I had on me; at first he would not take it, but I made him. It was his intention to fill the boat up with provisions and return home the next day.

"On my way home I first called in at J.J. Nickson's and got him out of bed, told him of the trip, that we had found the sources of the water of the Capilano River, that a portion of the water went into Howe Sound, the smaller portion, but that the larger portion came into the Capilano River. It was a queer circumstance, but the fact was actually that the lake from which the Capilano River started was on the pivot of the mountain top, and two streams flowed out of the lake, that going into the Capilano being the heaviest. J.J. Nickson suggested that we should have to crib the water back so that all the water would come into the Capilano. Joe told me that there was another little lake higher up still, but we did not go up there, and I have never been to our little lake since. Our little lake was a beautiful spot, perpetually fed by the snow from the surrounding mountains, and so far as I know, nameless at the time. It was a fortunate thing we went up when we did; five or six men tried it afterwards and failed, the mountain side was very precipitous, almost straight up in places on both sides; we crossed the river dozens of times, were wet up to our middle doing so, and the ice was very troublesome; we used a piece of an augur as an alpenstock.

"The Capilano Water Works was owned by R.P. Rithet, Captain Johnny Irving, and two other Victoria men. Hugh Keefer was the engineer, J.W. McFarland the secretary, and J.J. Nickson the superintendent, and to the latter belongs the credit of having laid out the pipe line route, and then built it. He afterwards went to work for the gas works in Westminster, and died some years ago at Sechelt. I was assistant superintendent or foreman of works, and was one of the first sub-marine divers; Llewellyn, who had been a diver in the British navy, and who remained with the city for so many years, was another. Steve

Madison, afterwards for many years water works foreman, was pot boy, that is, he kept the lead molten, the lead with which we sealed the water main joints.

"The steel pipes on shore, 16" and 22" were made at the Albion Iron Works, Victoria; the pipes beneath the waters of the Narrows were 12", made in England. They were of the chain bell type, and were adopted on the recommendation of Mr. Hugh Keefer, the engineer; they were a sort of ball and socket joint; we could not get them in Canada, so brought them from England. We dragged them across the bottom of the Narrows. It was a difficult job, as it had to be done quick when the tide was slack and water still; we could not do it when the tide was flowing or ebbing. At the head of the pipe we had two logs, one on each side, and we pulled on that with a hand winch. Although Mr. Keefer was the engineer, it was Mr. Nickson who laid the pipe line route down from the mountain.

"Later I conducted the first party of Vancouver aldermen to the dam."

CLEARING THE FOREST OFF THE WEST END.

"I came to Vancouver from Toronto in March 1887; they were just putting in the foundations of the Hotel Vancouver when I arrived. I had been a pioneer contractor at West Toronto Junction; owned a lot of land there on the other side of the Western Road; went up there in the early days and took it up on preemption. But Mrs. Oben's health was not good, so I sacrificed all and came west with \$20,000 or \$25,000 and dropped the whole of it clearing the trees off the West End for the C.P.R.

"I cleared all the land west of Nicola Street down to Stanley Park of the standing trees. My camp was down on Georgia Street—there was no Georgia Street then—" (Note: Mrs. Capt. Percy Nye says, see ante, "Mr. Oben is a relative of ours. North of Robson Street the land was in stumps and rubbish when we came earlier than Mr. Oben; south of Robson the trees were still standing long after we came; these Mr. Oben cleared away." Also see panorama photo of "West End in '90s.") "at the foot of Gilford Street on Coal Harbour. I had thirty or forty men and eight yolk of oxen taking out the logs and lashing. I sold the logs to the men who built the mill," (Fader Bros.) "now enlarged and known as Robertson and Hackett's at the southern foot of Granville Street on False Creek." (Beach Avenue.) "We had a lot of trouble with fires, an awfully trying time; fires were getting into the slashing constantly, and gave us much worry. That was the second year we were here, I think, probably 1889, perhaps 1890." (See Mrs. Nye's narrative re keeping fires out of Stanley Park.)

VANCOUVER NERVOUS ABOUT FIRES.

"We had considerable excitement on the occasion of the second fire in Vancouver, 6 June 1887. It was up near the corner of Hastings and Granville," (actually Pender and Howe) "where I had a number of houses. Rainsford and others, all had wagons up at the corner of Hastings and Granville, everything ready, in case our row of houses caught fire. They were loading people onto cars at the C.P.R. station," (see *Early Vancouver*, Matthews) "and taking them off up towards Port Moody. I recall a man, a plasterer he was who lived on Seymour Street, his daughter had died the day before. He picked her poor dead body up, and carried her down to the C.P.R. Depot, and put her in the car where Mrs. Oben was. I had all the money I brought with me from Toronto in a valise."

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

Note: Mr. Oben states that at the time of his arrival in March 1887 they were putting down the foundations of the Hotel Vancouver.

A photograph of the digging of the Vancouver Hotel foundations is marked 1886 by Mr. Cambie, the C.P.R. engineer.

The plans, the first plans, of the Hotel Vancouver were prepared in the Ferguson Block, southeast corner Carrall and Powell Street, and were destroyed in the Great Fire of 13 June 1886. All had to be re-drawn.

SETTLEMENT OF SOUTH VANCOUVER. PARK AVENUE—COMMERCIAL DRIVE.

"After certain financial misfortune I took up a holding of acres on the other side of Park Avenue," (Commercial Drive) "formerly in South Vancouver, now in the city, cleared and cultivated it, and still own it. About that time some sixty-four holdings of from five to eight acres were given out as an experiment by the government; it was an idea I think of R.G. Tatlow's. My wife and I and the baby lived in a little one

room shack, and I took a job with the city of Vancouver at one dollar a day and glad to get it. It took me an hour and a half to walk into my job and another one and a half to walk back at night by the trail.

"Prior to securing a job I had had a peculiar experience. Times were very hard for me just at that moment; there was no food in the shack and I went to Vancouver searching for work. I went up Granville Street; not cut out properly then, and sat there on the corner, feeling pretty blue, no grub at home and no work to be found. I looked down on the ground in front of where I sat, I saw something which looked like a leaf, reached out, and picked up a paper bill; it was for \$5.00. I had a sack full of grub on my shoulder and was on my way home before much time had elapsed.

"Our son Roy Oben served overseas in a trawler. In loading coal from a small war vessel at sea a coal basket fell on him, and he is now deaf, totally deaf, in consequence. He was in the R.C.N.V.R., transferred to the British Navy; was student at law before the war, is now school teacher and postmaster at Lasqueti Island."

(Above as narrated to J.S. Matthews, 14 April 1932.)

This camp was close to Denman Street. (See Phillip Oben.)

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Doubt now, 1934, if this is correct. This is probably a F. Dally photo of 1867-1870, Provincial Archives. JSM.



CLEARING THE FOREST OFF THE
WEST END.
(near English Bay) ^{west of} Denman⁹

Item # EarlyVan_v2_101

SEVENTH AVENUE WEST.

The full reason why Seventh Avenue West was the first street cut through from Westminster Avenue (Main Street) to Centre Street (Granville Street south of False Creek) are not completely known, but those who recall Mount Pleasant and Fairview in early days tell of the very swampy nature of the land (see Capt. Nye, *Early Vancouver*, 1932) between Westminster Avenue and Bridge Street (South Cambie Street). Just west of Bridge Street stood the Leamy and Kyle Lumber Mill almost on a level with Fifth Avenue; the road to North Arm, and the "New Road," or Westminster Road, branched off at Seventh Avenue to the east; Seventh Avenue was the logical street to cut out and clear; there would be no sense in going up to Ninth Avenue, or Broadway at that time, but which street, after the carline was laid down, became the most important of the two thoroughfares.

West of Bridge Street is Ash Street, and just west of Ash Street a creek came down the hill, and entered False Creek exactly at Sixth Avenue; an arm of False Creek indented as far as Sixth Avenue exactly, and, at that point on Sixth Avenue a bridge two to three hundred feet long would have been needed, whereas the bridge on Seventh higher up was a very short one comparatively. Passing still further westward, the shore of False Creek approached the line of Sixth Avenue so closely, and the land dipped down so near to sea level, that Sixth offered no attractions for the site of a rough road over which horses were to draw loads. Seventh was infinitely a more level, less expensive prospective route, and was, in addition, a familiar route to pedestrians who always take the easiest level, because there had been an old trail, a man's width wide through the forest, for years from Gastown, via the False Creek Bridge to Snaug (False Creek Indian Reserve), Greer's Beach, and on to the logging camps of Jericho.

EXTRACT FROM *THE DAILY PROVINCE*, MONDAY, 31 JULY 1933.

PHILLIP OBEN, PIONEER

by J.S. Matthews

Phillip Oben has gone, aged 78, and the "builders of Vancouver" are one fewer.

What did he build? He cleared the ground—or at least some of it; he swept away the forest that we might have a street, a home, a lawn; he banished age-old shadow; he let the sunlight in.

Come to the West End, and there, from the brow of the hill which slopes gently westwards towards Stanley Park, gaze over the panorama of a splendid homes which cluster, row upon row, between the waters of English Bay and Lost Lagoon, there, all below Nicola Street, Oben first labored.

Peer into the past, and see the sights that Oben saw; the towering forest, dark and damp; feel the solitude, glimpse the hastening deer. Or, listen for the sounds that Oben heard; the slow measured chock, chock, chock of the woodsman's axe; hear the long swish as falling trees sweep earthwards, the dull heavy thud as great trunks bump to ground.

Then, phantomlike, slide down to the bunkhouse on Coal Harbor, near the Park entrance. Watch the cook draw his water from a spring, or "haul off" and with iron bar strike the steel triangle; a piercing ring, metallic, musical, stings the ear, and serves as dinner gong to call weary men to supper. Here comes the tired bull puncher and his eight yoke of oxen—hauling forest debris into heaps, for burning is hard work—and following down the skidroad plods "the boss," Oben.

The Royal Engineers, who in 1863 first surveyed the "Brickmaker's Claim," i.e. the West End, wrote across their map "heavily timbered land, very swampy in places," and so it was; old logging bosses say "the finest stand of timber I ever saw"; old sportsmen shot wild duck in the swale below the Courthouse. Then Morton, Hailstone, Brighthouse, the original pre-emptors, who got their land title at "our Government House in our city of New Westminster," from "Victoria by the grace of God ... and of the Colonies in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia, queen," sold some logs to Moody's Mill (North Vancouver), more logs to Captain Stamp's Mill (Hastings Sawmill) and the "Oregon pine" lumber went to foreign parts by sailing ship. Solitary axemen hewed octagonal spars for the British navy.

But the West End forest was seemingly inexhaustible, for in the late eighties, even ... [printer's error] ... the "follway" beside the logger's cabin and pigsty at the foot of Davie Street, and dumping them into English Bay. Then came Oben, and finished the job; what logs were left he sold to Fader's Mill (Robertson and Hackett's now).

Oben cleared the land, but it took some winning; the Royal Engineers were right; it was "heavily timbered." Then fire got into the slashings, excitement ran high; one terrible fire and two frights had made Vancouver nervous, and, too, Stanley Park was in danger. Our first fireboat, a tug, was improvised, and pumped water; the Park was saved. Oben won the struggle, but lost his fortune.

Phillip Oben was a discoverer. Vancouver's water supply first flowed beneath the Narrows about midnight March 25, 1889, but none knew positively where it came from. Oben undertook to discover the source of the Capilano River. Together with Capilano Joe and another Indian as guides, he set out—each carrying sixty pounds of "grub," rifle and a blankets, followed upstream—no trail existed—crossed and recrossed waist deep in water, until finally, high up on the precipitous mountainside, they found a lake, frozen solid in June; crossed its surface, reached the topmost ridge; food became exhausted, and half starved, they descended to Howe Sound, where they were succored at a pioneer cabin on the shore. Chief Joe said Oben was the first white man to traverse these parts.

The pioneer often pays for his courage; Oben paid well for his. He came with wealth of one sort; he departed with wealth of another. He left us a legacy more priceless than jewels—the memory of indomitable courage, of service to his fellows, an honored name and a gallant sailor son.

EXTRACT FROM THE PROVINCE, 10 JUNE 1933.

AN APPRECIATION

by J.S. Matthews

A young matron, babe in arms, fled terror-stricken through the stumps of Pender Street, and cast herself head-long into a shallow ditch of water besides what is now the C.P.R. freight sheds; strong arms—her husband's—threw a wet blanket over them. Both escaped death. The holocaust of 1886, which destroyed our first city, passed above them as they lay, burning as it went through the blanket, and singeing hair from the child's head. That was almost fifty years ago.

The child grew, and is now a well-known matron of Kitsilano; the mother, beloved and gracious lady, a pioneer of Gastown from 1884, died recently; full of honor and of years; her name, once on many lips, somewhat forgotten. Nothing especially remarkable, perhaps, at such an age, and in a land where good women are as common as blossoms in spring.

But wait. This woman was a soldier's friend, and soldiers, like children—and dogs—have long memories for kind friends. She was of that legion to which all soldiers bend a grateful knee; akin to Florence Nightingale, only different; that great galaxy of devoted Canadian women, some rich, most poor, many unknown, who helped—actually helped—in the Great War. She was a knitter of socks. Those there may be who will smile—such plebian wear—but such as do are not soldiers, and smile without knowledge.

With her own wrinkled fingers—she was about seventy then—this good friend knitted eight hundred single socks—four hundred pair—enough to outfit the battle strength of many a worn battalion; one half sock for each day of the war. She knew naught of the big raw blotches, torn and angry, after a hot day's march, of the bleached foot, bloodless, white and stinking after a week of wet boots, nor the misery of fitful slumber on frozen ground with feet cold as lumps of ice.

But her great soul felt for men she had never seen or heard of; her feminine intuition sensed the need, and patiently, faithfully, day in, day out, she knitted socks, warm socks, eight hundred socks. And the men wondered, but never knew, who were the angels who sent the socks.

Few realized in full the part the women played. The secret of the C.E.F. was its quality. First, every man was a volunteer, and secondly, the wholehearted support of those who stayed

behind—and the women. Their little package of remembrance which came, a stick of chewing gum, a box of cigarettes, a pair of woollen socks, handmade by loving hands. In such the “boys” found comfort; the generals, and the field officers, saw the greater meaning; subtle messages of affection and encouragement. Throughout the long-drawn strife, gentle hearts aplenty were crushed to tears, but there was no whimpering; soldiers cannot fight their best if the women wail, and battles are won by morale, not by guns.

The good lady’s name? There were others, too, in cohorts; thanks be to them all, God bless them. This one was Mrs. Reid, the late Mrs. Duncan R. Reid, first lady school trustee, 1898, of Vancouver; who passed away last month.

THE DAILY PROVINCE

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MONDAY, JULY 31, 1933.

Phillip Oben, Pioneer

By J. S. MATTHEWS.

PHILLIP OBEN has gone, aged 78, and the "builders of Vancouver" are one fewer.

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But the West End forest was seemingly inexhaustible, for in the late eighties even, and Australasia, Queen," sold some logs to the "follway" beside the logger's cabin and pigsty at the foot of Darle street, and dumping them into English Bay. Then came Oben, and finished the job; what logs were left he sold to Fader's Mill, (Robertson and Hackett's now).

Oben cleared the land, but it took some winning; the Royal Engineers were right; it was "heavily timbered." Then fire got into the slashings, excitement ran high; one terrible fire and two frights had made Vancouver nervous, and, too, Stanley Park was in danger. Our first fireboat, a tug, was improvised, and pumped water; the Park was saved. Oben won the struggle, but lost his fortune.

Phillip Oben was a discoverer. Vancouver's water supply first flowed beneath the Narrows about midnight March 25, 1889, but none knew positively where it came from. Oben undertook to discover the source of the Capilano River. Together with Capilano Joe and another Indian as guides, he set out—each carrying sixty pounds of "grub," rifle and blankets, followed upstream—no trail existed—crossed and re-crossed waist deep in water, until finally, high up on the precipitous mountainside they found a lake, frozen solid in June; crossed its surface, reached the topmost ridge; food became exhausted, and half starved, they descended to Howe Sound, where they were succored at a pioneer cabin on the shore. Chief Joe said Oben was the first white man to traverse those parts.

The pioneer often pays for his courage; Oben paid well for his. He came with wealth of one sort; he departed with wealth of another. He left us a legacy more priceless than jewels—the memory of indomitable courage, of service to his fellows, an honored name and a gallant sailor son.

Province, June 10, 1933

An Appreciation

By J. S. MATTHEWS.

A YOUNG matron, babe in arms, fled terror-stricken through the stumps of Pender street, and cast herself head-long into a shallow ditch of water beside what is now the C. P. R. freight sheds; strong arms—her husband's—threw a wet blanket over them. Both escaped death. The holocaust of 1886, which destroyed our first city, passed above them as they lay, burning as it went, through the blanket, and singeing hair from the child's head. That was almost fifty years ago.

The child grew, and is now a well-known matron of Kitsilano; the mother, beloved and gracious lady, a pioneer of Gastown from 1884, died recently; full of honor and of years; her name, once on many lips, somewhat forgotten. Nothing especially remarkable, perhaps, at such an age, and in a land where good women are as common as blossoms in spring.

+ + +

But wait. This woman was a soldier's friend, and soldiers, like children—and dogs—have long memories for kind friends. She was of that legion to which all soldiers bend a grateful knee; akin to Florence Nightingale, only different; that great galaxy of devoted Canadian women, some rich, most poor, many unknown, who helped—actually helped—in the Great War. She was a knitter of socks. Those there were may be who will smile—such plebian wear—but such as do are not soldiers, and smile without knowledge.

With her own wrinkled fingers—she was about seventy then—this good friend knitted eight hundred single socks—four hundred pair—enough to outfit the battle strength of many a worn battalion; one half sock for each day of the war. She knew nought of the big raw blootches, torn and angry, after a hot day's march, of the bleached foot, bloodless, white and stinking after a week of wet boots, nor the misery of fitful slumber on frozen ground with feet cold as lumps of ice.

But her great soul felt for men she had never seen or heard of; her feminine intuition sensed the need, and patiently, faithfully, day in day out, she knitted socks, warm socks, more socks, eight hundred socks. And the men wondered, but never knew, who were the angels who sent the socks.

+ + +

Few realize in full the part the women played. The secret of the C.E.F. was its quality. First, every man was a volunteer, and secondly, the wholehearted support of those who stayed behind—and the women. Their little package of remembrance which came, a stick of chewing gum, a box of cigarettes, a pair of woollen socks, handmade by loving hands. In such the "boys" found comfort; the generals, and the field officers, saw the greater meaning: subtle messages of affection and encouragement. Throughout that long-drawn strife, gentle hearts aplenty were crushed to tears, but there was no whimpering; soldiers can not fight their best if the women wail, and battles are won by morale, not by guns.

The good lady's name? There were others, too, in cohorts; thanks be to them all, God bless them. This one was Mrs. Reid, the late Mrs. Duncan R. Reid, first lady school trustee, 1898, of Vancouver; who passed away last month.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_103



MRS DUNCAN R REID, aged 85 (1932)
First Lady School Trustee, 1898-9
Knitted 400 pairs socks during War.

*M^{rs} Duncan Roderick Reid, first lady school board trustee, 1898-1899
Taken in 1932 - aged 85.*

Item # EarlyVan_v2_104

MRS. DUNCAN RODERICK REID. FIRST LADY SCHOOL TRUSTEE. SOCKS FOR SOLDIERS, GREAT WAR.

A tall stately lady of dignified carriage, gowned in white, a crown of snow white hair, and, despite her 85 years, firm of tread and figure erect, straight almost as an arrow, invited me to her home. She was busying herself with flowers upon the lawn when I arrived at her daughter's residence, 3263 West 2nd Avenue (Mrs. W.E. Draney) one summer's afternoon, 28 July 1932. She is a pioneer of 1884.

A compilation of the average height and weight of our pioneer men and women, an impossibility at this late date, would unquestionably have proven them to have been, with rare exceptions, a body of tall, well built people of powerful physique. Mrs. Reid must have been a splendid specimen of feminine physique in her young days; even today she is an apt portrait of that mental and bodily vigour which found expedients for all the difficulties of pioneer problems.

OLD GRANVILLE IN 1884.

"Old Granville, said Mrs. Reid, (née Christina Campbell) "I first saw in October 16th 1884; a very small place in the trees. Mr. Reid and I, with the children, arrived here from Prince Edward Island. My children at that time were Jemima and Mary Belle (Minnie); those born here afterwards were Alexander Campbell and Frederick James.

"At first we went to live in a shack in the bushes owned by Mr. Coldwell. It was somewhere back of Water Street, probably on or near where Abbott Street is now; we had to take what shelter offered."

(Note: the Voters List of 1886 shows Mr. Chas. V. Coldwell as owner of the southwest corner of Abbott Street and Water Street.)

PENDER STREET IN 1884.

"Later, in 1884, we built a two-storey house, pretentious enough for those days, but most modest by present day standards, on Pender Street, west of the C.P.R. crossing recently removed now that they are using the new tunnel. That was before the C.P.R. line from Burrard Inlet to the Roundhouse was built. We picked our way to our home down a little track or trail running twixt bushes, over roots and stones, finally to stoop to pass under the trunk of a great fir which lay prostrate across the trail almost right at our door. The trail went from what is now Hastings Street, then like Hastings Street and Pender too, unnamed, close to—after it was built after the Great Fire—the C.P.R. Hotel; a hotel facing north on Hastings Street midway between Carrall and Abbott. Mr. Reid afterwards sold the property to McLennan, McFeely for a hardware warehouse site. "

WATER FROM WELLS.

"We drew our drinking water from a well on the lot, and we cut our wood for cooking on the same lot, too; our own lot.

"You must remember that I am speaking of forty or more years ago, and it is difficult to recall with exactness."

Interjection: Excepting the Great Fire.

Continuing, "Excepting the Great Fire; while life lasts we shall never forget that."

THE GREAT FIRE.

"It was all over in forty-five minutes. It started somewhere 'up on the hill,' up in the direction of the Hotel Vancouver, and swept through like a flash. We had become more or less used to the smoke of the clearing fires, and did not take much notice of it; perhaps that was how it was that we got so little warning. I was dressing the eldest child for Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church, on Cordova Street and lane west of Westminster Avenue," (Main Street) "which the Rev. Thompson, the pastor, had dedicated the Sunday before.

"It was a Sunday afternoon, Mr. Reid was lying down upstairs, I was dressing the child, when a stranger came to the door and we were told that we should be burned out in ten minutes. Pender Street was, well, I suppose you would call it 'graded'; that part of Vancouver was very wet and swampy; anyway, there was

a ditch beside the rough roadway to our house, and we all got into that ditch, children and all; Mrs. W.E. Draney was one, and myself too, and Mr. Reid covered us with blankets as best he could; that saved us, I think. The fire practically passed over us; the truth is awful to contemplate even now; but it is a fact that great holes, the size of a dish pan, were burned in those blankets as we lay in the ditch under them; Mrs. Draney's hair was partly burned from her head; she was just a child then; about 18 months old. We were saved by Mr. Reid and the stranger wetting the blankets in a deeper part of the ditch and changing them as quickly as they could. Mr. Reid's hat and coat were burned off him. Men were actually burned to death within a few yards of where we lay. The ground was very dry."

RELICS OF THE FIRE.

"Our house was completely destroyed; we saved nothing except an iron saucepan; we have that yet, a family heirloom to be handed down to posterity, probably," (and Mrs. Reid smiled) "the only saucepan saved from the Vancouver fire. Mrs. Draney wants to have it gilded with gold, but I say, 'No,' it must be preserved as it is, but I would not mind them engraving its history on it so that its identity might not be lost. Oh, yes, we saved the sewing machine too; I think the slippery varnish prevented the sparks and flames from catching. All Vancouver, well, perhaps not all, but a good many, afterwards used that sewing machine for sewing tents and clothes, etc."

"They say that the Regina Hotel was the only building which escaped destruction. That there were others on the outskirts is well known, but one which I have never heard mentioned as escaping destruction was the single little shack occupied by a sick old bachelor just a few yards west of our house; he used to come over and get a little yeast from me, now and again, to make his bread."

"A print dress, just a flimsy thing, was all I wore as we hurried into the ditch, and one slipper, that and, what odd things one may do in a moment of intense excitement, a silk umbrella. When the fire went down we made our way through the smouldering embers to Mr. Peter Cordiner's home at the Hastings Mill, and when I arrived down there I had my silk umbrella under my arm. Poor Dr. Beckingsale, he saved nothing excepting two, not just one, but two small hatchets; how he came to make that choice I do not recall, but others did equally as odd things."

"We stayed at Mr. Cordiner's home until our house was rebuilt."

SURVEY OF C.P.R. LANDS.

"Mr. Reid, my husband, was one of the group of men who surveyed the C.P.R. grant, that is, broadly speaking, lands between English Bay and Hastings and Burrard Inlet and the North Arm of the Fraser, but the work I most especially recall was the survey of the centre of the city. So far as I now recall the survey party included L.A. Hamilton, and who did, I think, private surveying afterwards; John Leask, brother-in-law to Mr. Hamilton, and whose widow is still living at Collingwood, Ontario; D.R. Reid, my husband, who was head lineman; C. Gardner Johnson, afterwards well known in Vancouver as Lloyd's Agent; and an officer in the old 6th Regiment, D.C.O.R., Jack Stewart, afterwards Major-General in the Great War; 'Dad' Cameron, fireman in charge of the fire engine of the fire brigade; Louis, a Frenchman who was axeman; Archie McCrimmon, axeman; nine in all, I think."

"Mr. Jack Leask, whilst engaged in blazing survey lines between Carrall Street and Westminster Avenue" (Main Street) "in the heavy timber, got lost, and a survey party spent all afternoon in searching for him."

THE INDIAN (METHODIST) CHURCH. ST. JAMES CHURCH ON BEACH. METHODIST PARSONAGE.

"I have no recollection of any Indian church, not in my day; I do not see how there could have been in 1884." (Note: a statement which indicates that the Indian church erected in 1875 was no longer a prominent institution.) "In 1884 we held our prayer meetings in the living room of the Methodist parsonage, the only parsonage at that time, and our Sunday services in the Presbyterian denomination, but in 1884 the Presbyterians here were too few to form a congregation; the Anglicans were the only denomination strong enough for that; so when we went to church, as you may call it, we all went to the Methodist services held in the Public School at the Hastings Mill. The Rev. Joseph Hall was minister. I recall the Methodist parsonage very well; a two-storey building facing the water and close to the shore, verandah both back and front, the whole enclosed in a small clearing on the water's edge. We went along a narrow trail and entered from the front door on the water side; the stable was west of the parsonage; beyond the stable I cannot recall anything save trees and bushes. Afterwards the first Methodist Hall was

built east of the parsonage, and was destroyed in the Great Fire. If there had been a church building, what necessity would there have been to hold the services or prayer meetings in a sitting room at the parsonage or the school at the mill?"

(Note: the Indian church was actually there, and was destroyed in the Fire. See Theo. Bryant, son of Rev. Bryant.)

"The little English church" (St. James; see panorama of Vancouver before the fire, and also Hastings Road photo) "stood about the foot of Columbia Avenue." (Rev. Ditchan, and afterwards Father Clinton.)

"I don't know what became of the little Indian church; perhaps the Indians gradually lost interest in the Methodist denomination. You see, the Roman Catholics were at North Vancouver on the Indian Reserve; the ornaments and ceremony of the Roman Catholics might have had a stronger appeal to the Indians than the less formal services of the Methodists; perhaps the Indian congregation had gradually dwindled; perhaps the absence of a permanent Indian missionary, and the presence of a permanent minister to the white population of Methodists had something to do with it, and so the Indian congregation gradually dwindled. I should not like to say that the Rev. Mr. Hall converted it into a stable, nor do I recall the erection of the stable. The stable was not a large building, but large enough for two cows and a horse and a hayloft." (See Mrs. Emily Eldon.) "If the Indian church stood west of the parsonage," (Note: it did.) "something must have happened to it."

BURRARD INLET CONGREGATION OF METHODIST CHURCH.

It was explained to Mrs. Reid that Land Registry records show that on 12 April 1877, lots 14 and 15, Old Granville Townsite, on which the parsonage and hall stood in 1886, were conveyed to seven trustees of the Burrard Inlet congregation of the Methodist Church of Canada, and that the names of William Soule and Peter Cordiner were among the seven.

"William Soule," said Mrs. Reid, "was Church of England; Peter Cordiner was Presbyterian. The Rev. C.M. Tate is probably quite correct in saying that it was necessary to accept as trustees of the Methodist church proper by persons who were not Methodists; there were insufficient numbers of men of responsibility to act as trustees. Peter Cordiner was a splendid man, and it would have been quite like him to sink any particular preference which he personally may have had in the general interest."

THE FIRST LADY SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

"It was on January 13th 1898 that I was elected the first woman school trustee on the Vancouver School Board. An act had just been passed by the Provincial Legislature which permitted women to sit on school boards, and I was asked to offer myself for election. I had been a resident of Vancouver longer than most women, had taken a more or less active part in church, political and civic affairs, and when friends asked me to offer myself I acceded to their request. That the invitation was generally approved of by the electors—men at that time—is proven by the fact that I was elected at the top of the poll. I served two years, but I cannot say that I particularly enjoyed the experience. I had something to do with the obtaining of the Sir William Macdonald endowment for manual training for schools, was among the first advocates for the teaching of domestic science in schools, and with the affiliation of the Vancouver High School" (Cambie and Dunsmuir) "with McGill University, and was appointed a governor of the college."

SOCKS FOR THE SOLDIERS. GREAT WAR.

During the Great War, Mrs. Reid, then aged between 67 and 71, was president of Ward 3 branch of the Red Cross Society, and herself knitted hundreds of pairs of socks for soldiers. Her daughters state she knitted over four hundred pairs (equal to almost one pair every four days), an achievement surpassed by one person only in Vancouver.

FIRST BOY BORN IN VANCOUVER AFTER IT BECAME A CITY.

"My son, Alexander Campbell Reid," said Mrs. Reid, "was the first boy born in Vancouver after it was incorporated as a city."

Mrs. Reid was born in Belfast, Prince Edward Island.

Read to, and approved by Mrs. Reid, August 1932. JSM.

MANUAL TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

Mrs. Reid writes, 6 March 1933: "About 1898, I saw through the daily papers, that Sir William Macdonald, the tobacco king, a native of P.E.I." (her husband was a P.E.I.-er) "was endowing a manual training school in the capital cities of each province. I being a native of P.E.I. and on the school board, wrote him saying that Vancouver was much bigger than Victoria. He replied and sent a pamphlet saying that he would be very pleased to give it to Vancouver."

AFFILIATION WITH MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

"About the same time, a number of our High School students" (old High School on Dunsmuir Street) "were ready for university, and their parents could not afford to send them away. So I, as school trustee, along with my other colleagues, started arrangements with McGill which was very shortly completed, and enabled the students to take two years course at home. This was the time that the late Dr. McGuigan and myself were appointed governors."

Christina Reid.

EARLY LACROSSE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Conversation with James A. Smith, moving picture censor, and Mrs. Smith, at their residence, 5826 Sperling Avenue, Vancouver, 14 May 1932.

"It must have been about the 21st or 22nd May 1888," said Mr. Smith. "We, that is, my brother David and I, had arrived in Vancouver from Winnipeg on the previous 5th April, and had started a little store where we sold carpets on Water Street, north side, opposite the Carter house—the back part of the store was over the water of the inlet—the rats used to climb the piles at the back and reach the platform—when Mr. A.E. Suckling, sobriquet 'Bony,' now of the Vancouver Breweries Limited, and Mr. J.B. Simpson, sobriquet 'Simmy,' came and asked if we would play lacrosse. I had known Mr. Suckling, had played lacrosse with him in Winnipeg, and he knew that both Dave and I could play; all three of us were keen lacrosse men in Winnipeg. Mr. Suckling had been arranging a game with some men in Victoria, and on the Queen's Birthday that year we went over to Victoria and played, to my belief, the first game of lacrosse played in British Columbia. Mr. Suckling was undoubtedly the father of lacrosse in British Columbia. The game was played on Beacon Hill, and we won.

"At the time the Victoria people were without a lacrosse team, and it was as a result of Mr. Suckling's endeavours that this game was played; he had been in correspondence with Mr. W.G. McKenzie, at that time of Victoria, afterwards manager of the old hardware firm, Wood, Vallance and Leggat Ltd., here.

"On Dominion Day that year the Victoria team came over from Victoria to Vancouver, and played a return game. This time they won, but sometime in the fall we again went to Victoria, and by winning that game, became the first lacrosse champions in British Columbia.

"At that time the Westminster people took little or no interest in lacrosse, at any rate, they had no lacrosse team. I forget the exact date but sometime the following spring we went over to New Westminster and played against a team gathered together somehow on a couple of lots; I don't just know but it was near a judge's residence. I doubt if the 'field' was larger than 100 feet by 100 feet, and there were a number of small stumps scattered about it. We had to loan the Westminster team two or three men so that they could play, and also some equipment. From that time on, lacrosse prospered in New Westminster; the Westminster boys took to the game; the thing grew. Among those whom I recall was Jack Whyte, afterwards Lt. Col. J.C. Whyte and warden of the Penitentiary; and W. Cullen, the King's Printer; whole families took to it, for instance, there were the Peele boys, the Giffords, and the Rennies."

Query: What killed it?

"Professionalism; lacrosse thrives as an amateur game only."

Query: Is there any truth in the story which A.E. Beck tells that the New Westminster lacrosse team got the nickname "Salmonbellies" on the Cambie Street grounds?

"Well, we named them that, and I presume that was how it was; very likely."

LOST IN THE KERRISDALE FOREST.

"It must have been a week, perhaps ten days after we arrived, that I decided that I would do a little shooting, so I took my gun and started off across False Creek, crossing the False Creek bridge at Westminster Avenue, went towards Mount Pleasant a little piece, and then turned west on a trail going towards the Leamy and Kyle Mill, just west of Cambie Street. The trail was just a trail through the forest; it was all trees, forest everywhere at that time, why, over in the 'West End' there was a quarter of a mile of it from Coal Harbour to English Bay which was cut down a year or so later. Anyway I followed the trail, from Westminster Avenue down as far as the mill—I think the trail led on to Jericho; I think it crossed Granville Street about 7th Avenue, and then went down to Kitsilano Beach and Point Grey Road—anyway, after I got to Leamy and Kyle's mill, I took a logging road up the hill into the woods. I shot a grouse, and kept on, and the first thing I knew I was lost. You know how logging trails vanish into nowhere, and you cannot locate them again. The trees were high above me; I could not see; then it began to rain, and I could not tell by the sun which was north or anything else. It occurred to me that if I went downhill I must ultimately come to the sea, so I started to head downhill. Unfortunately for me—so I have since conjectured—the ground must have sloped west, for after considerable travel I came to a very steep slope, and slid down it for a good many yards. There is no such slope that I know of, and I know Vancouver well, which exists other than the one where the B.C. Electric interurban tram twists and turns past Strathcona, above Quilchena Golf Links on its way to Kerrisdale. I kept on, and soon struck a small rill with about two inches of water in it, and I followed that. I had to take to the middle of it, for both sides were lined with thistle. I kept on, and about five that evening struck the sea on English Bay near what is now the foot of Balaclava Street, about where Mrs. J.Z. Hall of 'Killarney' now lives; there was a cannery on the shore there. I had left Vancouver at 8 a.m., and it was getting on towards dusk. I was tired."

GREER'S BEACH.

"Once I struck the sea, of course, all was easy. I struck out along the shore, passed Sam Greer's cottage, a bit of a cottage which stood back of where the Kitsilano Bathhouse is now, and took to the C.P.R. tracks. A few yards from the beach, perhaps 100 yards, there was a sort of natural pond in the muskeg." (Note: between Maple Street and Laburnum.) "It was dusk, and in it were five fine ducks; I got three of them. I kept on, crossed the trestle bridge, and finally got to our house on Hastings Street, a few feet west of the present temporary City Hall in the Holden Building; that was when my eldest son Arthur was born."

SPERLING AVENUE AND 41ST AVENUE, KERRISDALE.

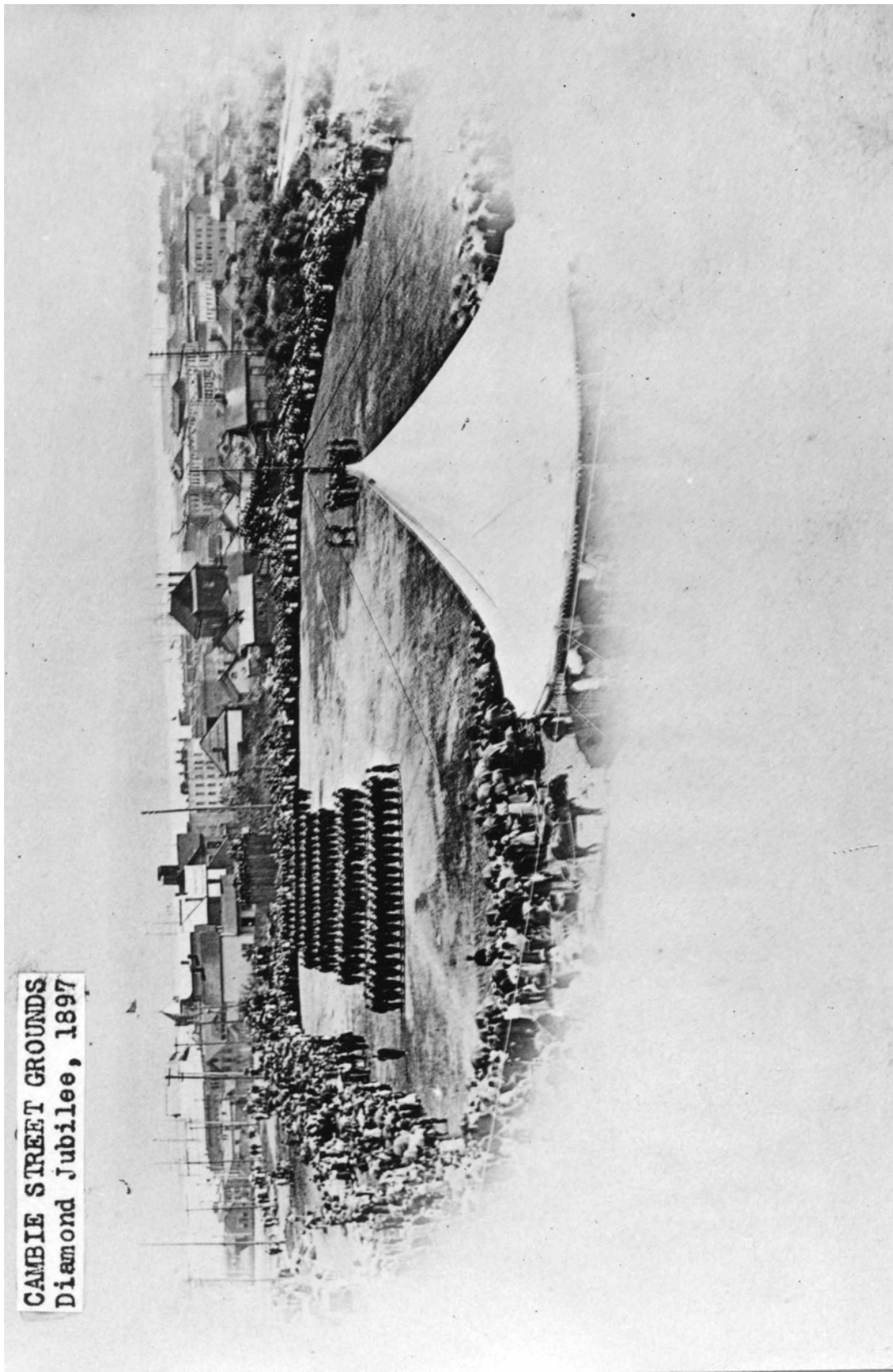
"It is difficult to credit, but it's fact just the same, that this avenue, Sperling, now with splendid residences, superb lawns, flowers, shrubs, concrete street with concrete curbs and walks, cannot be more than half a mile from where I was lost and slid down that slope. When we first came to Sperling Avenue, No. 5826, seven years ago, there was nothing more than a trail in the clearing from 41st Avenue southwards. Building proceeded at a great pace for a year or several years; now it has practically ceased; one reason of course the lots are all built upon; another the difficult financial conditions. A little town has sprung up quite recently at 41st Avenue and Granville Street; anyway, the corner lots are built upon, and recently the bus has started to run from there down Granville Street to the south."

CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS 1887
Our pioneer band.



First Brass Band - Vancouver - Cambie St Grounds

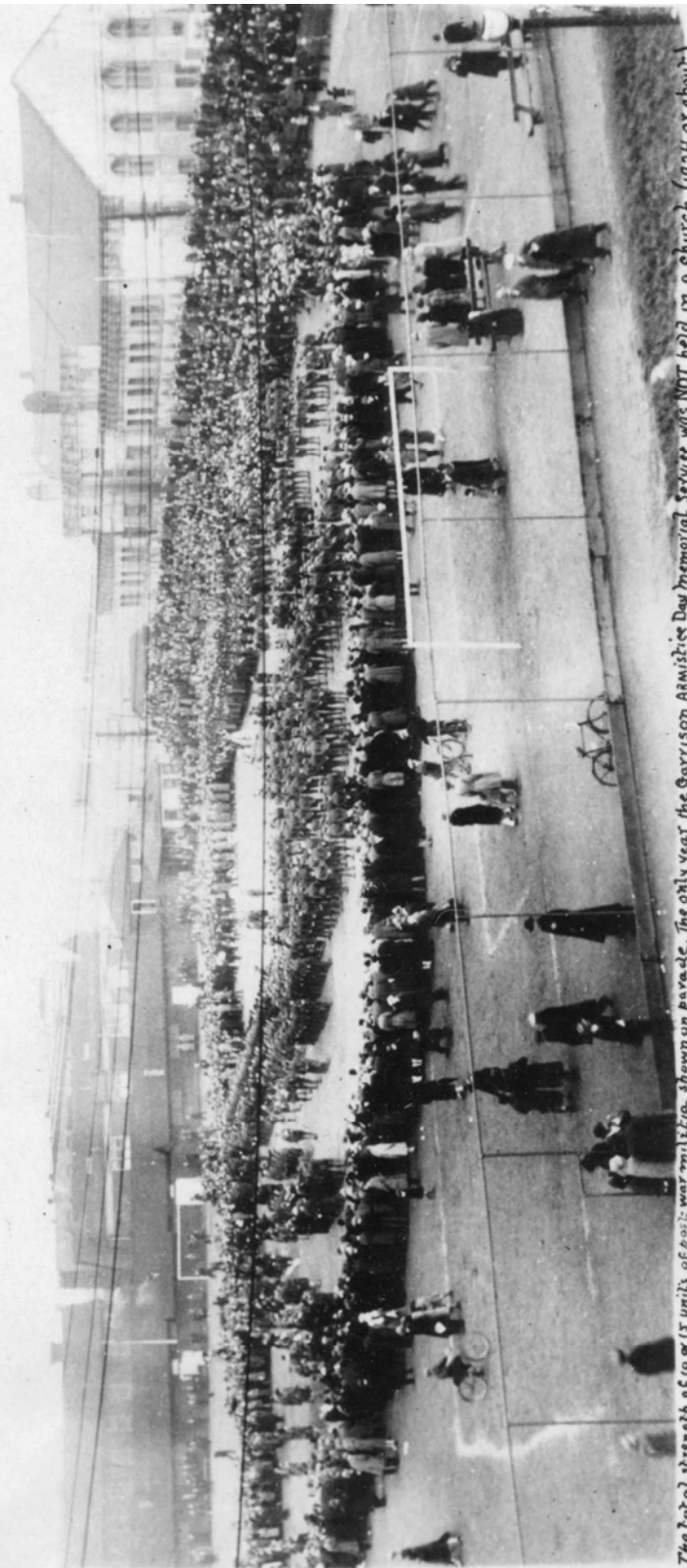
Item # EarlyVan_v2_105



Item # EarlyVan_v2_106

Cambie St Grounds. Church parade (~~was there~~) set back Armistice Day 192. Showing the entire garrison of Vancouver on parade.

CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS
Armistice Day, 1926.



The total strength of 10 or 15 units of police war militia shown on parade. The only year the Garrison Armistice Day Memorial Service was NOT held in a church. (1924 or about)

Item # EarlyVan_v2_107

**CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS. STANLEY PARK. MAYOR OPPENHEIMER. ALDERMAN HAMILTON.
A.E. BECK, K.C.**

Copy of letter.

Oak Tree House,
Kissimmee, Florida.
11th April 1932.

Dear Major:

I duly received both your letters, and have read over Mr. Beck's article re the Cambie street playgrounds, [*article, Early Vancouver, Matthews, 1931*] which is returned herewith. As far as my memory serves me the statements are in accordance with the facts.

I have a lot of sketches of water colors made at the time when I was laying out the city. I will look them out at Toronto, and send you on such material as I think would be useful.

REFERENCE TO THE CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS and Mr. Beck's reference to the visit to the Narrows reminds me that the great credit for securing the Indian [*he means "government reserve," or Stanley Park*] as a park has always been given to Mayor Oppenheimer. If the records were available it would show that the chief credit should be given to A.W Ross and Alderman Hamilton. We both worked together to attain this object, the former as an M.P. using his influence with the Dominion Government, and the latter with the Canadian Pacific Railway by getting the chief officials at Montréal to use their influence with the government of the day. You may not be aware that I personally surveyed and laid out the drives around the big park, and arranged with the engineer to use the shells on the shore [*Note: not strictly described; they were from an old Indian midden on the shore at Lumberman's Arch, see old photographs, etc., etc.*] to gravel the roads with. On one of our inspection trips the engineer and myself were nearly drowned by having our canoe upset in the Narrows in a tide rip. We both had a hard struggle to get the canoe ashore; then in our wet clothes on the bitterly cold evening, paddled all the way back to the Granville wharf.

Yours very truly,

L.A. HAMILTON.

P.S. Have you any record of the votes taken at the first election in Vancouver? I think that the city records were destroyed, [*Note: in the Great Fire, 13 June 1886*] but that information might be found in the New Westminster or Victoria papers of that date.

L.A.M.

EARLY PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS.

In the minutes of the City Council for 28 March 1887, page 298, the Board of Works recommends (24 March 1887) as follows:

"That a committee consisting of Alderman Hamilton, Lefevre, and Oppenheimer be appointed to ascertain at what price the following blocks can be purchased for a city park, viz. 105 to 110 in District lots 196 and 181, or any other blocks in a suitable locality within the city limits. Carried."

Grove Street, a short street of two blocks on the shore of False Creek between Jackson Avenue and Dunlevy Avenue formed the base line of a crescent-shaped street in the woods known as Grove Crescent, one half of the horn of the crescent forming block 105, and block 110 the other half. It is now part of Atlantic Street.

A.E. Beck, K.C., who was largely responsible for the securing of Cambie Street grounds, states that this property was proposed as an alternative to the Cambie Street grounds property, afterwards secured. (See Council minutes 25 April 1887.) (See Matthews, *Early Vancouver*, 1931.)

W.H. Gallagher states that it got its name from either a squatter who lived there under the assumed name of Grove, or from the fact that there was a little green open space there, two or three butternut trees, a patch of timothy grass, old logs, bush all gone, perhaps a Royal Engineers' or logger's camp on the point. The point was a very pretty place, a sort of mound, the butternut trees hung over the water at high tide; there was an Indian medicine ditch there, and the agreeable old man named Grove lived in a shack on logs on the beach. Its picturesqueness suggested it as a playground; Cambie Street was a mass of black stumps.

GROVE CRESCENT. EARLY PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS. SENTELL.

Of this spot, Mrs. P.S. Saville, now of 1758 Venables Street, and sister to the three Sentell brothers who subsequently developed the point, says (November 1931):

"When I first saw that point on False Creek, it was covered with vine maples, wild crab apples, wild peas, shalal berries, and a profusion of blackberries; we went there to pick blackberries in 1889; it looked as though there might have been an old Indian encampment there, and I have been told that there was an Indian medicine ditch there, a sort of Indian Turkish bath, where in a hole in the ground they sweated themselves to cure a cold or ailment by putting hot stones in the water and sitting beneath a covering enclosed over it. Some said it was where Indians tried their fellows for crime.

"Then in 1890 my brother Alderman F.W. Sentell, bought the place at Grove Crescent. It was nothing when we went there; the bush was so thick you could not get through it. Our house, which was in the centre of block 109, faced south, looked over the waters of the creek, was slightly elevated on a bank which sloped gently down to the beach, and a popular bathing resort in summer time. The city promised my brother it would become a park; it was a delightful spot; he went ahead and cleared it, cleared the whole crescent at his own expense, spent an immense amount of time on it, put down a sidewalk, planted apple trees to the west of our house, cherries to the east, built a fine home, and for years it was an outstanding landmark for it was large and was painted white, and showed up well in the beautiful surroundings of green, and he was promised it would be a park, and never anything else; we had cut it out of the bush.

"Then all our hopes were dashed. First they put a septic tank for city sewers; we did all we could to stop it, but it was put in and finished. Finally it was wanted for Canadian Northern Railway yards; my brothers got \$100,000" (?) "for one acre in the ex-appropriation proceedings. The fine old house was torn down in 1912. It was a beautiful house, wonderfully finished, for my brothers were contractors and builders. I lived there in 1896, -7 and -8, at the time of the Klondike rush."

THE CITY HALL ON POWELL STREET.

"My brothers built the City Hall on Powell Street, and when it was finished the city could not pay for it, so my brothers locked the doors, and would not let the city officials enter.

"We came here on 2 November 1887; my brothers had worked on railway construction. I forget the first building they erected, but the second was 417 Hastings Street East—next to the brick house—it is standing yet. Then my brothers, E.B., A.J. and F.W. Sentell built the tabernacle for Dr. Moody, of Moody and Sankey hymn book fame, evangelists, when he visited Vancouver in the fall of 1888. The tabernacle was built either on the Cambie Street grounds or where the old City Hospital was on Pender Street. My sister and I sang in the Moody choir. E.B. was one of the trustees of the Y.M.C.A. who guaranteed Dr. Moody's expenses."

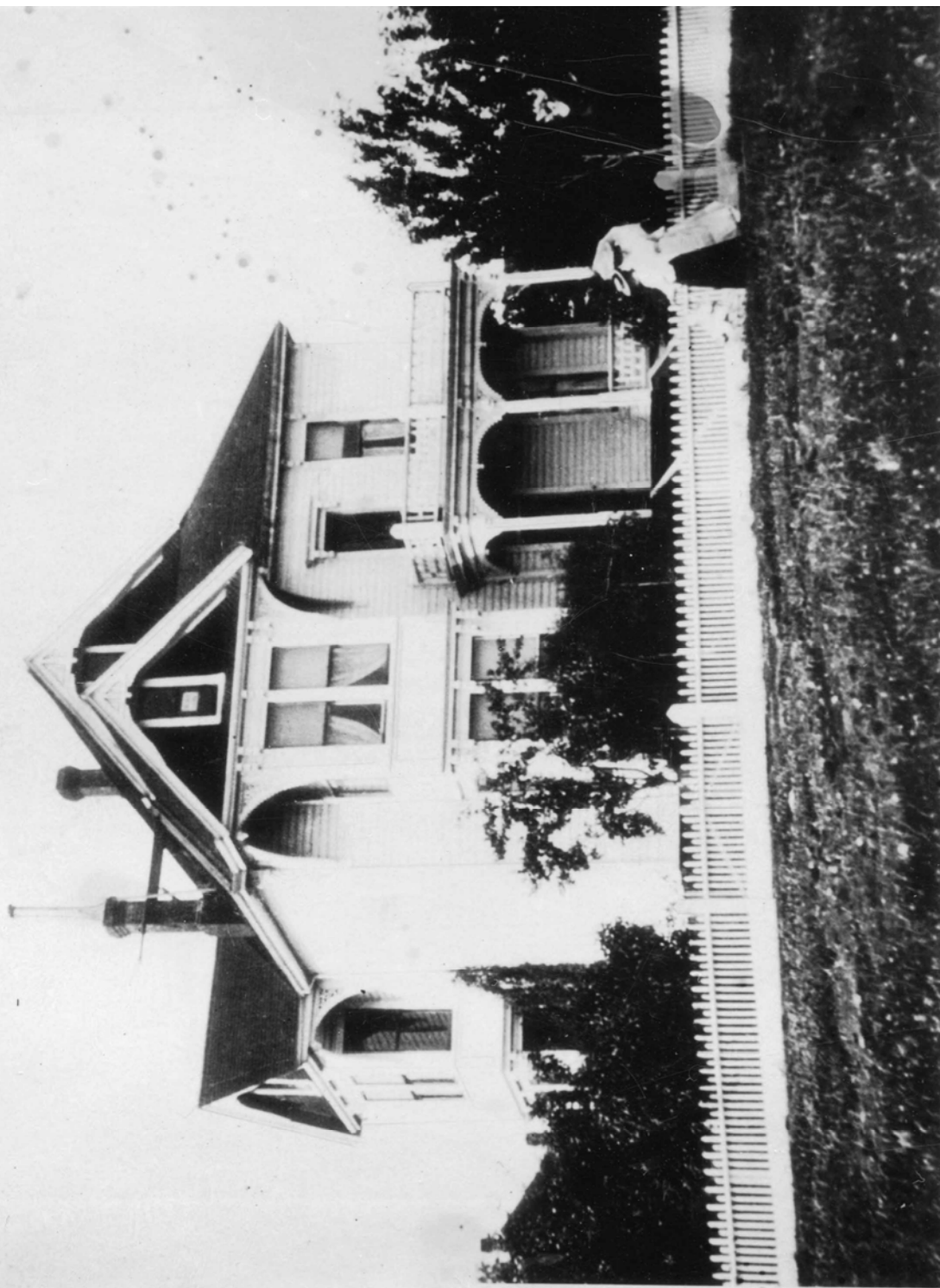
STANLEY PARK DRIVEWAY.

"One thing about Stanley Park I recall very vividly. On 1 July 1898 we rowed over; the bridge was not built then; and walked along the park road, or driveway; it was all mud then."

Note: there is a photo of the Sentell home in the records.

Grove Crescent (upper False Creek), Home of the "Sextell" family, who pioneered there. It stood on block 100, faced south, construction commenced about 1892, finished 1902.

THE SEXTELL HOME, Grove Crescent.



Sold (ex-appropriated) by railway, 1912, \$100,000.00 and by them torn down. "A Vanished Landmark on False Creek" M^{rs} Leonard Waterford, M^{rs} Walter Prescott

Item # EarlyVan_v2_108



Item # EarlyVan_v2_109

LOCOMOBILE.

Power; steam raised by gasoline flame, purchased about 1904 for \$200 from Judge Spinks, Vernon, B.C. who probably imported it, by Alex and the late William Fenton, who appears in the car with his mother, 602 Grove Street, Vancouver. After about two years use on streets of Vancouver, sold by them to a Mr. Myers. Stated to have been the second automobile in Vancouver, the first having been owned by Mr. Armstrong of the firm of Armstrong and Morrison.

SOME EARLY TRAILS.

Salisbury, son of W.F. Salisbury, treasurer of C.P.R. in early days: "The only remnant of the old trail to English Bay now remaining" (1932) "is where it crosses in a southwest-northeast direction across a vacant lot at the northwest corner of Nelson Street directly in front of the Nelson Street fire hall."

A city employee, name unknown, 21 December 1931, whilst tearing down the tower of the old City Hall:

"I built the first house in the district just close around 8th Avenue, Yukon Street and Columbia Street in 1900, the spring; just a three-room shack; got the lumber cheap from the old" (Leamy and Kyle) "mill at the southern end of the Cambie Street bridge, and dragged it up to my place on a stone boat. The city used to give us stumping powder free, but it took five years to clear the little patch. There was a single track street car on 9th Avenue then, and once we blew out a stump, as big as 'a house,' it went cavorting over in the air, and landed on the street car rails, and we had to get a man to come and help us draw it off the street car line. Used lots of powder, supplied free by city. Our little house was all cedar, cost \$65, three rooms, stove pipe, no chimney, bricks too costly. When we went down to the City Hall to ask where the road was they did not seem to know, and told us to build our house 'facing the mountains.' There was salmon in the creek which ran through our property. I had to build a great big culvert, three or four feet square; in a storm it was a big creek; culvert still there. I used to amuse myself watching the snakes on the edge of the creek with necks craned like swans, then there would be a lightening jab, and they hooked out a little fish from the creek."

WILD CATTLE IN STANLEY PARK.

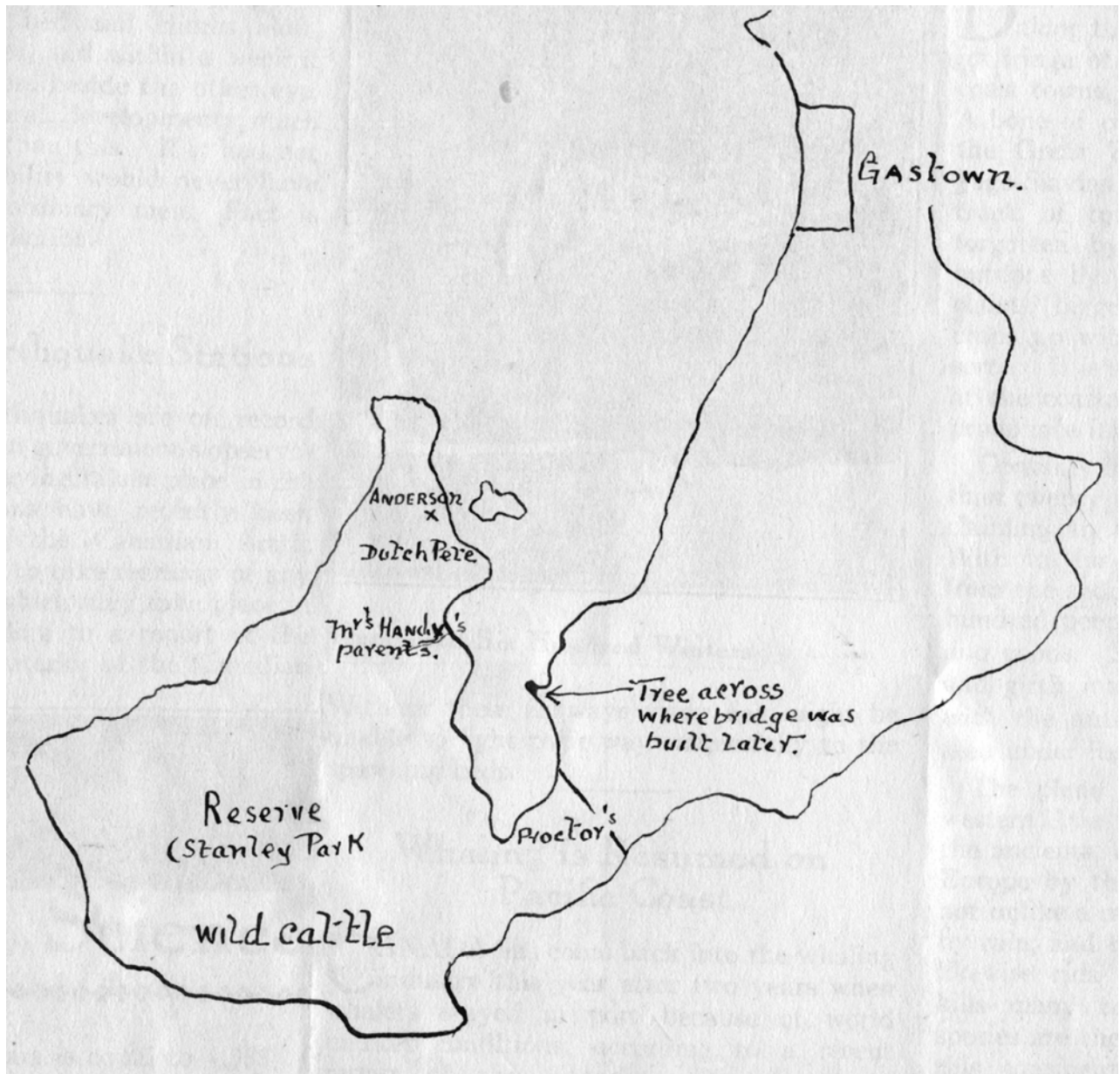
Mrs. S.W. Handy, P.O. Box 71, Chapman's Camp, 19 and 29 August 1932. Letters:

"I got into my skiff, and rowed over to the" (Deadman's) "Island, when (by the time I arrived there) the whole town was gone. I have marked the place on the map where I lived" (at the mouth of the small creek just east of the entrance to Stanley Park.) "Also where the man Anderson lived right opposite Deadman's Island, and Dutch Pete, just on the other side. Then at the head of the Bay" (head of Lost Lagoon), "was a man and his wife with two daughters. The man's name was Proctor." (Note: Dr. Langis says Proctor was living at one time in Morton's old shack and getting out spars for the British navy.) "As for the town I can hardly say with any certainty for I was only fifteen years of age. I do know that all that was left of the town was Alexander's house and the old sawmill and one church."

"Yes. There was a trail over to English Bay and also there was an old cow that went wild in there, and had a bull calf, then from them there was a herd of cattle numbering eight, so I was afraid to wander much in the woods."

Letter, 29 August 1932: "The cattle lived in the reserve now known as Stanley Park. Yes, you have marked the place correctly, also there was a tree felled across the point where the arrow points" (the site of the first bridge.) "I do not know what happened to them but heard that the government had them shot as they were very wild and dangerous."

"My dear old husband has been so very sick, and has just passed away, Aug. 15th, so I have not read much."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_110

Sea Air - - - By ELLEN STEVENSON

A Story About a Pioneer Teen-Age Girl

Send subscriptions to Periodical Department
UNITED CHURCH PUBLISHING HOUSE
299 Queen St. W., Toronto 2, Ont.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1934

It was a bright morning in August of 1890. The sun beat down on the parched land, and the flies buzzed incessantly. Every passing wagon and buggy raised clouds of yellow dust. Annie was thankful when she reached the edge of the little city of New Westminster and could plunge into the delicious coolness of the forest through which ran the road to Gastown, or rather Vancouver, to give it its recently-acquired official name.

She was feeling light-hearted this morning. Perhaps it was the reaction from the worry of the past week. Her mother, who had been ill for some time, suddenly took a turn for the worse. The doctor had looked very grave when he told Annie that she would have to be moved from their home on the banks of the Fraser River out to the sea-coast.

"She must have fresh, clean air, and it must be soon. This heat and dust is killing her," was his verdict.

Annie could still remember that queer, sinking feeling she had felt inside her when she heard this. So far, this thirteen-year-old pioneer girl had managed to look after her family since her hard-working mother had fallen ill, but to do more than just that seemed quite impossible. The sea-coast was fourteen miles away through the forest. Business was booming in Vancouver, the coast town, and it was practically impossible to get a house. Builders could not keep up with the demand. How could she get shelter for her mother and younger brother and sister? How could they live once there? Their savings were getting low.

For a few days the future seemed very black, but Annie was used to overcoming difficulties and, after the first moments of despair, she went resolutely to work to solve her problem. Obviously, the first thing to do was to get a house. To get one in the town was impossible, but diligent questioning brought to light the fact that a family by the name of Simpson owned a logger's hut on English Bay, and would be glad to have it occupied to keep their title to the land.

Annie was now on her way to look over this building and see what could be done with it. Rising very early, she had arranged for a neighbor to look after her mother and the younger children while she trudged the long road to English Bay, which was south across the peninsula from Vancouver. Owing to the danger from wild animals and the impossibility of crossing the marshy ground by False Creek, she had to take the long road, which went first north-west to Vancouver and then south-west to the beach at English Bay.

It was a delightful hike. After she had passed a desolate stretch that had been burned a few years before, the tall cedars and maples interlocked their branches so tightly above the road that in many places she could hardly see the blue of the sky. A few robins chirped cheerily in the trees, and overhead sounded the harsh squawk of the sea-gulls. Once a startled doe with its speckled fawn paused to look at her before it darted gracefully away. She stopped when she began to feel tired and, resting on one of the rocks around which the road curled, refreshed herself by eating the salmon-berries and the huckleberries which grew wild there. How she wished she had some one with her to talk about the interesting things along the way!

As she neared Vancouver, she could hear the clop, clop, clop of the logger's axe. Already they had made considerable inroads into this vast forest. It seemed almost wicked to cut down those beautiful big trees. Suddenly she heard the sound of wheels ahead, and a lumbering wagon came into view around a bend in the road. The road was so narrow she had to plunge into the bushes at the side to let it pass. If only it had been going towards Vancouver! She might have got a ride the rest of the way.

The driver saluted her respectfully as he passed. She smiled back and dropped a slight curtsy. As she climbed back on the road, she looked ruefully at her skirt and shoes. They were white with dust!

"It is well that I wore my oldest clothes," she said to herself, trying to brush the worst of the dust away. "Although I did want to have them on and look nice when I was going through Vancouver!"

She wished she had time to stop in the town to visit some of the girls she knew there, and perhaps look at the pretty things at Hastings Mill Store, but it was nearly noon, and she had quite a long way to go yet. So, with shining eyes taking in all the exciting things going on as she passed, she walked sedately through the town along the

board sidewalks that stood on stilts above the marshy ground.

Once past the Hotel Vancouver, the trail ran through the section that had been burned a few years previously, when fire had destroyed the whole town. Already nature was covering the black waste, and fireweed, salmonberries, huckleberries and other bushes crowded around the blackened stumps. Here and there a tall, gaunt trunk outlined its white arms against the sky, but most of the district was green. There was no shade, however, and the sun was pitilessly hot. It was a relief to reach the standing timber again.

It was past noon when Annie arrived at Simpson's shack. Walking past the building, she went out on the short stretch of sandy beach, which was overshadowed by maple trees and edged with beds of kelp. What a pretty view! The blue waters of the bay and the green trees of Kitsilano Indian Reserve were before her. To her right was the mystery that is Stanley Park, and, beyond, on the horizon, the blue mountains of the Gulf Islands. She breathed deeply of the salt sea air. Surely that would help her mother.

She was very hungry by this time, but she was too impatient to survey her future home to stop to eat just yet. The shack had five small, box-like rooms. Everything was rather neglected, but that could be easily fixed. As she went from room to room she planned the placing of their meagre furniture. This room overlooking the beach would be her mother's. She would get the sun all day and the breeze off the water. The back room, with the door to the outside, would be the best for the kitchen. What would they do for a stove?

She pushed back her hair from her forehead and wrinkled her brow in thought. They couldn't afford to buy one and have it brought away out there. As she walked over to the door, her eyes fell on a flat rock near by. Would that do? Why not? She had often watched the Indians cook on big stones. She felt sure that she could do it as well as they did. There was a hollow in it already. So, tired though she was, Annie planned for the future.

It was late when she reached home that night. The kindly neighbor had put the children to bed, but her mother was anxiously listening for her return.

"You are late, my child. Are you all right?"

Annie turned up the wick in the coal-oil lamp to stop it smoking, and smiled down at the white-faced woman on the bed.

"I am very tired, mother, but everything is arranged. We are moving out next week to Simpson's shack on English Bay. You will get better there, mother, dearest. Your window faces south over the beach, and it all smells so clean and fresh."

Her mother moved wearily among the blankets.

"I hope it does all you expect, Annie."

"It's so hard for you when I have to lie here so much."

The girl bent swiftly over her mother.

"Don't worry about me, mother," she whispered. "All we want is for you to get well. We'll be all right."

The next week was a very busy one. She had to make many arrangements for the transfer of her family and their household goods to their new home. With the help of friendly neighbors, however, they were ready at last, and one fine morning saw them finally on their way. Her mother and the younger children rode, while Annie trudged sturdily behind the wagon that carried their furniture and baggage.

MARCH 17, 1934

They reached the beach just before sunset. The children were wild with delight at the beach and the forest, but her mother was too sick and weary to pay much attention to her surroundings. Beds were hastily put up, and the sick woman was settled first of all. She fell asleep almost immediately, leaving Annie free to do what was necessary that night.

It was late when she finished. Her mother and the children were sleeping soundly. Much of the furniture was temporarily in place. She felt too tired to do any more. Leaving one lone candle lit, she crept outside quietly and sat on a big rock to watch the reflection of the moon on the water and dream about the future. What plans she had! She wondered a little wistfully if her dreams would ever come true. She was so sleepy she could hardly keep her eyes open. She caught herself dozing off several times, but it was too pretty outside and so restful with the night wind whispering through the trees, she hated to go in and get into bed.

The next few days Annie spent in scrubbing the shack thoroughly and arranging their belongings. The big stone outside proved an excellent place for cooking, so she gave up all idea of bringing in a stove from Vancouver.

Once they were settled, she began to consider the future. She was worried about the coming winter, and cast about for some means of making a little extra money. It would probably be easy for her to get work in home.

English Bay beach was already well known in the district, and quite a few people came there to bathe. Annie, while watching some bathers there one day, suddenly saw a chance to make some money. If the people had a bathhouse where they could change their clothes, probably many more would come!

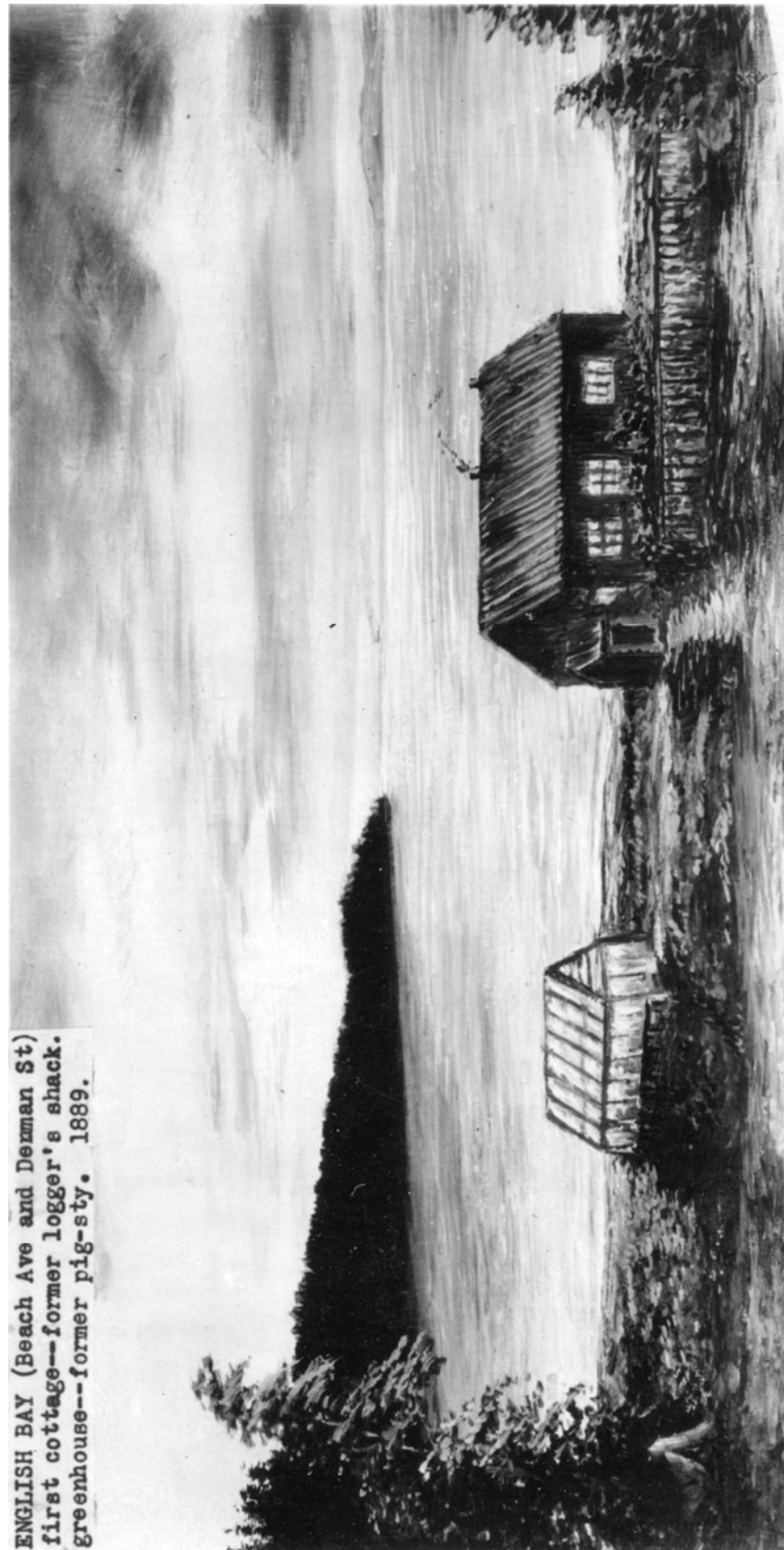
From slabs and driftwood that was scattered along the shore, she built a small shelter. It was roughly done, for she had few tools, but it was sufficient for the purpose. She rented it at five cents a person, with a maximum charge of ten cents for a family. The bathers, glad of an opportunity to help some one out while serving their own convenience, used it a great deal, and the beach became quite popular.

Big Joe Fortes, a colored man who worked at one of the hotels in Vancouver, spent most of his spare time at the beach, appointing himself life-guard and keeper of the peace. He made a big rock near the water's edge the dividing line between the men and the women, as there was no mixed bathing in those days, and enforced his ruling. He greatly admired the brave youngster who was trying so hard to take care of her family, and by doing many small jobs for her, helped to make her burden easier.

With the complete change, her mother's health improved considerably, and for a while it seemed as though she would get well and strong again. But they had waited too long to move, and late one winter night she died, leaving Annie in sole charge of the two younger children. For a while Annie was stunned with grief, but gradually her plucky nature asserted itself, and she squared her small shoulders to meet this new burden.

They lived in the shack at English Bay for two years more, before moving into Vancouver where, a few years later, Annie married. She is still living in Vancouver, and her beach is a beautiful place that is thronged every summer with tourists from all over the world, as well as the residents of the city she watched grow from a boom town to the third largest city in Canada.

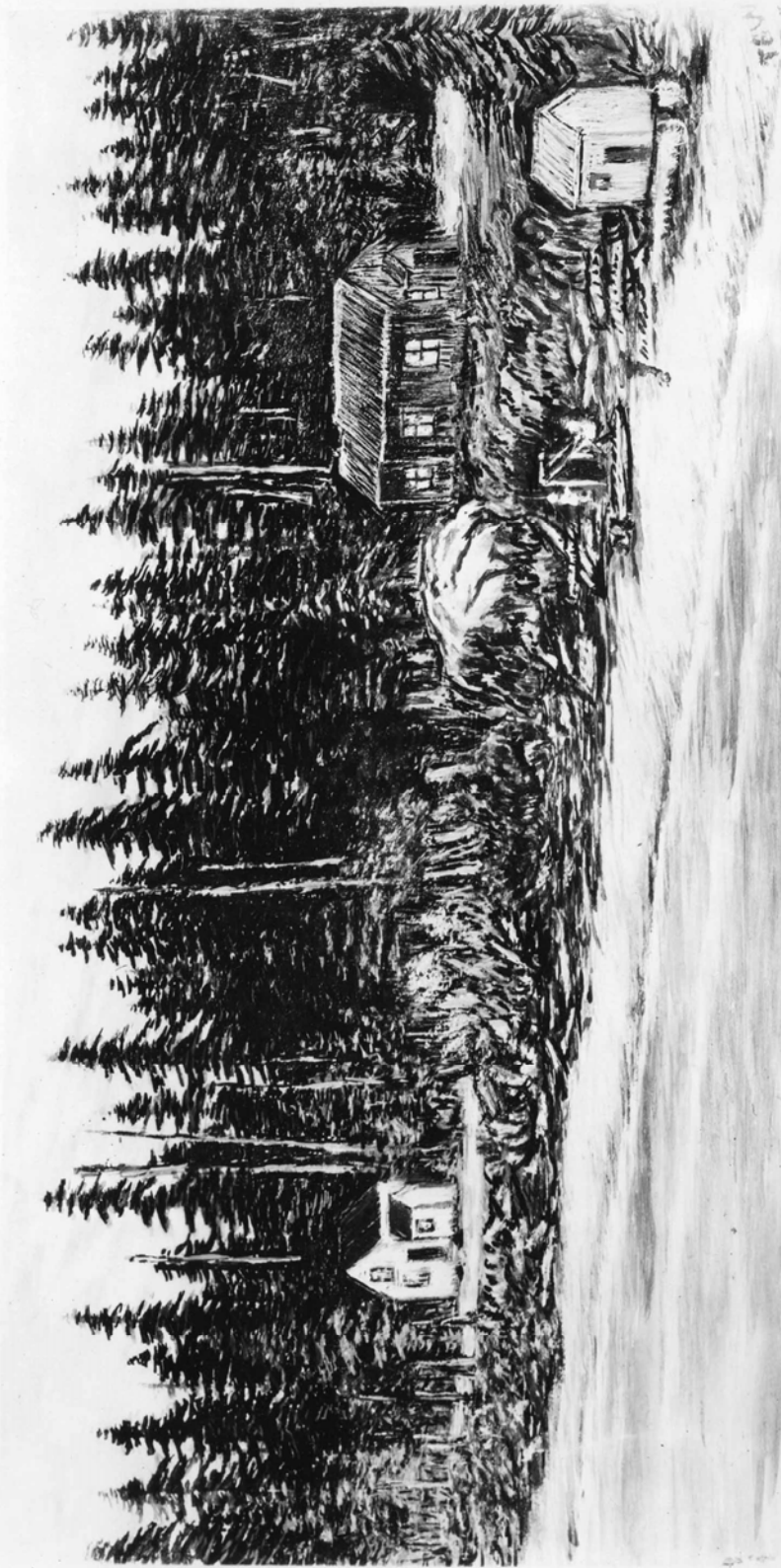
Item # EarlyVan_v2_112



ENGLISH BAY (Beach Ave and Derman St)
first cottage--former logger's shack.
greenhouse--former pig-sty. 1889.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_113

English Bay. Beach Ave. at Derman St. 1890



ENGLISH BAY, 1890. L to R: First house, Beach Av, famous big stone, swing, former logger's shack, Derman st. first bathhouse, built by girl.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_114

English Bay



Item # EarlyVan_v2_115

ENGLISH BAY BATHING BEACH. CAPT. AND MRS. PERCY NYE. OLD JOE FORTES. FIRST BATHING PAVILION, ETC.

Mrs. Percy Nye, 18 February 1932, proof corrected and returned by her 5 April 1932.

"As I first saw it in 1890, English Bay Beach was just 'another beach' with a small clearing behind on a forest shore. The two oil paintings which we have, and which you have had photographed, very truly represent it as it was. The paintings were made from two Christmas cards, painted *from memory* by my father, Mr. W.T. Mackay, and sent to me by him from Ireland."

Note: Capt. and Mrs. Nye and their sons now own and operate a garage at the corner of Cambie Street and 5th Avenue West.

Mrs. Nye continued: "The cottage, or rough shack, because that was what it really was, had once been the abode of the loggers who logged off the West End in earlier days, and from whom the Simpsons of English Bay had bought it for fifty dollars. It stood on high ground between the sandy shore and what is now known as Beach Avenue, then but a narrow dirt trail, a buggy's width wide, overgrown on both sides with salmonberry bushes which brushed the buggy wheels as you drove along; terribly dusty in summer and terribly muddy in winter. It stood just a few feet to the west of the present Denman Street, and a sloping path, just a deer trail, ran down the bank to the beach in almost the identical location of the present descent between the two concrete bathhouses.

"A small creek, which drained the swamp up around Nicola Street" (see Corporal Turner's map, "Brickmakers Claim," 1862) "—a swamp on the hillside below the high ground between Robson and Davie Street—ran into the sea from a small ravine at the foot of Comox Street, but the loggers had drawn their water from a well at the back of where the Williams afterwards lived" (see elsewhere); "the water out of the swamp was not good; too brown.

"In 1890, just after my thirteenth birthday—I was born in August 1877—we were living in New Westminster. Mother was ill; the doctor recommended sea air; father was working. So one day I walked over from New Westminster and back again the same day, located the cottage, rented it from a Mr. Hudson who was batching there—holding it for the Simpsons who were afraid that the city might seize it, and so kept it occupied. Mr. Hudson wanted to get away; he was afterwards engineer on one of the earlier Cocos Island treasure hunts. We moved over immediately. I walked behind the wagon bringing the furniture; Mother died in the cottage the same year, 1890, and is buried in Mountain View. I vividly recall the little shack of a house at the entrance of the Cemetery; the pig sty at the rear, and the graves all around. We remained in the shack at English Bay two summers and three winters, and left to live at 717 Nicola Street in, I think it must have been 1894; it was in the spring. Simpsons had acquired the shack from the loggers, but were having trouble over the land, or some rights, and we occupied it for them while they were down east; held it, as it were."

Note: the meaning of this is not understood at this moment, but it may have some connection with some dispute in which the fact that John Morton, William Hailstone and Sam Brighthouse received a larger acreage (550) than 480 acres, that is, three preemptions of 160 acres each. Judge Howay has knowledge of some occurrence of interest in connection with West End. The three men had received the crown grant to *all land* between Burrard Street and Stanley Park in 1867.

THE FIRST BATHING PAVILION. ENGLISH BAY BATHING BEACH.

Mrs. Nye continues: "It was the Simpsons who built the *first* 'bathing pavilion' at English Bay, a little bit of a shanty of boards on end on the sand, with a tiny window and a board door, just as the painting shows it, and they made a small charge for its use. It was on the west side of the little sloping path, probably an early Indian trail up from the sand, and not more than a few feet from the present sloping path to the beach at the foot of Denman Street.

"Afterwards I built a smaller shed for the same purpose, a little more to the west. I picked up driftwood on the shore, bits of boards and shingles, and built it with my own hands. You see, we were rather hard pressed. Mother had been ill, very ill, and died; times were severe, and child as I was, I had learned to be resourceful. I used to charge five cents per person and ten cents per family to use my little shed, and made sufficient money that I bought a watch with it, and have the watch yet." (1932.) "Women and

children from the town used it to undress and dress in. The present bathhouse, the older one, the one to the west of Denman Street, now stands on exactly the site of my old bathing shed or shack.

“Just around the corner of the shack in which we lived, and at the rear, was a big flat stone, a big boulder with a flat top, and on it I used to cook. We were without a stove; it was hard to get a ‘rig’ (wagon) ‘to bring one out. You had to ‘dicker’ with a driver to get him to go out there from town; he did not want to go so far out in the woods on a bad trail. The big stone was a couple of feet high—that saved me from stooping—and it had a flat top and a sort of basin in the middle. I used to cook on it, Indian fashion.

“The two children shown in the painting, on the swing, are supposed to be my brother Horace and my sister Maud, and the big stone—it was a most enormous rock—we used to spread out our clothes to dry upon that, or climb up on the top for fun.”

OLD “JOE” FORTES. SEPARATE BATHING.

“Another big rock was on the shore about three hundred feet east of Denman Street, and was the dividing line between the men and the women’s bathing limits. We had separate bathing in those days, the women and children had west of the big rock, and the use of the two little bathhouses, and the men east of the big rock. Ha, ha, ha,” laughed Mrs. Nye, and tossed her head, “and any man who broke the rule had to watch out too. There was always some big men down at the beach, and if any men intruded past the big stone—into the women’s part—others would soon come and get him and give him a big swift kick. Old Joe Fortes, whose monument is now at English Bay, was bartender at the Sunnyside Hotel, and used to come down about once a week, and spend his afternoons off duty at the beach. At first, I presume he came for his own enjoyment, but he came regularly, and was so agreeable and pleasant that we began to expect and watch for his coming. Of course, he had no salary; he was just a great big black man; that was how Joe started at English Bay. If anything went wrong—any of the men intruded into the women’s part—there would be a great big halloo, and Joe would come along and haul the intruder back into the men’s part.

“In the other oil painting which you have had photographed—looking out towards Point Grey—the cottage is our shack at the foot of Denman Street, the smaller building is the logger’s old pigsty, which the Simpsons converted into a glass house before we went there; both were ‘raw’ sort of buildings.”

THE TRAIL THROUGH THE STUMPS (WEST END).

“When we went to town from English Bay we cut across country by a foot path, through the trees to about as far as Davie Street and then through the stumps of the clearing to about as far as Captain Mellon’s house, old Captain Mellon, examiner of Masters and Mates, who, with his wife, started the Art, Historical Society” (Vancouver City Museum), “was Chilean consul; Port Mellon is named after him; and lived at the corner of Nicola and Robson streets. The trail reached Nicola just south of Robson, on the west side of Nicola Street; I think it crossed Nelson Street just in front of, on the opposite corner of, the Nelson Street fire hall, and they say part of the old trail still” (1932) “crosses that corner on a vacant lot.

“There were really two trails, one better than the other.”

FOREST IN “WEST END” IN 1890.

“The land north of about Robson Street, between Nicola Street and the park, was in stumps in the fall of 1890 when we came; the forest between there and English Bay was cleared away by my relative Mr. Phillip Oben after we came. The eastern edge of the timbers was Nicola Street; they ran in a sinuous palisade from about Robson Street to the corner of Nicola and Davie in one direction, and to the entrance of Stanley Park in the other,” (see panorama of “West End in 1890,” also *Lost Lagoon, Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931) “in a rambling sort of way. There was some man, I think he worked in the telephone company, Farrell, may be Gordon Farrell, who lived in the stumps just about Robson Street; he lived there for years; in the woods they ran a one-plank sidewalk right into the woods, a block or more, to his house, for those days, quite large.”

FOREST FIRES IN THE WEST END.

“I have a very lucid recollection of the clearing away from Stanley Park up to nearly Nicola Street,” continued Mrs. Nye. “We watched them cutting the trees down; the men doing the clearing had their shack in the woods about 150 yards from us; near the well. Then, later, in the summer of 1892 I think—it

is hard to think back forty years—the slashing caught fire, and while the fire did no actual damage to Stanley Park, until it was under control people were very nervous, and we who were living there on English Bay beach got an awful fright. The people in the white house” (see below, and photograph) “moved out their furniture and placed it on a scow in English Bay. All Vancouver was there fighting or watching the fire; they had a tug boat pumping water. It seems that they fought that fire off and on for two weeks before it was finally put out, and Stanley Park saved; that was why they were fighting so strenuously.”

FIRST RESIDENCE AT ENGLISH BAY.

“The first residence on English Bay was built by Mr. McKee, and whilst we were living there. A little white cottage, it had a red roof, is shown in the painting on the left, was north of Beach Avenue and west of us. It has been moved I believe about 100 feet nearer Denman Street, turned around, altered, is now just west of Gilford Street, but still stands among the trees right straight across from the entrance to the English Bay pier. Capt. H.C. Ackroyd owns McKee’s old house now, I think. The Williams lived in it after McKee, and it was their furniture which was loaded onto the scow; they were Methodists, pious people, and Mrs. Williams was a good singer. They used to row over to the Indian Reserve” (Kitsilano now) “on Sunday, Mr. Williams would preach to the Indians at the village, and we used to sit on the beach at English Bay and listen to their singing; everything was so silent there then, and the sound of the Indian voices singing came across the water on a Sunday morning quite plainly and was beautiful to listen to. The Williams had three children, Claude, now inspector of water for the city, Alfred and Marianne. Mr. McKee’s son was injured some four or five years ago in an explosion which blew up a train near Nelson; some Doukhobors were killed in the explosion.

“In the panoramic photograph which you have of the West End, taken from Fairview, showing the two bridges, sometimes called ‘West End in 1890,’ you can see in the far distance, just at the entrance to Stanley Park at English Bay, a tiny cottage near the shore. That cottage was built by Mr. and Mrs. Smith—he was a clerk at the Hotel Vancouver—the second year we were there.”

LOST LAGOON (INDIAN NAME CHULWHAHULSH, “DRY PASSAGE.”)

“This photograph looks to me,” said Mrs. Nye, and “so it does to me,” interjected Capt. Nye, “like Coal Harbour, now part of Lost Lagoon. It was all forest between our English Bay shack and Coal Harbour in 1890; this is one of those shacks on the south shore of Coal Harbour, between Second Beach and the Stanley Park bridge; the old Stanley Park brewery afterwards stood there, on the hillside where these fir trees are.”

Note: the photograph is of a forest shore on the right, three cedar shake shacks conjoined, a man in sitting posture before them, two Hudson Bay blankets airing, and six Indian canoes midst the debris of trees on the water’s edge. In the original photo a faint outline of the mountains on the distant north shore absolutely identifies the exact location of the picture; it could not have been anywhere else. An inspection of the site on 19 February 1932 confirms the shoreline as the east side of Lost Lagoon between Robson and Georgia streets produced. J.S.M.

ST. ANDREW’S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. THE C.P.R. PARK. SEYMOUR CREEK. JERICO.

“These pictures of Old Vancouver. The St. Andrew’s Presbyterian Church at the corner of Richards and Georgia, built about April or May 1890, used to have two towers; one blew off, and they never replaced it. And this picture of the C.P.R. park in front of the Hotel Vancouver. I remember the Rev. W. Pedley, who helped to start the City Library, preaching in that park one Sunday, and saying, even in those days, that Canada would yet become the heart of the Empire, and that perhaps the Royal family would make their home in Canada.

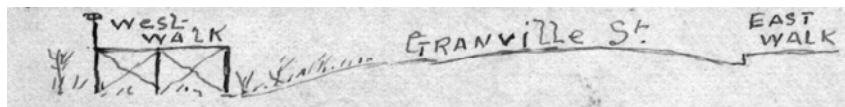
“The other photograph of a boating picnic scene on Seymour Creek, well, there was nowhere else to go; there were two alternatives, across the inlet or out to Jericho; usually we went to Jericho; there was nothing over where Stanley Park is now, and you got tired of going to the same place.”

CAPTAIN PERCY NYE. GRANVILLE STREET.

Captain Nye, still very active and at work every day in his public garage and service station, took up the conversation.

"I was walking up Granville Street one day, on the west side, just above Dunsmuir, and almost opposite the present lower entrance of the Hudson's Bay stores, just a few yards above Dunsmuir; I was walking up the plank sidewalk. In those days there was a plank sidewalk on both sides of Granville Street. The centre of the street had been filled in on one side only, the east side and the middle; on the west side it was a hollow six feet deep, littered with growing grass and weeds, you can see it in your photographs; the west side plank sidewalk on which I was passing was on stilts six feet high. I noticed something in white coming through the stumps and little trees and bushes across Howe Street way, and as we passed, a woman called, 'Is my boy under there?' The ground was wet and muskeggy, and the woman wanted to save her feet from getting wet, and so called over to us.

"At first I scarcely understood what she wanted, but when she explained I jumped down into the wet hollow beside the walk; it was easier to do that than to climb over the handrail on the other side of the plank walk, and underneath the sidewalk was a boy's little play shack, made out of boards, lined with newspapers, two bunks, some crusts of bread lying about, but no one was in it. I clambered back, and said, 'No, not there,' and then she came to the side of the walk and looked in herself, and remarked that he had been away from home too long, wondered where he had gone, and went on, 'I know he and the other boys come over to here to play "living here." All the land below Georgia Street, between Granville and Howe, and over towards Seymour Street too, was a wet hole at that time; full of skunk cabbage and that sort of thing. The boys had a regular playhouse under that old wooden sidewalk, a regular pirate's den, where they probably dreamed out all manner of heroics, sea fights, etc., etc., or," (quizzically) "ducked out from family chores. I often wonder what prominent citizen of Vancouver that boy grew into."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_116

EARLY STEAMERS, ETC.

"I came to Vancouver when I was 16, came via San Francisco. Charlie Nye, my brother, used to be street lamp lighter in New Westminster. We were down in Seattle during May and June 1889; the fire in Seattle was in June 1889. I was over in Victoria that day and when we got back the place was in smouldering ruins.

"For a long time I was steamboating around Vancouver. A vivid recollection is a trip up the north arm of the Fraser; there were three scow loads of potatoes to come to Vancouver; there were no aids to navigation on the north arm in those days, just a stick of cordwood anchored as a buoy. Captain Babbington, he was just a big fat kid then—afterwards he went to Prince Rupert in the early days and made a name for himself—he had a small tug, the *Agnes*; I was on the *Nagasaki*, built in Hong Kong" (or Japan), "formerly the property of A.G. Ferguson, well-known pioneer, who used her as a palatial steam yacht when he had her. Billy Evans, eldest brother of Walter F. Evans of the big music house, was engineer on the *Nagasaki*, and Nick Lister. We were going to steal a march on Captain Babbington, so went in on the evening tide. We touched bottom, pike-poled off again, touched again, backed off several times; finally we grounded at high tide, dark came, and when we got up in the morning we were without food. I tried to boil some potatoes by turning the steam pipe on them, but they cooked all to a pulp, and Billy Evans then took a row boat to get some grub from the ranchers, but we had little to eat for four days. The whole section below Eburne" (Marpole) "was very sparsely settled in the early nineties; just an expanse of wild nature. Two families of McClarys came along once in a sailboat, and preempted 150 acres of land where the golf course is—Mrs. McClary told me herself—they sold it for a golf course; they had been there fifty years."

JERRY'S COVE (JERICO).

"Jerry Rogers, brother to old Captain Rogers, he logged at Jerry's Cove, from which it got the name of Jericho; Captain Rogers, with whom I steamboated for three years, told me. His brothers were Jimmy and Billy; Percy Rogers skippered on the C.P.R. boats, and is a nephew."

NORTH VANCOUVER.

"Walter Collis planted the orchard at North Vancouver; he preempted it. Was working at Moodyville at the time."

(Note: this does not coincide with Duncan McDonald, pioneer of Moodyville of 1873, who said Tom Turner planted it. See elsewhere.)

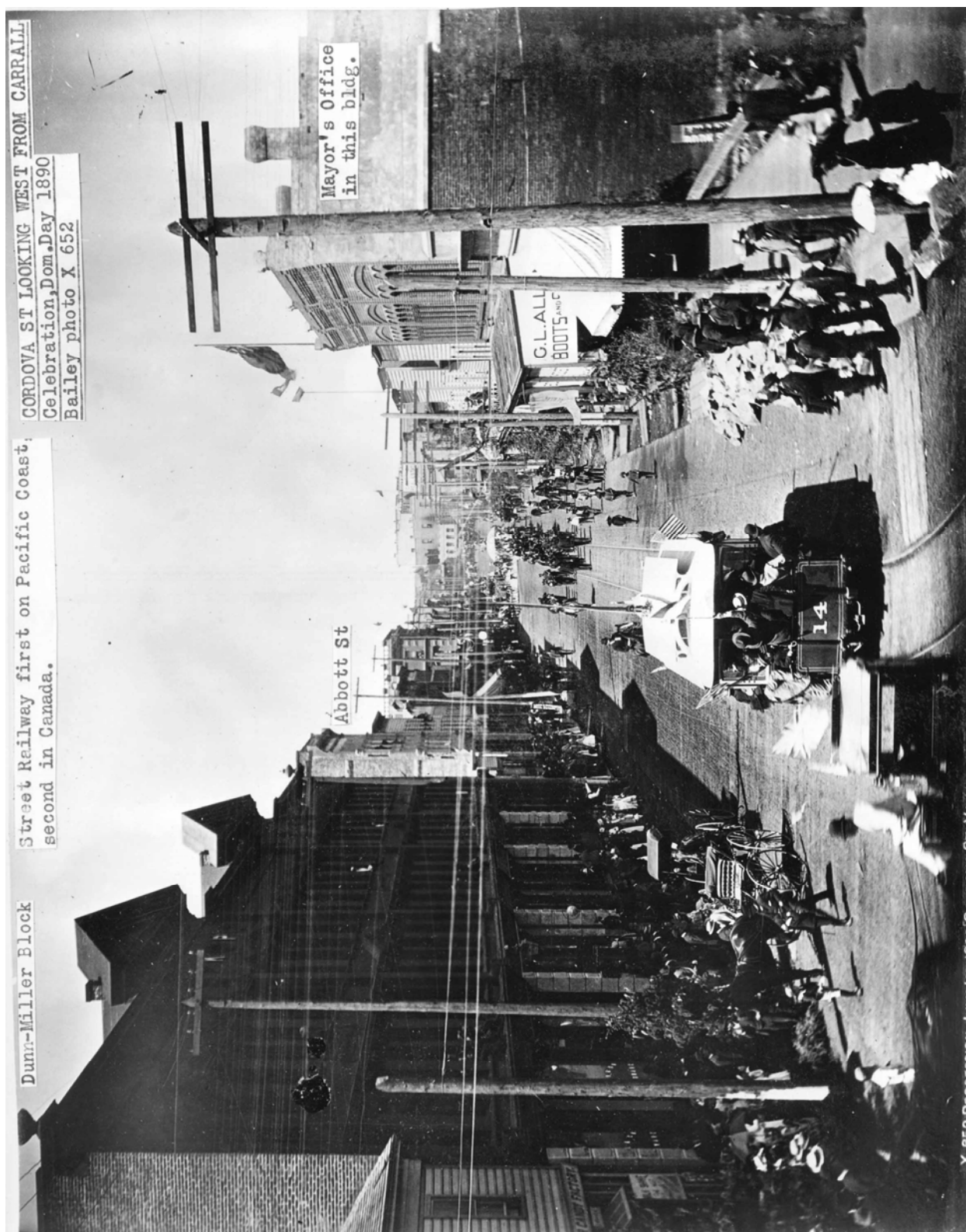
DEEP COVE, NORTH ARM, BURRARD INLET.

"You know Deep Cove, North Arm. I was there in 1890, on the south side, on the little flat. There was a man living there, don't know his name, he had worked since 1864 for the Moodyville Sawmill, had put in a flume to run their water power mill. He married a klootch, and was living with her at Deep Cove; there was three of his family's graves in the back yard there."

KITSILANO AND ENGLISH BAY. SMELT. POINT GREY ROAD.

"I remember one time," continued Captain Nye, "before Miss Mackey became my wife, we went for a ramble with Marrienne" (Mary Williams—Jesse Williams's daughter; he was first (?) labour member of Parliament) "out towards Dalgliesh's place on English Bay, right at Jericho, where the flying place is now. There was a nice little beach there, and the Chinamen, when they went fishing, used to catch smelt and sun dry them; raked the smelt out of the water with a garden rake; they came there to spawn."

"There was no Point Grey Road in those days; you had to take the beach. Before we got back the tide came in, and Mary would not let me carry her, but I took Mother" (his wife, Mrs. Nye) "on my back. Mary went ahead, and waded the sea, and as we turned a point, one of those little points, there in front of us was a Siwash, stark naked, down for a swim. Mary 'ran right into' him; we could not go up the bank—that was all bush—and I had to carry Mother past too. It was while Mother was living in the shack at English Bay beach that I got acquainted with her. They came from Port Arthur before they came from New Westminster."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_117



Item # EarlyVan_v2_118

This building stands on north half of Lots 40 and 41, in lane between Hastings and Pender St. Assessment value 1888. Building \$14,500. Land \$500. Owner: Electric Light Co.



The First Electric Light Power House in VANCOUVER, (as in Aug 1931)

Item # EarlyVan_v2_119



Vancouver Street Railway Co, 1889, looking north, corner Powell St and Westminster Ave. 40 lb rails.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_120

MOUNT PLEASANT. ROBSON AND TOWNS ESTATE.

"It was a man named Robson who preempted all the land around here—in the environs of Cambie Street—they told me he gave it up, but I never could understand how it came about that it was afterwards known as the Robson and Towns Estate. After we were married in 1897 I looked for a place for a home. I looked at a fifty foot lot on False Creek, right where Coghlan's office was," (J. Coghlan & Sons, who built the ships during the war, on False Creek) "where they had the great ship building plant during the war, and built ships as fast as they knew how, to replace those sunk; where the Western Bridge Co. is now. They wanted \$400 for it, \$400. Then I looked at a lot belonging to the Carter Bros. of the" (Lewis) "'Carter House,' but the land was so gol darned wet it was impossible. That whole section to the west of Westminster Avenue along the shore of False Creek and up as far as Dufferin Street was just one sopping morass, and lots of big stumps. There was one enormous stump in the middle of the lane between 4th and 5th avenues, between Columbia and Manitoba streets, it must have been five feet through. At the foot of Columbia Street was a great patch of wild rose bushes. The old logging camp barn was on Yukon Street.

"Finally in 1898 I bought the southwest corner of Columbia and 4th Avenue for \$250 and we moved over in 1899 and have been there since. Then I bought the inside lot of \$175 and paid Kerr Houlgate \$10 down. For a long time after we came over here to live at 2001 Columbia Street, they objected to the opening of the streets east of Cambie Street; did not want them cut through to Westminster Avenue; would raise their taxes. It was all bush at that time, second growth. I remember when the teamster brought the posts for our verandah, his wagon axle got under a stump, and we had to go and get him out. When they put through the 6th Avenue, the coloured" (painted) "house was found to be in the middle of the street."

(Note: in early days, building bylaws, building inspection and so on was most informal. One pioneer relates that when he went to the City Hall to obtain directions as to where to build his house, etc., a clerk told him to "build it facing the mountains." To this was due the fact that many houses were afterwards found, when surveys were made, to be on the street. W.D. Burdis's house was on Gilford Street when Gilford Street was cut through.)

FAIRVIEW. NORTH ARM ROAD (FRASER AVENUE).

"It was three Frenchmen who cleared off the land about Granville Street" (Centre Street) "and Third Avenue West. They had a camp on a little green spot at the end of the old Granville Street bridge" (to Third Avenue) "where the big maple tree was; it had been an old logging camp. Granville Street, as we call it now, had been widened from False Creek up to about Broadway, I think; it had been rolled and looked nice. Mr. Boyd of Boyd and Clendenning says that was in 1891; the sewers were put in in Vancouver in 1893; of course, there were trees on both sides. Fraser Avenue was the North Arm Road, not Centre Street, or Granville as we call it now."

THE FIRST STREET CAR.

"Carmichael, of the B.C. Electric Railway" *[NOTE ADDED LATER: Vancouver Electric Railway?]* "took the first five-cent fare in 1890. As the car came out of the barn, a man jumped on and gave him a five-cent piece. He kept it, and has it yet. It was Mr. Ray, afterwards reeve of South Vancouver, who put up the first car barn."

NORTH VANCOUVER, early '90s.
Few yards west of ferry landing
North Vancouver, a few yards west of Lonsdale Ave.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_121



S.S. "Skidegate", circa 1889-1890. Union Steamship Co. of B.C. One of their first three vessels, other two being "Senator", and "Leonora." Lying near Moodyville ferry float at City Wharf, foot Carrall St. U.S.S. Co. head office, and Moodyville Ferry Waiting Room. Sign. "Tickets to Brockton Point." City Archives.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_122



THE MOODYVILLE FERRY, and
Union S.S.Co.dock, about 1887

Item # EarlyVan_v2_123

EARLY BUTCHERS.

"John Garnier married my wife's sister Maud, the little girl on the swing in the English Bay" (1889) "painting my wife has. He used to deliver meat on horseback for McIntosh, the old time butcher, before Pat Burns." (P. Burns and Co. Ltd.) "Jack used to ride around on horseback with a basket of meat on his arms, resting it on his thigh. He was one of the old timers in Mount Pleasant."

THE UNION STEAMSHIP CO. OF B.C. THE CITY WHARF. CARRALL STREET.

"The Union Steamship Company started with the Senator, Leonora, Skidegate, and Cutch. Afterwards they got the Comox, Coquitlam, and Capilano; the Cutch came from Calcutta or Bombay. When the Cutch ran ashore that time," (see Geo. L. Allan) "and nearly climbed into Water Street, it was not down by the Sunnyside Hotel, but at about the foot of Abbott Street; I think 'Skidegate Johnson,' her captain at the time, is still living. The Bell-Irving-Patterson wharf was at the foot of Abbott Street, the Union Steamship Company's wharf at the foot of Carrall Street; the Moodyville Sawmill Co. had a lumber yard and wharf at the foot of Cambie Street. The old wharf at the foot of Carrall Street was known as the 'City Wharf'; it belonged to the city. What I think about the litigation with the C.P.R. about that City Wharf is that the C.P.R. just took it. It was on the Bell-Irving-Patterson wharf that Evans Coleman Evans got their first start; they used to land fish at the east end; that was where the New England Fish Co. got started. The Union Steamship Co. wharf at the foot of Carrall and the Bell-Irving wharf at the foot of Abbott shot out towards each other, sort of interlocked; it was a nasty place to make a boat landing."

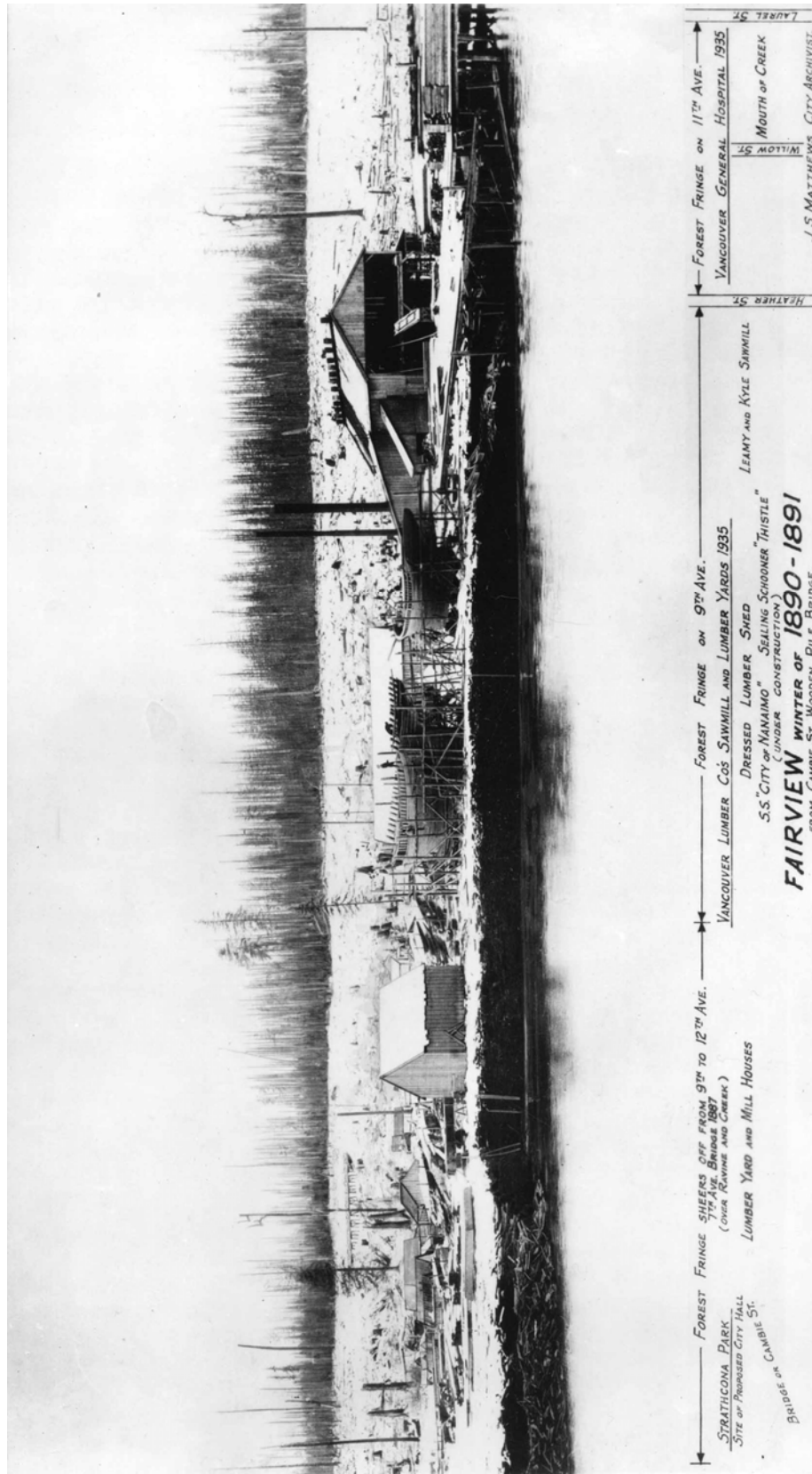
THE ROBERT DUNSMUIR, TRIANGULAR SERVICE.

"You see, the old Robert Dunsmuir, the Rogers boat, used to run between Vancouver, Nanaimo, and New Westminster, pretty nearly every day; she had a regular schedule, one day direct from New Westminster down river to Nanaimo, next from New Westminster to Vancouver and then on to Nanaimo. The Union Steamship Co. put on the Cutch on the Nanaimo run, and then the Rogers, with the assistance of the Dunsmuirs, the coal owners of Nanaimo, built the City of Nanaimo and still later the old Joan was built. The City of Nanaimo's hull was built on the south side of False Creek, just west of the Cambie Street bridge, in the old Leamy and Kyle Mill yard, and then towed around to New Westminster to have her boilers put in."

As narrated (and corrected) by Captain and Mrs. Nye to Major Matthews.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_124



Item # EarlyVan_v2_125

FALSE CREEK IN 1899. LEAMY AND KYLE SAWMILL.

In 1899-1902 the whole triangle east of Cambie Street, bounded on the north by False Creek, on the south by Sixth Avenue, and its base line being the shore from the Cambie Street bridge to the mouth of a small creek which was west of Ash Street, was an unfenced area of small bushes, twenty to twenty-five feet high, mostly elms and willows, etc., etc., interspersed with green patches of grass, save and except at the northwest corner, near the bridge, where the idle old Leamy and Kyle mill stood surrounded with the remains of a lumber yard, old board roads, and sawdust strewn bare ground; a derelict mill. A small cottage, the watchman's, stood near a bridge which crossed a creek 125 yards from Cambie Street; beyond the bridge a ten foot wagon trail meandered through bushes past another small cottage on the shore, and in it Captain H.C. Ackroyd, of Innes, Richards and Ackroyd, an officer in the 6th Regiment "The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles," lived with his wife and fancy collie dogs. Continuing on by this narrow trail, a final cottage of clapboards, painted white, see photograph, three rooms, tin bath, no chimney, stood on the edge of a cliff twenty-five feet high above a creek mouth, and distant 150 feet from Sixth Avenue, which was opened up, but overgrown so that little remained other than a trail for a wagon, deep mud and impassable in winter, dusty in summer. This trail along Sixth Avenue led back to Cambie Street, or as it was then called, Bridge Street.

The last cottage, the white one, was occupied by Mr. J.S. Matthews, wife and three children, the latter playing in the trees or in the Indian canoes in the creek. They kept a cow, which ran through the woods and fed from the little green patches of grass, or down the slope in front of the cottage to the log boom, where there was a little wharf. (See photograph.) The sewerage from this cottage ran down the cliff by a wooden chute. In the rear, just beside Sixth Avenue, was a chicken shed where 100 to 200 chickens roosted; all around was primeval undergrowth. Across the creek, which between the two high banks was perhaps 100 to 200 feet wide, was a wilderness of second growth, stumps, berry bushes, as far as the Granville Street bridge; no recollections place any houses below Seventh Avenue; along the shore was boulders, mud and roots of great trees. In the winter time great flocks of ducks infested the waters of the creek, and were shot from the shore, but they were poor eating—too salty and fishy—they were mallards, hell divers. The fishing was good. The cottage had been the home of the manager of the old mill; it was a primeval but very pretty place, a regular summer cottage in the trees and grass patch. It will be seen in the photograph; the houses at the rear of the picture face north on Sixth Avenue. A deep ravine, down which the creek flowed, ran back beyond Broadway, and has not been, even yet, 1933, completely filled in. In 1899-1902 the Ninth Avenue (Broadway) street car line was a single track line which cavorted over hummock and hollow beside a trail, called Ninth Avenue, from Mount Pleasant to Fairview once every twenty minutes; occasionally one could shoot a pheasant above or below Ninth Avenue.

Mr. Matthews rented the cottage for five dollars every three months from the B.C. Land and Investment Co. (E.B. Morgan and Major J. Reynolds Tite.) With a Guernsey cow, many chickens, their own vegetables, fish caught from the sea, their own butter, an occasional bird, wood cut on the shore from logs which drifted in, they lived very pleasantly—a family of five—on a salary of forty dollars a month received from the Imperial Oil Co. Ltd.

FALSE CREEK IN 1899-1902.

Across the creek from the Leamy and Kyle mill standing derelict was the C.P.R. yards and roundhouse. A deep bay ran to within 100 or 150 yards of Smythe and Cambie streets. A few solitary fir trees still remained on the edge of the shore, the C.P.R. tracks circled the bay, and it is to this fact that the circular form of these tracks is today due.

On Cambie Street South, one small grocery store did a miserable business; it stood on the west side between Sixth and Seventh avenues. Bridge Street (Cambie Street South) was a narrow road twenty feet wide, with macadam surface in bad repair. On Sixth Avenue, between Bridge Street and the ravine, were three houses on the south side and west of Ash Street—none east of Ash Street—one of these, the one next to the ravine, was occupied by the father of Major Geo. W. Melhuish, afterwards commanding officer of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. North of Sixth Avenue, between Bridge and the ravine, all was second growth trees.

The two streams, the one just west of Ash Street, and the other just west of Bridge Street, were quiet "respectable" brooks, especially after a rain. The more easterly one was twenty feet wide at the mouth and overhung with bushes.

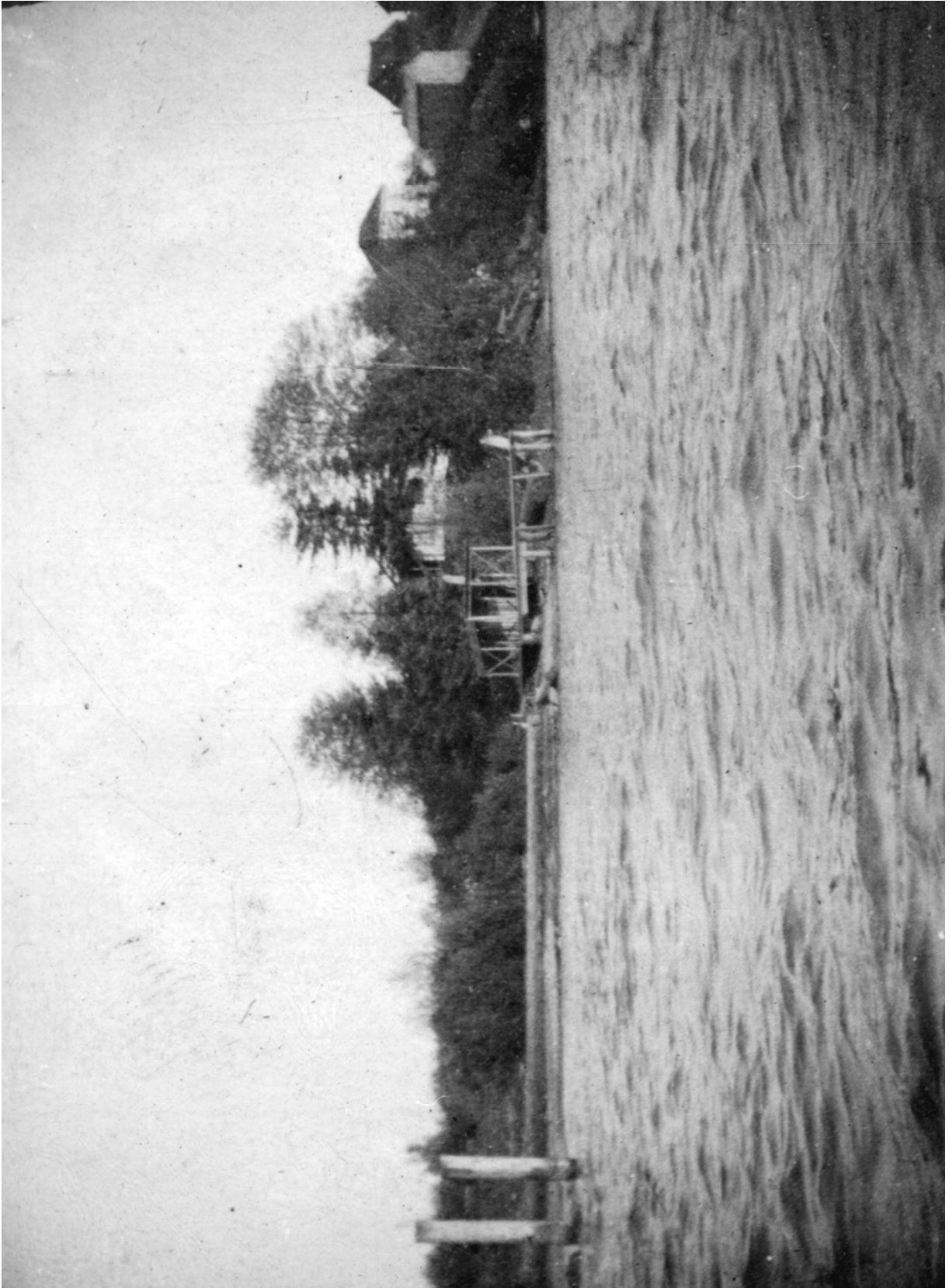
The whole area spoken of was wild, ragged shrubbery.

To the east of Bridge Street all was equally wild, but a wet sopping swamp from about 5th Avenue down. It was overgrown with trees in which boys with air guns or shot guns went shooting owls, etc., etc., for the "fun" of shooting.

South of Ninth Avenue (Broadway) and west of Bridge Street, the whole area was a wilderness of stumps and second growth.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_126



Item # EarlyVan_v2_127

LEAMY AND KYLE SAWMILL, FALSE CREEK.

This small photo was taken in 1899. It was reported at that time to me that the small house—a clapboard structure of three rooms built on posts, with tin bath, and sewerage running down the bank into the salt water by means of a wooden shoot (or chute)—was formerly the residence of the manager of the old Leamy and Kyle mill, which stood 100 yards west of the Cambie Street bridge, the old wooden one.

The two piles shown on the left are the western extremity of the log boom used for logs supplying the mill.

This mill was closed down for many years. During 1899 and 1902 it was idle; how long previously and how long exactly afterwards I do not recall, but I should judge it changed hands and started up some time about 1908. It is on the exact site of the present Vancouver Lumber Co., 1931, mill. The yards in those days were very small—much smaller than now.

There was no railways connection for many years after 1899-1902.

The site of the house is to the west of Ash Street, and north of Sixth Avenue West about 50 yards.

On the right of the picture it will be observed that the sea runs into the land. In 1899-1902 this arm ran for perhaps 100 yards into the land, and a stream entered it almost exactly under what is now Sixth Avenue West. The stream came down a ravine, 50 or 60 feet deep, from up near the hospital. Both banks of the small arm of the sea were very steep, and 30 to 40 feet high on both sides. *To the west*, across the creek mouth, was a waste of small bushes as far as Granville Street. My recollection is that there was nothing in the way of buildings until Granville Street Bridge (Third Avenue Bridge) was reached. The shore was mud, beneath a cliff rising and falling along the shore to a height of 10 to 20 feet. Above the hill ran up steeply in an incline, and was a delightful place to go for a ramble, and in the summer pick huckleberries, salmonberries, and shoot pheasants.

To the east the whole triangle, some 20 acres perhaps in extent, and bounded by Sixth Avenue West, Cambie Street, and the shore of False Creek, was small bushes, elm trees, willows, etc., etc., interspersed with green patches of grass upon which cows were tethered, as it was not fenced. A “dirt” road ten feet wide ran from the house in the picture in a sinuous direction towards the old Cambie Street bridge—a much shorter bridge than the present one—and the road crossed a small creek about half way to the bridge by a wooden trestle bridge. It was a pretty trail, lined closely on both sides with thick bushes which brushed both wheels of a buggy or wagon as it rolled along. In front of the house, and to the east was a large green patch of grass, roughly cleared of stumps, and studded with big handsome elm trees (seen in the picture). The cows and horses grazed around. The house lay empty for a long time, until in 1899, J.S. Matthews, his wife and three babes went to live there. They paid the B.C. Land and Investment Co. (Capt. J. Reynolds Tite and E.B. Morgan) five dollars a quarter (of three months) rental. They kept a Guernsey cow, many chickens, grew their own vegetables, caught fish in the sea, shot ducks, made their own butter and so on, cut their own wood from logs which drifted up on the shore, and lived very pleasantly and comfortably on a salary of forty dollars a month. They used Indian canoes. The children’s health was excellent in such surroundings. Half way between the house and the bridge was another similar cottage, perhaps slightly better, in which a quite wealthy man lived with his wife, Capt. H.C. Ackroyd, an officer of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R., and a member of the firm of Innes, Richards and Ackroyd.

J.S. Matthews
1 July 1931

7 JULY 1931 – LEAMY AND KYLE MILL, FALSE CREEK, CONTINUED.

The small creek, which entered False Creek perhaps 150 yards west of Cambie Street was, in 1899, concealed between overhanging bushes which lined both banks. At the mouth it was twenty feet wide, very sluggish, but narrowed and ran faster as it went back in a southerly direction. It came down a deep ravine which at one point crossed the corner of Ninth Avenue and Cambie—it did not cross Cambie, but was just a yard or so to the west. It was perhaps forty, perhaps fifty feet deep, and was afterwards filled in with excavation earth. It will thus be seen that in a short distance of perhaps two blocks to the west of Cambie Street, two quite respectable streams of fresh water entered False Creek.

In 1899-1902, False Creek was a haven for ducks in the winter time. There were literally hundreds, perhaps thousands of them; all kinds from butter balls to mallards and hell divers. They could, at times, be shot from the verandah of the small house in the picture. They were poor eating, being too fishy.

The fishing in the creek was good.

Across the creek, on the C.P.R. yards side, a deep bay ran to within one hundred yards of Cambie Street. A few solitary fir trees stood on the low cliff. The shore circled around, winding off in a southerly direction, and circled around the C.P.R. Roundhouse.

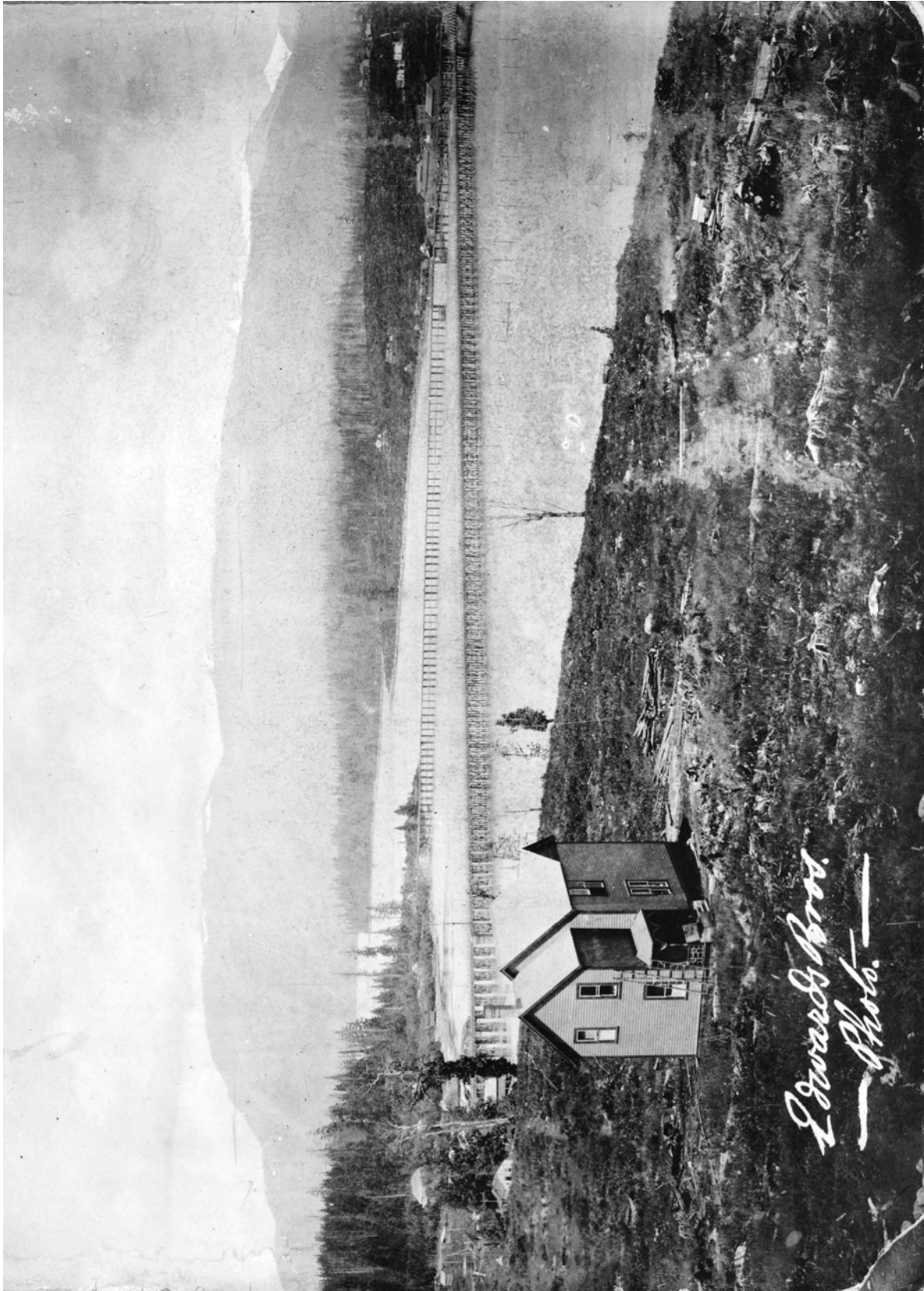
Up the creek was a shore similar to that in the west, just mud, and behind it a vacant space, almost without a house as far as Westminster Avenue, and covered with small trees and bushes—second growth.

On Cambie Street, then a narrow road without macadam, but with a five foot board sidewalk, was a single store. It was a small grocery store, just a yard or so above Sixth Avenue, and did a very small business.

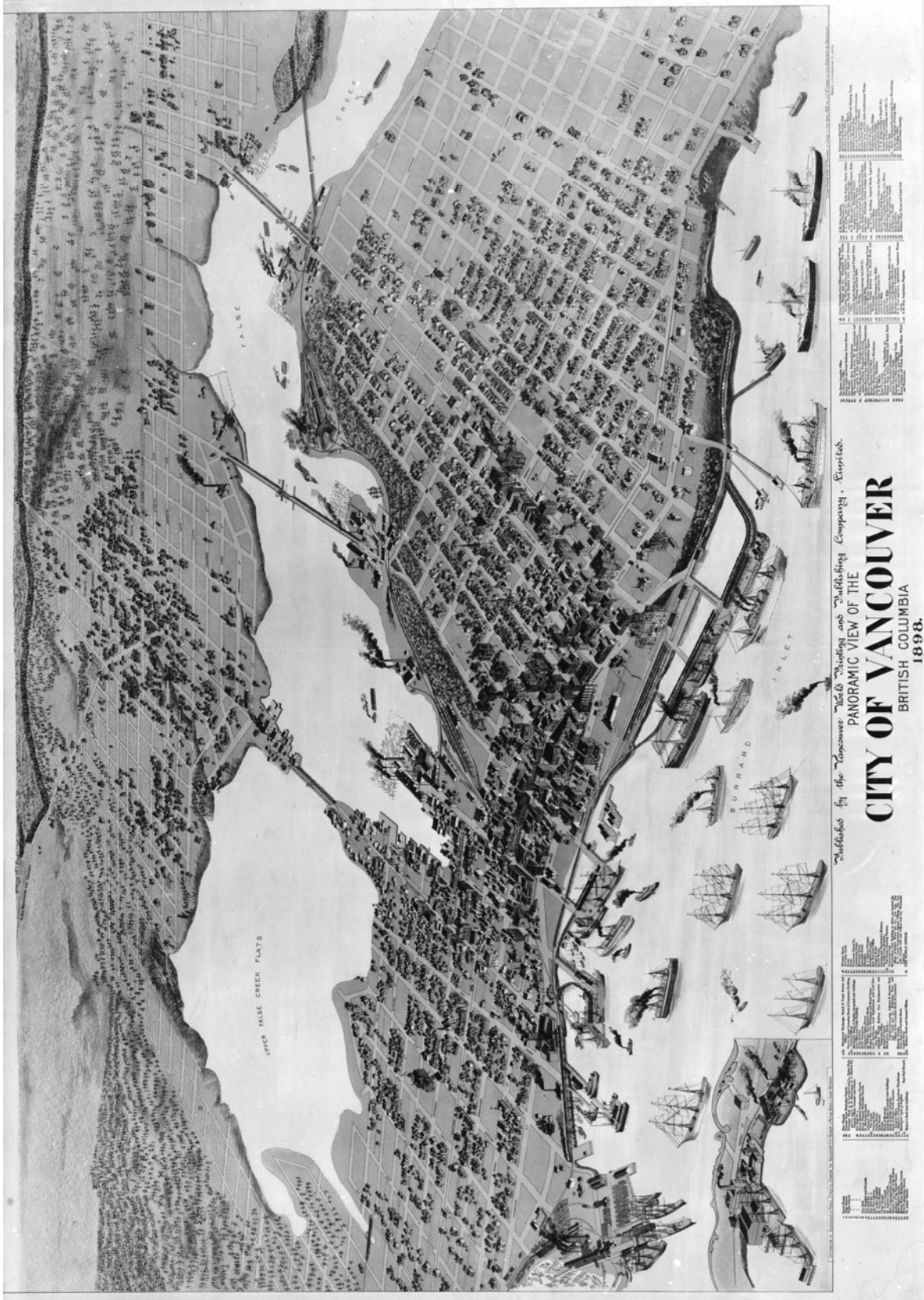
In the Leamy and Kyle lumber yard was a watchman's cottage—all around was sawdust. The cottage stood by the creek with the trestle bridge.

In 1899 there were three houses between Cambie Street (on Sixth Avenue) and the creek shown in the picture. Sixth Avenue was opened up from Cambie to the creek. Then came the ravine with the creek at the bottom, and beyond that as far as Granville Street—sometimes in those days called Centre Street—was just a vacant area of wild shrubs. The block and a half of Sixth Avenue was a mere trail, passable in summer, deep in mud in winter, and rarely used. One of the occupants of the three houses (the one in the picture in the rear) was the father of Major Geo. W. Melhuish, afterwards officer commanding the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. and for many years manager of the Rogers Building, Granville and Pender streets.

J.S. Matthews



Item # EarlyVan_v2_128



Item # EarlyVan_v2_129

THE WEST END IN 1900.

In December 1899 Burrard Street beyond St. Paul's Hospital was a mere wagon trail of mud twisting in and out between stumps; a two-plank sidewalk ran on the west side as far as Beach Avenue. Where Burrard Street crossed Davie Street, the pedestrian jumped down two or three feet into a quagmire of mud, walked across Davie Street which was being opened up, and climbed up again on the other side. Burrard Street down the slope from Burnaby to Beach Avenue was a trail, a wagon's width wide, the centre of which was the bed of a stream of storm water in bad weather, and which left a gutter of varying depth and direction, so that it was difficult for wagons to descend; the trail was strewn with boulders and stone; on both sides the street allowance was stumps and forest debris, young trees, and tangled bushes. Burnaby Street, Harwood Street and Pacific Street did not exist, save on paper; Beach Avenue was a well travelled trail, ten feet wide, overgrown with bushes which hung over the trail, dusty when dry, mud when well wetted; there may have been a two-plank sidewalk, but it is not recalled. On Sunday afternoons, if they were fine, it was well travelled with flashy buggies on their way to and from Stanley Park.

All the area of the southern slope west of Burrard Street was wilderness; the stumps stood where they had been cut off when the trees were felled; the underbrush and debris had all been cleared away and it was possible to walk, or rather scramble over the West End. In the summer of 1900 the writer and his wife went blackberry picking in the direction of Bute, Thurlow or Nicola, on that slope, after the evening meal; they went too far, or sat too long, for with darkness coming on, they could not find their way back. No lights were visible; all was darkness when night fell. This was in early June 1900.

Within fifty feet to the west of the traffic signal at the entrance to the Burrard Bridge, at the corner of Pacific, there were two houses owned by Hugh Magee. Here we lived in the lower one. Other houses were near, but none could be seen for the second growth trees surrounding. Sometimes we wandered back in the trees to watch the birds, or to pick up bits of wood for firewood; chickens laid eggs in the wild land behind; sometimes a Chinaman, with pigtail, following a load of wood, sought the job of sawing it up, and got "two bits" (25¢) a cord for doing it.

Thirty-two years later (14 July 1932) I stood on the same spot—alone—surrounded with 10,000 to 20,000 citizens to witness the official ceremonious opening by provincial, civic and church dignitaries of the splendid three million dollar bridge. Then I walked over, where once I crossed by Indian dugout.

JSM 1 March 1933.

2 SEPTEMBER 1932 – VANCOUVER WEEKLY HERALD. ROBERT MATHISON, KELOWNA.

Mr. Robert Mathison, Doctor of Dental Surgery.

"The first newspaper in Vancouver was a weekly, the *Herald*, I worked there, not on the newspaper, but as job printer. The *News* was James Ross's and was the first daily paper; afterwards, Billy McDougall started the *Advertiser*. I recall that we had to wait three months before we could bring in from San Francisco a heavy paper cutter machine; we wanted to get it up Hastings Street to our printing establishment on the north side between Homer and Richards streets, but Hastings Street was such a mud hole that we had to wait three months before the road was in shape for us to bring in the paper cutter."

BICYCLES.

"I came to Vancouver in March 1886, and in 1887 I had sent out to me a bicycle, one of the old fashioned type, with one big wheel and one small one. An article was published some time ago saying that Mr. Piper had the first bicycle; I wrote to him and he conceded that his bicycle was the first with pneumatic tires, and that it was after I had brought mine."

NORTH VANCOUVER.

"There is a rather good story of how Pete Larson of North Vancouver got his wooden sidewalk to his hotel, the first hotel, I think—I don't think there was any stopping place there before his hotel. You will remember that the first landing stage at North Vancouver after the ferry started was a floating stage on logs with a step ladder arrangement, a gangway with cleats and rails—about four feet wide—to the pile wharf on which was a little wooden shed about ten feet square, without door or window, in which freight

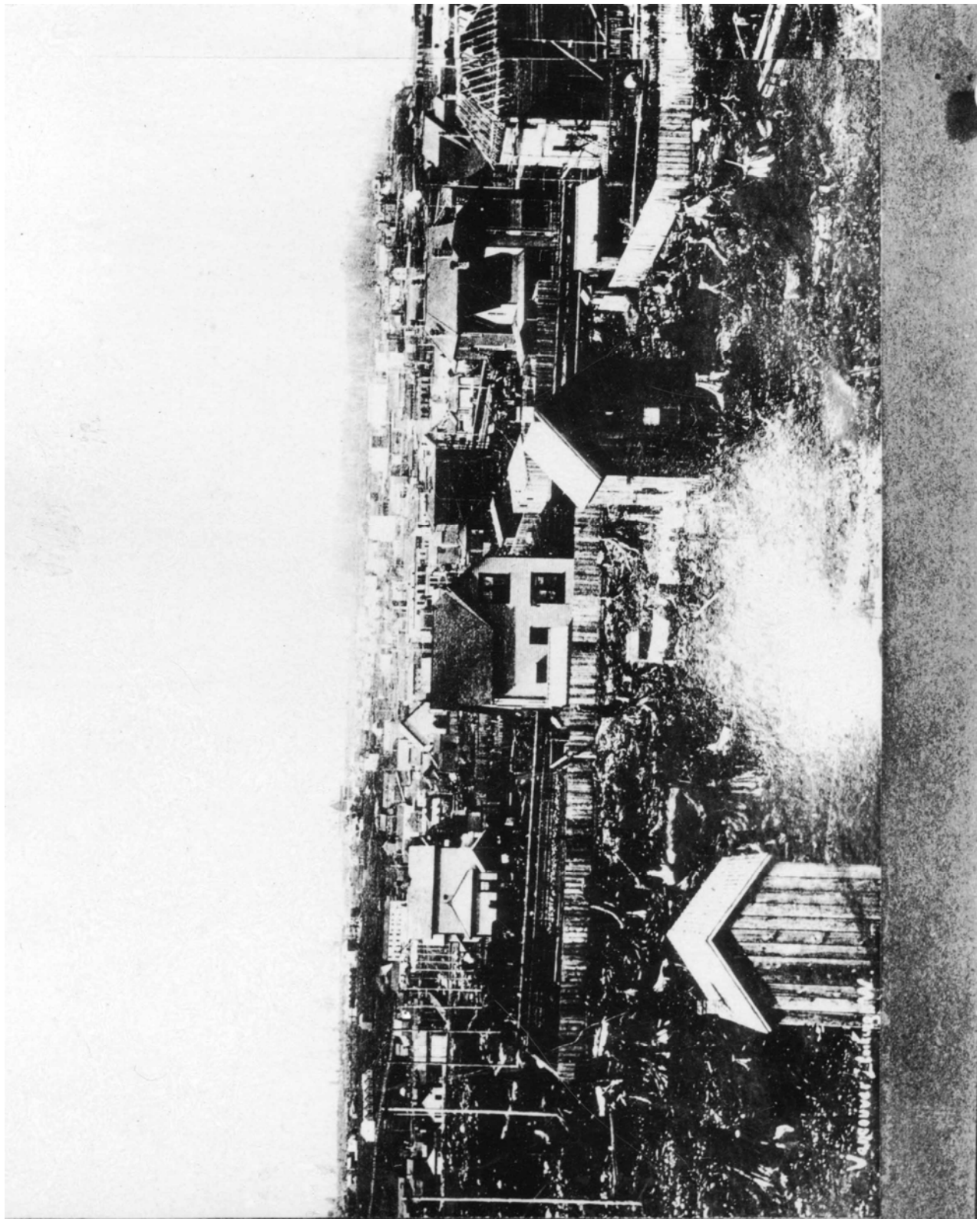
was stored, usually hay, to keep it dry. Well, when Pete built his hotel—just to the west of what is now Lonsdale Avenue—on what is now Esplanade, the road was just a trail through the orchard to the Indian Reserve, etc.; there was no sidewalk, and Pete wanted one, for his hotel was a Sunday afternoon resort for Vancouver people who wanted ‘somewhere to go.’ So Pete went to the mayor of North Vancouver, and suggested that if the mayor would supply the labour, he (Pete) would supply the lumber and nails. The mayor agreed. Then Pete went to Joe W. McFarland, who owned a lot of property there, and said that if he—Mr. McFarland—would supply the lumber and nails, he (Pete) would supply the labour. Joe agreed, and the sidewalk was put down.

“Some time after Joe and the mayor met, and Joe said to the mayor, ‘What do you think of my sidewalk?’ ‘Your sidewalk,’ ejaculated the mayor, ‘Your sidewalk! We supplied the labour.’

“Soon afterwards, Joe and the mayor decided that they had better wait upon Pete and ‘see about it.’ Pete saw them coming, and slipped into the bar, and when they arrived Pete was behind the bar, and greeted them luxuriantly with, ‘Come right in, gentlemen, and have a drink.’

HORSERACING. W.E. GRAVELY.

“When the old Vancouver Opera House” (700 block Granville Street, west side, now the Vancouver Theatre) “was building we used to climb up on the walls and watch the horse races down Howe Street from that point of vantage.”



Item # EarlyVan_v2_130

THE MOST PRETENTIOUS BUILDING IN VANCOUVER, 1889. CORDOVA STREET, 1889. THE DUNN-MILLER BLOCK. THOS. DUNN, JONATHAN MILLER.

J.S. Matthews, 1932. The building, still standing in 1932, was commonly known as the Dunn-Miller Block, and is at the east end, south side, Cordova Street West, a few steps from Carrall Street. In 1932 the ground floor store shown in the photograph taken at the time it was being built in 1889, is numbered 26 and 28 Cordova Street West, the first used as the Crown Saloon at one time, the second now used as a second-hand store. The remainder is used for a cheap café, rooms upstairs, etc., etc.

At the time this building was erected it was the largest and most pretentious in Vancouver, much more so than the Bell-Irving Block at the southeast corner of Richards and Cordova streets (demolished July 1932 to make way for an automobile parking ground for David Spencers Limited) which was erected the same year (see photograph).

The Dunn-Miller Block was the westerly continuation of the Lonsdale Block, also built 1889, which it resembled almost exactly in design. "Modern" in 1889, it was without basement, no central heating, nor elevator although three storeys, but was the largest brick building at the time.

Part of the block was owned by Jonathan Miller, afterwards our postmaster for so many years, and part by others, among them said to be Lord Lonsdale. At one time the building was the centre of mercantile activity. Thos. Dunn and Co., hardware merchants, the largest in Vancouver, were located in it, Stark's Glasgow House (dry goods) and Wm. Ralph, ranges.

MCDONOUGH'S HALL (SEE PHOTOGRAPH). ST. ANDREW'S CALEDONIAN SOCIETY. COLUMBIA STREET.

W.F. Findlay, 1 April 1932. "McDonough's Hall, on the southwest corner of Columbia and Hastings streets was built in 1887 by Mr. McDonough, afterwards for a short time proprietor of the Oriental Hotel; it still stands, practically the only very early building on Hastings Street; I know of no other so early although there is at least one other wooden original building—next door, between Main Street and Carrall Street; no wooden buildings now exist west of Carrall Street on Hastings; all gone.

"The St. Andrew's Caledonian Society held their first ball in the McDonough Hall on November 30th 1887; this society is the oldest of its kind in Vancouver.

"At the time it was built, and for a long time, it stood alone as the only building in the bushes of Hastings Street; there were some Chinese shacks on Dupont Street near it, but on Hastings Street it was the only building." (See *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931.)

CENTRAL SCHOOL. COURT HOUSE. CAPT. E.S. SCOULLAR.

Capt. E.S. Scoullar, 31 October 1932. "The architect for the Central School facing Victory Square was Mr. Sorby; the contract was let to Turnbull and Co. by the provincial government together with the first Court House on Victory Square, and which, after the present Court House on Georgia Street was built, was demolished. The firm of Turnbull and Co. consisted of E.S. Scoullar, William Turnbull and Thomas Grey, both deceased. I was then head of the firm, and financed it. The bricks in the building were made in New Westminster, where the firm had a large brick yard. The contract was completed in 1889; the superintendent of construction was the late Joseph Dixon of the firm of Dixon and Murray. The foreman carpenter was Hugh Wilson. The heating and plumbing was done by E.S. Scoullar and Co., Cordova and Water Street, Vancouver and Columbia Street, New Westminster.

1932 – BIG TREES. H.P. McCRAVEY.

"The biggest cedar I ever saw stood close to W.H. Gallagher's office at the corner of Pender Street West and Richards Street. I came here on January 29th 1885—Water Street was planked then. When I first came out I walked with Mr. Patterson—he was afterwards lieutenant governor—from Chemainus to Victoria, and on the way we passed a big fir and measured it. It was fifty-four feet in circumference, and

was the biggest tree I ever saw; cedars are usually bigger at the butt, but they taper as they go up; firs are more even in their circumference.”

THE BIG TREE ON GEORGIA STREET (REAL ESTATE OFFICE?)

“We cut off two sections and they stood for a long time in front of Ross and Ceperley’s office on the south side of Hastings Street between Homer and Hamilton streets, where David Evans had a tailor shop afterwards—you can see them in the old photo which the Native Daughters have at the old Hastings Mill store on Alma Road. The other sections were sent to the Toronto Exhibition; perhaps they did send a section or two to the Jubilee Colonial Exhibition in England.”

THE GREAT FIRE. REGINA HOTEL.

“There was nothing west of the Regina Hotel; the reason that the Regina Hotel escaped the fire was that it was out of the fire zone; the wind blew the fire right past it.

“I was stopping at the Sunnyside. We saw the fire, and I said to my partner, Mr. Stephenson, ‘Let’s go and look after our stuff.’ We went up the corduroy road, that is, Cordova Street now, but did not get as far as Cambie Street. When we got back to the Sunnyside it was on fire; the fire was so quick. They can say what they like, the fire started back of the Regina Hotel.”

SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.

(Looking at photo of fire with tent in centre.) “The sort of pier on the waterfront—looks like piling” (points to photo) “might be the remains of the Sunnyside Hotel which was in part built on piles out over the water; it could not be the C.P.R. trestle, for the C.P.R. had no trestle work here then.” (Note: see the “first train into Vancouver,” this volume, 20 or 22 March 1887.)

BURRARD HOTEL.

“The Burrard Hotel stood at the northeast corner of Hastings and Columbia streets. It was afterwards rebuilt on a different site, where the Balmoral Hotel was afterwards, southwest corner Cordova and Carrall. Faucets, the soda water man, and the bartender, were found burned to death in front of the Burrard Hotel.” (Great Fire.)

“A.W. Ross of Ross and Ceperley was brother-in-law to Mayor MacLean—his office was on Hastings Street between Hamilton and Homer streets; was built out of relief funds; so was Mayor MacLean’s house” (see photo of it still standing in 1932) “at the corner of Oppenheimer and Dunlevy streets. Alderman E.P. Hamilton built a shack on Trounce Alley; I slept in it the third night after the fire. It was Harrison, the contractor, who was killed up the C.P.R. line and whom they were burying at New Westminster at the time of the fire.” (See J.W. McFarland and Geo. L. Schetky.) “General J. Duff Stuart and Harold Clark” (Clarke and Stuart, stationers) “were clerks in Tilley’s stationery store before they started out for themselves, and the only phone was in the back of the store; see Jimmy Tilley’s widow, she may be in town. Alderman Balfour’s widow is also living, and A.J. Mouat of the Library is still here. Geo. L. Allen of the shoe store has a little store out in Point Grey now. The customs officer was old Mr. ‘Ike’ Johns; he presided at the Customs House on Water Street.”

THE FIRST PUBLIC LIBRARY.

H.P. McCraney continued (after Mrs. Pollay’s account of the founding of the public library was read to him.) “That’s about right, but Bodington did not come until afterwards, but perhaps she is right. Jackson, the jeweller, was between Abbott and Carrall streets—perhaps the library was over Thos. Dunn’s at first, but I know we were over McLennan, McFeely’s later.”

Note: in connection with the above George Cary says that he was contractor for John Devine, and built for John Devine the store which Mc. and Mc. occupied. Mrs. Pollay says that John Devine had an office upstairs across the hallway from the library. (See old directories.)

CLEARING THE LAND.

“We,” continued Mr. McCraney, “that is, Stephenson and McCraney, had the contract to clear the land between Georgia and Dunsmuir streets, and between Burrard Street and the C.P.R. tracks.” (False Creek.) “Three hundred dollars per acre; we just sawed off the stumps and left in more than we took. I

should not be surprised if the root and stump of that great tree on Georgia Street is not in there yet—about the front of the Strand Theatre.”

Note: Mr. Forbes, Forbes Realty Co., 510 Homer Street, 10 May 1932, states that his father felled the great tree, that it stood close to the lane between Hastings and Seymour, but at the back of the lot now occupied by the tall Vancouver Block, and that it fell northeasterly, which illustrates the difficulties of a historian in recording from pioneer memories, for one says it stood about the corner of the lane and Georgia, that it fell northwest; another that it fell southeast; all contend the other fellow is wrong.

KERRISDALE. MAGEE

“I used to go to Hugh Magee’s via the North Arm Road, now Fraser Avenue, and then turn west along the River Road, now Marine Drive. The North Arm Road was through long before, at least 1880,” (see Jemmett’s map of Indian Reserve, 1880) “years before the C.P.R. cut through the Marpole which we call Granville Street.”

GASTOWN. THE INDIAN (METHODIST) CHURCH. THE FIRST CHURCH.

Dick Isaacs (Indian name Que-yah-chulk), 14 October 1932. One-armed Indian who lost the other arm many years ago in a sawmill, and who now lives at North Vancouver Reserve (Ustlawn).

“I recall the old Indian church over at Gastown quite well. It was a little bit of a place on the shore; it was not sideways to the shore, but one end nearest the water. There was no tower on it, such as we have here now at North Vancouver, but just a little bit of a bell tower, and a bell. Inside it was not fixed up like the Catholics fix up the inside of their churches, it was just plain, and about thirty feet long. It was wide enough for us to have three benches for us to sit upon—all in a row across the church, three of them.

“Lots of Indians used to go there from Stanley Park” (Whoi-Whoi, now Lumberman’s Arch); “there was a big settlement in Stanley Park then. Mr. Daylick” (Derrick) “was the first minister I remember, then Mr. Bryant; Mr. Tate used to come sometimes.

“I don’t know how old I am, may be 60, may be 70, but I remember ‘Old Chief’ Capilano. The ‘Old Chief’ died, then Chief Lah-wa succeeded him. Lahwa was married in the little Indian Church at Gastown to a Fraser River Indian woman. Afterwards Joe became chief, he was a relation to the ‘Old Chief’s’ wife. Joe was a good Catholic; that was why they made him chief.

“‘Portuguese Joe’ was the first to keep store at Gastown. He had a store near the Indian church, at least, that was where it had been; Ben Wilson built his store behind it. When Portuguese Joe went there first there was just one man, that was Portuguese Joe, in Gastown.

“My sister was Aunt Sally of Stanley Park.”

(Note: Aunt Sally was a famous character on account of her residence in Stanley Park until quite recent years—after the war.)

“Puchahls was the name of the place where the C.P.R. Depot and docks are now. Lots of big trees there, lots of bushes, much shade and little sunshine.”

WHOI WHOI, STANLEY PARK.

Letter from Professor Chas. Hill-Tout, F.R.S.C., F.R.A.I., etc.

Frontenac Apartments
Quebec Street, Vancouver
August 2nd 1932.

Dear Major Matthews:

The photograph you sent me, which records the demolition of one of the largest of the old time middens in Stanley Park is most interesting as well as worthy of preservation.

I had no idea anything so reminiscent of the early days of Vancouver was in existence. The road around the park ran right through this midden, which was situated about where the Lumberman's Arch now stands, and its material composed mostly of calcined shells and ashes, was used largely for priming the roadbed around the park. In carting away the midden mass, numerous skeletons were brought to light. The bones of these were gathered up by the workmen, and placed in boxes for the Indians to take away, and bury in their burial grounds.

I recall making selections of these bones, and sending them to the museum at Ottawa. This ancient campsite formed one of the largest of the native villages of the Squamish in earlier days—so the Indians informed me—but had been practically abandoned since the period when small pox first attacked the native people of this region. This scourge struck this village very severely, and practically depopulated it, hence its abandonment hereafter.

Yours sincerely,

Chas. Hill-Tout

(Refer Bailey Bros. photo No. 541, "deposit of shells eight feet deep on Park road.")

MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY. THE GREAT FIRE.

F.E. Tilley, Bradner, 18 August 1932. "No, I am no relation of Tilley's of the stationery store in Granville, but I built the first house in the east end after the Fire.

"I had a lot out there, and when I saw the fire coming I dragged out a trunk and buried it; that was the only thing I saved.

"Afterwards a fellow came to me and said, 'Let's get some lumber; I'll help you build a shack, and share it with you.' I had \$150, but if I spent that I was 'stumped.' Anyway, I went down to the mill" (Hastings Sawmill) "and said I wanted some lumber and showed young Alexander some money—I don't know which son it was—anyway he looked at it, fingered it for a moment, and then pushed it back across the desk, and said, 'You keep that.' I got the lumber I wanted.

"Afterwards Capt. Tatlow came to me. I had another lot between his house and some two or three lots he wanted to make his place larger. Someone said, 'Charge him a good stiff price; he's got lots of money,' but he came to me and offered, I think it was \$300, and I took it. I couldn't 'hold him up.' It worked out all right afterwards because when I got the contract to clear the cemetery, the Mountain View Cemetery, the city wanted two bondsmen. Some of the contractors from Seattle had cleared out without paying their men, and the city wanted two sureties. I went all 'round town with the papers, but no one wanted to 'back' them, so finally I went to Capt. Tatlow, and he said, 'Oh, pass them over here.' After that I could get a dozen bondsmen if I had wanted them."

THE GREAT FIRE. JOHN MORTON'S CLEARING. W.D. HAYWOOD.

W.D. Haywood, Rogers Building, July 1932. "I came up here in September 1885. After the Great Fire I helped to pick up the body of a man who was burned to death—he must have had two fifty-cent pieces in his pocket, because when we found them they were melted into one another.

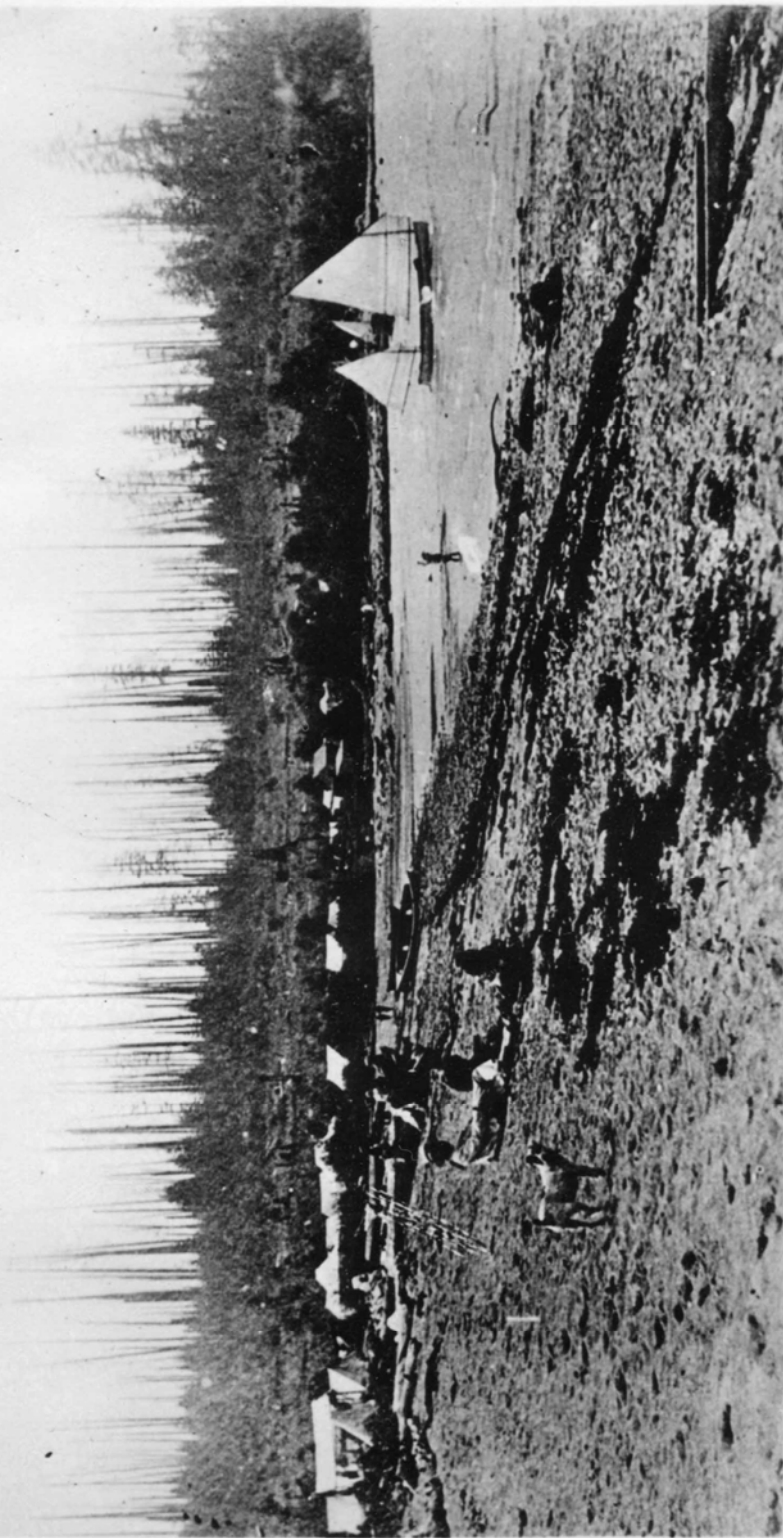
"John Morton's clearing was just a bit of a place, perhaps half an acre."

THE FIRST TRAIN INTO VANCOUVER.

A pioneer, name lost, 19 August 1932. "I was on the first train into Vancouver, just an engine and a box car filled with twenty men, labourers, and I was one of them. It must have been the 20th, or maybe the 22nd March 1887; we got as far as Hastings Sawmill, the engine could get no further.

"You see, there was a lot of trestle work on the C.P.R. line at first—along the shore" (see old maps of 1886) "the ties and rails were down on these trestles, but there was nothing underneath to support them; the gang I was with was sent down to fill in the hollows under these trestles; the ties were hanging onto the rails by the spikes, and our work was to fill in under the ties with earth. There were a number of places to be filled in; the engine could get as far as Hastings Mill, but no further. Of course, the Hastings Mill was the end and the centre of everything going on at that time; the freight landed there. As soon as the engine and box car arrived the first thing we did was to fill in the hollows—we used push cars, pushed by hand."

GREER'S BEACH in early nineties
(Kitsilano Beach)



Copyright. NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF B.C. Post No. 1, Vancouver.

W. J. MOORE PHOTO CO.

Greer's Beach (Kitsilano), said to be, 1890. J.S.M.

Single track streetcar, opened July 1st 1905

Boards on sand.

Boat shed, foot Yew St;

Boat on beach. House facing Cornwall.

JERVIS ST

↓

Trees on Indian Reserve.

White roof, 2334 York St

built, Apr. 1904, Geo. J. Hutchings

↓

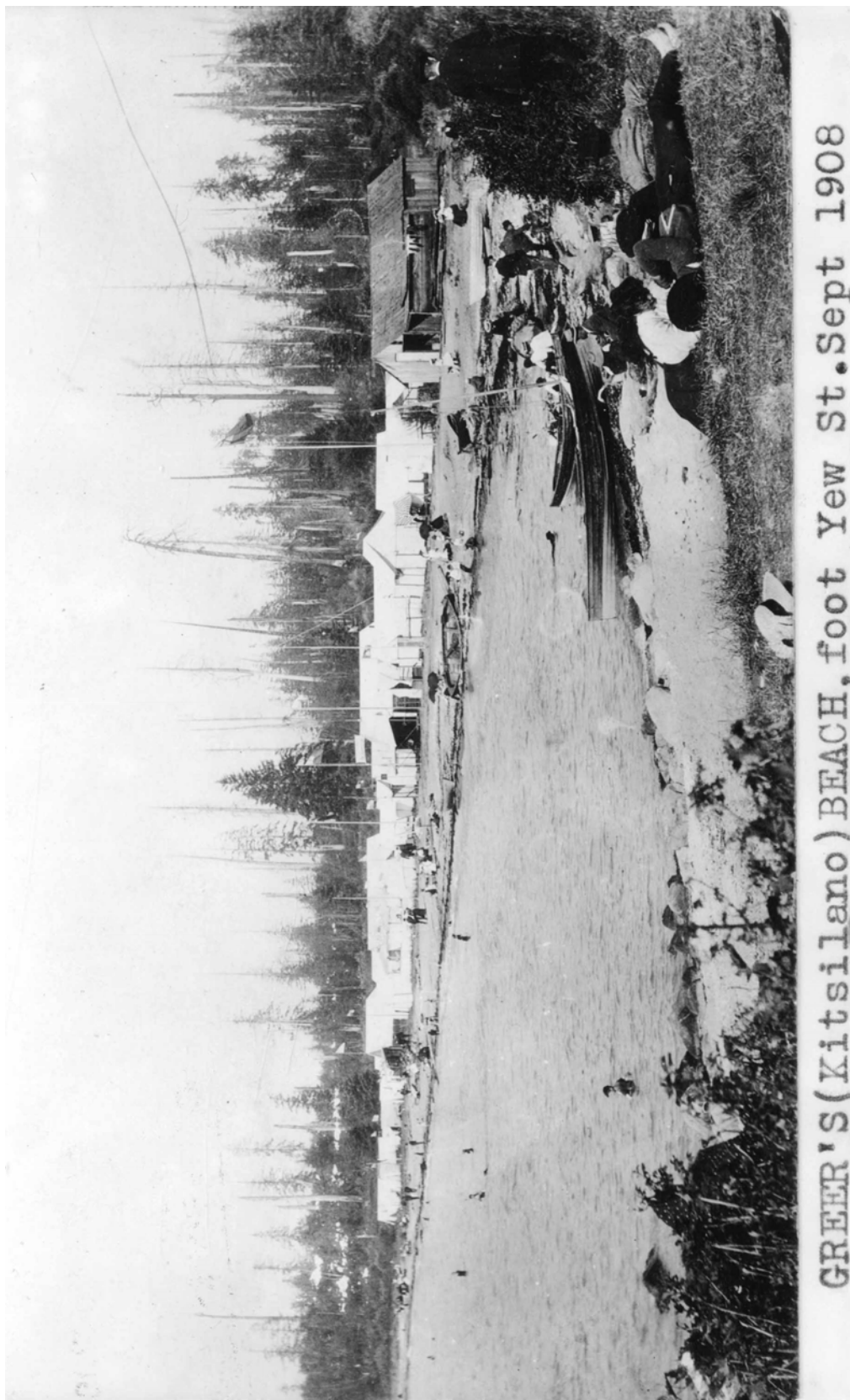
House on Vine,

N.E. cor. York,

↓



GREER'S BEACH, 1905.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_133

FELLING THE TREES. JERICO. ROYAL CITY PLANING MILLS.

Percy DesBrisay, 1206 Maple Street, 28 May 1931.

"I came to Vancouver in August 1887 over the Douglas Road. They were clearing the trees off the West End at the time; I should say, from memory, that they were felling the trees west and south of the Hotel Vancouver.

"Hastings Street was just a rough road then, sort of trail; there was a two-plank sidewalk, raised on posts; you had to be careful for the planks would spring up and down as you walked on them; the posts underneath were too far apart, or the ground on which they stood was too soft. I walked them many times, and know how they jumped up and down.

"Sometimes we went out to Jericho for a picnic, we went to the south end of Carrall Street, left in a boat from the Royal City Planing Mills dock, returned the same way, and walked across to Water Street."

KITSILANO BEACH—GREER'S BEACH.

A photograph taken by George S. Hutchings in July 1905 from his cottage at 2334 York Street—looking northeast—shows five houses grouped about the foot of Yew, Vine and Cornwall streets, a cluster of tents along the beach front from the foot of Yew to about Whyte Avenue produced, and the power poles in place for the new street car service, now called the Kitsilano street car line. All else, that is, north of Cornwall Street is second growth forest. A rough boat house shelter is at the foot of Yew Street not far from the present bathing pavilion. Mr. Hutchings says the first car service started 1 July 1905.

A photograph taken by Mr. Calder in August 1908 from the shore just west of the foot of Yew Street shows a flourishing town of thirty or forty tents—second row behind not visible in photo—spread along the beach front as far as the muskeg crossing at the foot of McNichol Avenue produced. A boat house shelter at the foot of Yew Street [is] almost on the site of the present pavilion. The flagpole displays the Canadian Red Ensign, so frequently seen from 1887 until after the war in Vancouver, when its popularity on national holidays declined, and the Union Jack took its place.

In the summer of 1894 there were a few campers' tents on the rise of the low cliff at the foot of Yew Street; all above on the hill above was straggling forest; the big trees had been taken out, many of the others sawn up for fire wood for the city; a ragged remnant remained.

About 1930 Major Matthews drew a map of Greer's Beach and its environs and features from the description of Mrs. J.Z. Hall, Sam Greer's daughter. It is in the Archives.

The first residence north of Cornwall Street behind the beach was one of five houses built by the C.P.R. to lead others to build in that section when it was first thrown open for settlement, and which area was, at the time, a dirty black panorama of burned stumps. The house was 2030 Whyte Avenue (no photograph) and was bought by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Evans, and entered for occupancy in July 1910; they still reside there in 1933. Mr. Evans was one of the engine crew which drew the first train into Port Moody—the first transcontinental train—in July 1886. He retired as Division Master Mechanic in 1927. The house faces north, the photo shows muskeg in every direction.

KITSILANO BEACH—COPY OF PREEMPTION RECORD, 1873.

Duplicate Record

Forwarded to the Chief Commissioners of Lands and Works,

Date 9th May 1873

205

Cancelled by Land Act

Oct 1882.

British Columbia

Land Ordinance, 1870.

Form A.

CERTIFICATE OF PRE-EMPTION RECORD.

Country Land.

No. in District Register 1003

PRE-EMPTION CLAIM.

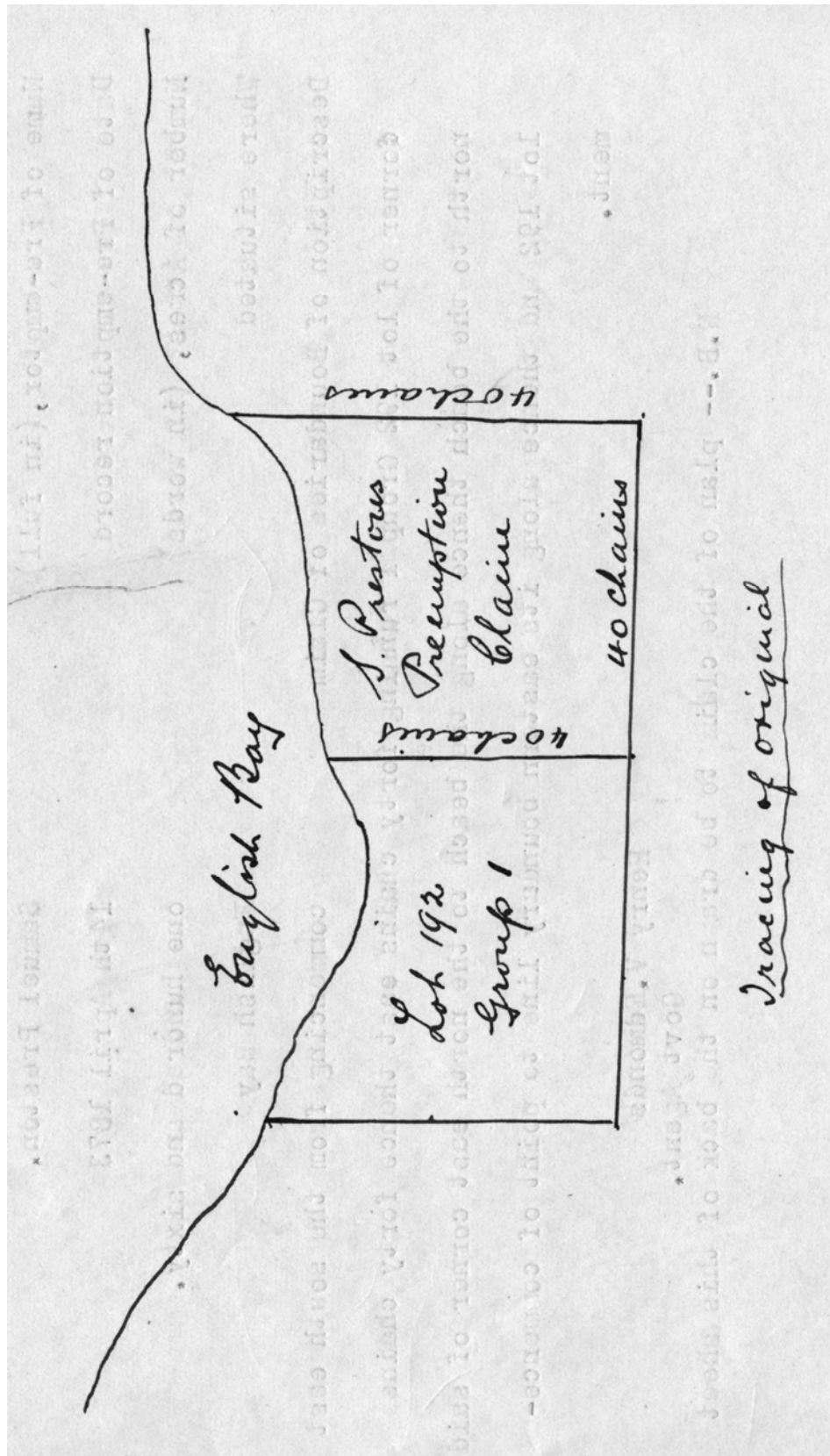
District of New Westminster.

Name of Pre-emptor, (in full)	Samuel Preston.
Date of Pre-emption record	14 th April 1873
Number of Acres, (in words)	one hundred and sixty.
Where situated	English Bay
Description of Boundaries of Claim	commencing from the south east corner of lot 192 Group 1 running forty chains east thence forty chains north to the beach thence along the beach to the north east corner of said lot 192 and thence along its eastern boundary line to point of commencement.

Henry V. Edmonds

Gov't Agent.

N.B. plan of the claim to be drawn on the back of this sheet



Item # EarlyVan_v2_134

BRIEF ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Hugh E. Campbell, member of Volunteer fire brigade, 1886.

"The C.P.R. Roundhouse on False Creek was built in 1888; prior to that they had used a bit of a shed a few yards south of Pender Street, close to Carrall Street; just an open shed.

"Hastings Street, at the time of the Fire, June 1886, was just four blocks long; from Cambie Street to Westminster Avenue.

"Bill Cordiner's daughter married Chas. Nelson, first reeve of West Vancouver. 'Navy Jack' and Bill Cordiner helped to clear the forest off old Granville."

KERRISDALE.

Alderman W.H. Lembke of 2162 West 40th Avenue, three years reeve of Point Grey Municipality, and an old timer there before it came into the city of Vancouver, tells me that the first house in Kerrisdale is now numbered 2941 West 42nd Avenue, and is the home of Dr. J.M. Pearson. It stood on what is now West 42nd Avenue between Carnarvon and MacKenzie streets, and was originally on a five acre plot, and the house stood well back from the road. Kerrisdale gets its name from it.

HORSES RACING ON HOWE STREET.

Walter E. Graveley, who purchased the first lot sold by the C.P.R. in Vancouver (southeast corner of Carrall and Cordova) lived at the Sunnyside Hotel and kept the deed in his trunk. When the Sunnyside burned in the fire of 1886, the trunk was also burned, but the fierce draft wafted a bundle of documents out of the trunk, and they dropped on the beach, and a day later were picked up and delivered to Mr. Graveley who still, 1933, retains the ownership of the lot, and also the deed, much mud-begrimed.

Mr. Graveley states that as the old Vancouver Opera House was being built they used to climb the brick walls and watch the horse races on Howe Street—from about Nelson to Georgia—from its walls.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.

Robert Mathison, who worked on the *Herald*, says it was the first newspaper. The *News* started 3 May 1886, and the *Advertiser* just after the fire of 13 June 1886.

The first newspaper on Burrard Inlet was a sheet called the *Moodyville Tickler*.

3 JULY 1931 – THEATRES.

The first theatre in Vancouver was Hart's Opera House on Carrall Street, the second the Imperial Opera House on Pender, and then of course there was the Vancouver Opera House. The Imperial Opera House was built in 1889, but whether before or after the Vancouver Opera House has not been ascertained at this moment.

When I came to Vancouver in November 1898 there was a small theatre called the Grand Theatre on Cordova Street, in the middle of the block between Cambie and Abbott Street—north side. It is still standing.

This theatre was a small affair. Its frontage was twenty-five feet, and its depth presumably about one hundred and twenty. In 1898 the Imperial Opera House was still in use, but as a Drill Hall. The only two theatres at that time which I recall were the "big" theatre, and the "little one," the former being the Vancouver Opera House, and the latter, the "Grand," and it was customary to go first to one, and then to the other, for there was no other one to go to; we alternated.

The stage was very narrow. There were boxes on both sides. The boxes were just wide enough for one person to squeeze into, and were entered by a passage way, very narrow, from behind which led to the stage. Box holders sat one behind the other. All the formality of etiquette was observed by those using them; dress suits with white bosoms, and the ladies in low necked dresses. In the middle of the theatre

were seats for the “common crowd” distant from the elite by a few inches only. In all, the boxes on each side of the small theatre probably held six persons (twelve persons in all) and these of course could reach down to those sitting in the seats in the middle of the theatre.

In the back was a very small gallery of some sort.

In the front was a tiny ticket office—about the size of a telephone booth.

In latter years the building was used, first as a moving picture house. I am under the impression that the first moving pictures regularly shown were shown there; afterwards half a dozen cheap nasty moving picture houses sprung up on Cordova and Carrall Street in several disused stores. After the war I think the building was used as a commercial warehouse—butter and cheese, etc.—and finally I think A.R. Gun and Co., the confectionary wholesalers, used it as a distributing warehouse.

In 1898 and for some years after, A.G. Ferrera, later the Italian Consul, conducted a restaurant about three doors west of the “Grand Theatre.” It was an excellent restaurant with small boxes, hung with heavy curtains. The cuisine was perfect, and it was famed far and wide. As with the theatres, so with restaurants; it was either the Hotel Vancouver or the Ferrera restaurant, known as “The Savoy.” It was a tiny affair as restaurants go now, built on a 25 x 120 foot lot, but it was exceedingly well conducted and the food was the best money could buy.

It followed then that the leaders of Vancouver society would drive up in their carriages, or perhaps hired broughams or hansom cabs, step daintily to avoid any little mud there might be on the macadam road, and sail into the boxes, where they observed all the forms of a more resplendent edifice, and after the “show” was over, would repair to the Savoy in all their finery for supper; and there, too, the waiters and others performed their parts with equal delicacy. It was a pretty performance of good manners in primeval surroundings; they lived to fare better, but not with greater grace.

One of the celebrated performers at the Grand was Jim Post, to my mind quite the equal of Harry Lauder or Charlie Chaplin, and others have agreed with me.

J.S. Matthews

THEATRES.

3 July 1931, J.S.M. The first theatre in Vancouver was Hart’s Opera House on Carrall Street, the second was the Imperial Opera House, then came the Vancouver Opera House. The Imperial Opera House was built by Crickmay and Robson in 1889. The Vancouver Opera House was built about the same time, but whether before or after has not been checked up. Prior to this there had been Sullivan’s Hall, Blair’s Hall, Keefer’s Hall, the former two on Water Street, the latter on Alexander Street, also the Methodist Hall, and the school house. Hart’s Opera House was also known as “The Rink” for roller skating.

THE GRAND THEATRE.

In November 1898 when the writer (J.S. Matthews) reached Vancouver from New Zealand via San Francisco, there was a small theatre called the Grand Theatre on the north side of Cordova Street between Cambie and Abbott streets, still standing in 1933. It was a small affair on a twenty-five foot lot. In 1898 the Imperial Opera House was still in use, but as a Drill Hall. The only two theatres recalled as existing at that time were the “big” theatre, Opera House, and the Grand Theatre, and people alternated between one and the other.

The Grand Theatre’s stage was very narrow, probably 20 feet. There were boxes on both sides of the “auditorium,” just wide enough for one person to squeeze into, and sit sideways looking towards the stage; the passage way to them—they were entered from the back like all boxes—was almost impassible for narrowness; box holders sat one behind the other, in a row facing the stage. All the formality of etiquette prevailed by the users, “boiled” shirts with big white fronts, dress suits with wide open bosoms, and the ladies in low neck dresses; both arrived in four wheel cabs or hansom at the door, tiptoed through the mud to the sidewalk (wooden), and walked to their boxes. In all, the boxes held about 12 persons, and these could reach down to the commoner herd in seats in the middle of the theatre.

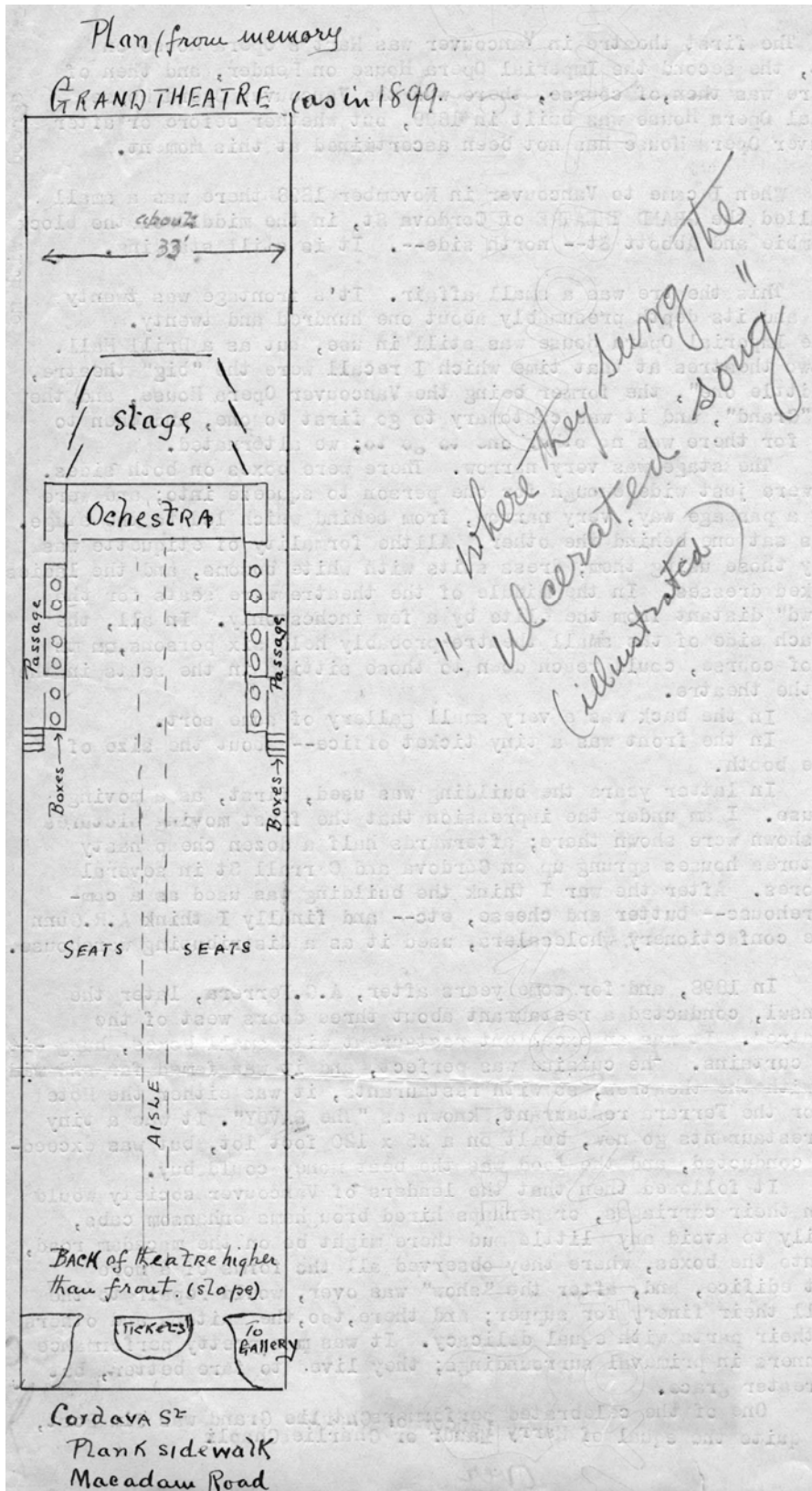
At the back there was a gallery of a sort. At the entrance was a tiny ticket office, about the size of a small telephone booth.

A.G. Ferrera, later the Italian Consul, conducted an excellent restaurant, The Savoy, about three doors east. The cuisine was perfect, there were small “boxes” where heavy curtains concealed the occupants from vulgar gaze; it was famed far and wide for its service. A tiny affair as restaurants “go” now on a 25 x 120 lot, but well conducted and food of the best. For the very elite the Vancouver Opera House and the Hotel Vancouver was, of course, the “proper” thing, but for the lesser socially elite, and the “young bloods,” why, the Grand and the Savoy.

Vancouver was full of transients at the time, many on their way to the Klondike gold rush, many merely attracted to Vancouver, and, of an evening, they congregated outside the “Grand” entrance to watch the leaders of society enter from their carriages, broughams and hansom, step daintily across the mud of the macadam road, and sail into the boxes with all the formality of entering an imposing edifice. After the “show” was over, they repaired, in all their finery, to the “Savoy” for supper, and there, too, the waiters, etc. performed their duties with similar grandeur. It was a pretty performance of good manners amidst primeval surroundings; they all lived to fare better, but not to exceed with greater grace. One of the celebrated performers at the Grand was Jim Post, quite the equal of Harry Lauder or Charlie Chaplin of later days.

Years afterwards the building was used, first as an early moving picture house, and the impression prevails that the first moving pictures were shown here. After the war the building was used as a commercial warehouse—butter and cheese—and finally, now, I think A.R. Gunn and Co. is using it as a distribution warehouse for a wholesale confectionary business.

The early moving pictures were shown in half a dozen cheap, nasty moving picture theatres on Carrall and Cordova streets—converted empty stores. The Grand Theatre was afterwards known as the Savoy Theatre.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_135

THE GRAND THEATRE.

As an indication of the colourful old Grand Theatre's entertainment style, the following is extracted from the *Province* of unknown date (about 1930).

"AS THE TEARS RAN DOWN HIS WHISKERS"

Twenty-five years ago, when Hastings Street West from Cambie to Carrall was just a byway, and the main traffic stream flowed down Cambie and along Cordova streets, a popular amusement resort was the Grand Theatre. Situated on Cordova Street within easy reach of a dozen hotel bars, offering cheap entertainment (box seats 25¢), it appealed to Vancouver's rough and ready population, especially those sections of society which felt that the Opera house up on Granville was too tony.

The Grand put up hearty vaudeville with more than a suggestion of Elizabethan humour. And a regular feature was the illustrated song (before moving pictures and with lantern slides coloured "fiercely," usually some sickening love scene, or perhaps something about "Mother" or "away down south.") The jokers of that day called it "ulcerated song," and certainly some would give you a pain. Crudely coloured slides, showing young men and young women going mournfully over a lake fitted most of the words which dealt with a longing to be "back home."

"On the Banks of the Wabash" was the favourite, and so was "The Green Fields of Virginia."

Fortified by visits to the adjacent bars, in a sympathetic mood, the audience just swallowed up such sentiments as:

"ULCERATED SONG"

'Though I'm living in a mansion now
With wealth at my command,
My heart is longing for it every day,
Where I spent life's golden hours
In the vale of Shenandoah-oah-oah
'Mid the green fields of Virginia far-har away

Throaty tenor or beery baritone, standing in the wings, would put all he knew into "them sentiments."

But the prize of the lot was the "City of Sighs and Tears." A quarter of a century has rolled over the writer's snowy locks, but he can still quote this gem:

"Poppa, tell me where is momma?"
Asked a leetle cheild wan day;
"I'm so lonely here without her,
Poppa, where is momma, pray?"
Poppa placed his arms around her
As he sadly bent his head,
And as tears ran down his whiskers
These woids to her he said:

Chorus.

"Down in the city of sighs and tears
Under the gaslight's glare,
Down in the city of aching hee-arts
You'll find your momma there,
Walking along where each painted face
Tells its story of wasted yee-ars
And perhaps she'll be thinking of you tonight
In the see-hitty of si-highs and tee-ars."

And, believe me, this lured laments from loggers, moans from miners, sighs from sailors, and tears from tramps.

♦ ♦ ♦

AN old friend who traded to the port of Vancouver years ago recalls in a letter the amusement seafaring fellows used to find in a vaudeville show on Cordova street, the old Grand. In **BALLADE** those years an accepted form **PATHETIC** of entertainment was the illustrated song — known to the seagoing lads as the “ulcerated” song. A tenor who used lavish gestures and put much sentiment into the ballads stood in the wings and dolefully rendered songs, while gaudily-colored lantern slides were shown on the screen. The prize one was known as “The City of Sighs and Tears,” and went something like this:

“Poppa, tell me where is momma,”
Said a little chee-ild one day.
“I’m so lonely here without her.
Poppa, where is momma, pray?”
Poppa placed his arms about her
As he wiped a teee-ar away
And to his lee-ittle lassie
These words to her did say:

“Down in thuh see-ity of si-highs and
tee-ars,
Under the bright lights’ glare,
Down in thuh see-ity of busted hearts
You’ll find your mu-huther there,
Walking along where each pay-hainted
face
Tells its sto-hory of wa-hasted yece-ars.
But perhaps she is thinking of you to-
ni-hight
In thuh see-ity of si-highs and tee-ars.”

15 AUGUST 1932 – CREEKS. C.P.R. RESERVE.

Mrs. (Major) J.S. Matthews, née Nursing Sister E.E. Edwardes, R.N. and one of the first nurses to graduate, about 1902, from the old Vancouver General Hospital on Cambie Street at the corner of Pender Street:

"When off duty we used to take walks. I recall one night two of us went along Richards Street. Somewhere about Nelson Street we crossed a little bridge, beneath which a small torrent of water ran towards False Creek. It was dark and raining, and we nearly broke our necks."

(See *Early Vancouver*, 1931, Matthews, Gallagher's construction camp at time of fire, 1886.)

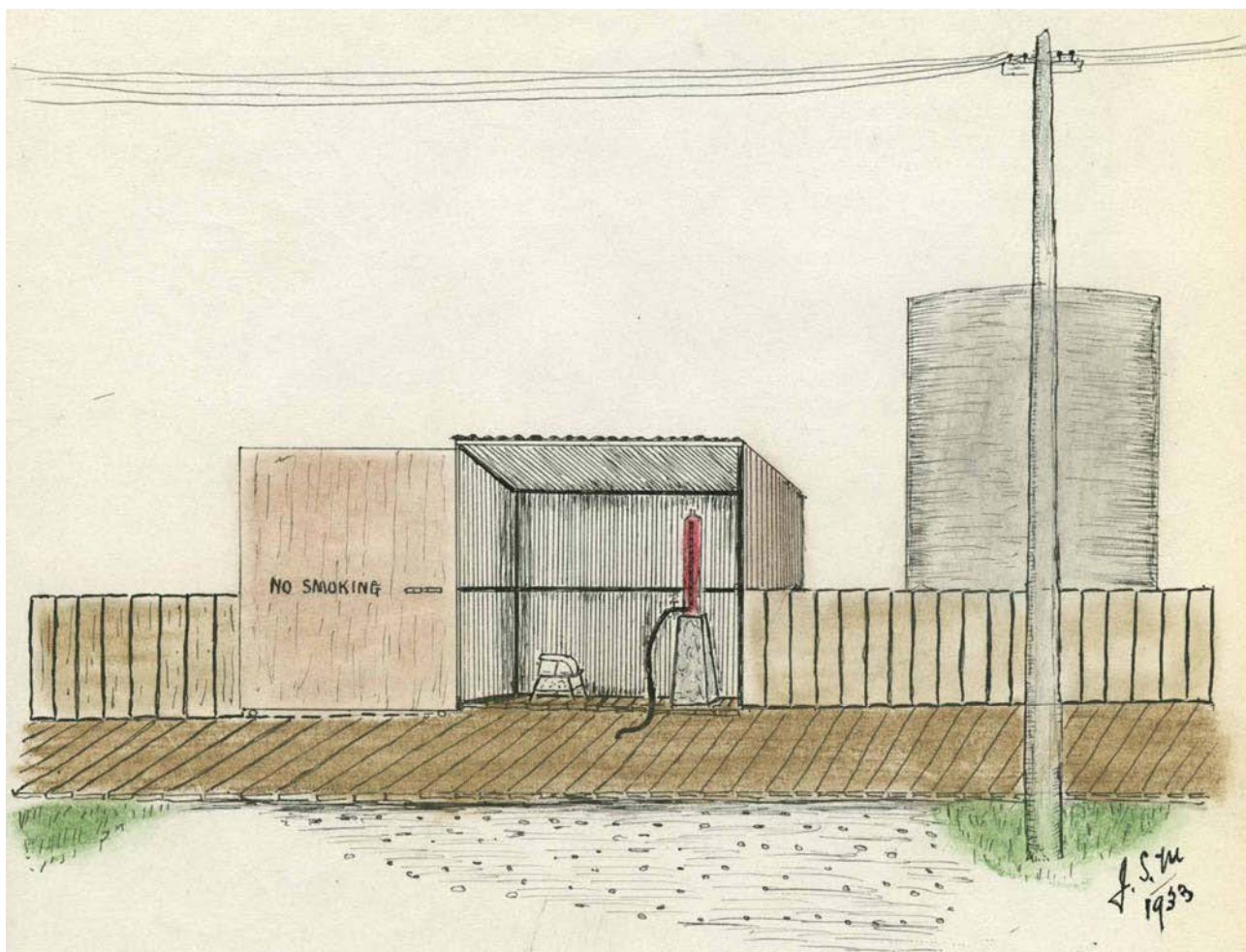
IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY LIMITED.

J.S. Matthews: In 1902, and perhaps for some years later, a small creek of water came down practically where Nelson Street runs, and emptied into False Creek about Hamilton Street produced. At that time the C.P.R. lands—C.P.R. Reserve—south of Smythe Street and east of Homer Street, was in scrub bushes, 10 to 20 feet high, with patches here and there of grass. At that time the Imperial Oil Company Limited were doing an enormous coal oil business, both cases and barrels—wood barrels, for it was before days of steel barrels and tank wagons and bulk deliveries of petroleum products—and these were shipped in very large quantities by rail and steamer, for at that time British Columbia was largely dependent upon kerosene for interior lighting; the gasoline engine for generating electric power for small plants was not unknown, but very rare; practically all farms, and all small towns, canneries, etc. used coal oil. This company had a complete monopoly of the petroleum business in the whole of British Columbia—such opposition as they had was on lubricating oils and greases, and their only warehouse west of Nelson was at Vancouver, corner Smythe and Cambie, where they had one storage tank for coal oil, about 30 feet high, 30 feet diameter; no storage at all for gasoline—an odd barrel was received from the east once now and again, what other small amount came was in cases for the use of drug stores and dry cleaners.

The delivery of the kerosene oil was made from the warehouse to the wharf and freight shed of the C.P.R. by gooseneck wagon carrying about 75 cases (80 lbs each) and drawn by two horses over a macadam road (Cambie).

On Sundays the horses had been kept in the stable, until one day about 1902 the foreman conceived the bright idea of renting the C.P.R. Reserve to run them out on Sundays, give them fresh air and a bit of grass. He made some private arrangement with the C.P.R. and paid—out of his own pocket—ten dollars a year for the use of the ground, and agreed to keep up the rude wooden fence which ran along the boundary from Cambie up Smythe to Homer, thence south along east side of Homer to nearly Drake. On the False Creek side the fence ran in a circular manner beneath the embankment of the C.P.R. which in turn followed the curve of the shore. The horses got water from the little creek mentioned above. The whole scene was quite pretty in summer, a sort of wild shrubbery. The arrangement continued for two or three more summers.

The shoreline of False Creek came very close to the Imperial Oil Company Limited's warehouse—less than 100 yards from Smythe Street.



FIRST GASOLINE SERVICE STATION IN CANADA
(perhaps in the World)

A corrugated iron shelter erected in 1908 by the Imperial Oil Company Limited at the south east corner of Cambie and Smythe streets, Vancouver, consisting of a thirteen gallon Kitchen tank with gauge glass added, and then mounted on concrete pedestal, a plank floor, ten feet garden hose, and a bar room chair

After serving the few automobiles of Vancouver for about two years, it was removed, and a structure of exactly similar design, slightly larger, of concrete replaced it, and a concrete wall replaced the wooden fence. The new structure was opened Aug 8th 1916.

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THE FIRST GASOLINE SERVICE STATION. J.C. ROLLSTON.

The first gasoline station in Canada, possibly in North America, for the delivery of gasoline from a filling tank through a hose pipe to motor cars was started at the southeast corner of Cambie and Smythe Street, approximately after June 1908. The circumstances which suggested it were these. In order to give a more graphic outline in detail it is necessary to go back years.

The first intimation that a fuel for the use of internal combustion in motor cars, or as they were first called, automobiles, was received over the telephone of the Imperial Oil Company Limited, then having a monopoly of the sale of gasoline in Vancouver, by J.S. Matthews (Major), then a clerk in their office. The company was small at the time, its office staff was a manager, a travelling salesman and clerk-stenographer. The voice stated that Mr. Hendry, manager of the Hastings Sawmill, to whom the Imperial Oil Company Limited sold considerable petroleum lubricating oil, was in need of gasoline for his automobile; had they any in stock. The clerk explained that while they could get it in barrels—wood barrels; it was before the steel barrel was thought of—the barrels would have to be brought from the east; were very unsatisfactory as the gasoline escaped, more or less, through the wood. The voice asked if it was the gasoline used in automobiles; the clerk replied he had no knowledge, presumed it was; they sold it to drug stores for cleaning gloves, and to plumbers for fire pots. He also said they had benzine—a name subsequently forbidden by law to be used, as it was a misnomer—which they sold to salmon canneries for use in dissolving the solid lacquer to be applied to canned salmon to prevent the cans rusting. They could get 76 degree Baume gasoline in cases from the east; that was used once in a while for “Moore” hanging lamps, an early system of gasoline vapour lighting, the new system of lighting country hotels, halls, etc., by putting the 76 gasoline in a small tank, pumping an air pressure of about 10 or 15 lbs, which forced the gasoline vapour through a tiny pipe running like a wire to the burning lamp and its net mantle.

The outcome of the conversation was that a case of “D.S. Gasoline” (deodorized stove gasoline) used by plumbers was sent to the Hastings Mill; no more was heard of it, and further supplies were made later.

A week or so later the same voice asked the same clerk if they had any lubricating oil for automobiles. This was a more difficult problem for the clerk, who had never seen a motor car, but had read of them, and knew that if they burned gasoline there must be considerable heat somewhere. He sparred for time to see what they had; actually, he knew nothing of the subject. He decided that he would have to “take a chance,” so after considering all the physical conditions he judged might exist where gasoline was burned, etc., etc., he sent down a four gallon can of “Atlantic Red,” in a blank can. *It worked.* In fact, it worked so well that, under another name, millions upon millions of the same oil has since been marketed under fancy names and at fancy prices.

The Atlantic Red Engine oil was the same oil that the Hastings Sawmill had been buying in large quantities in barrels for use on their planing and other fast running machines. They paid 30 to 32 cents per imperial gallon in barrels, wood barrels.

THE FIRST GARAGE.

It was soon afterwards that the first garage or repair shop appeared, started by a Mr. Annand of a bicycle repair shop about fifty feet east of the southeast corner of Hastings and Columbia Avenue; later the West End Garage started at 924 Granville. Both institutions were primitive; Mr. Annand's bicycle business was gradually supplanted by the increasing automobile business; the West End Garage had started as a repair garage for cars. The “Vancouver Garage” and the “West End Garage” soon became rivals; they also began introducing special oils for motor cars, and this fact precipitated trouble for the Imperial Oil Company Limited, and led to the introduction of the filling station. How this came about is as follows.

The clerk Matthews had been promoted to half-time city salesman, and on a visit to the Annand Garage one day was given a “terrible dressing down” by Mr. Annand because his employers were selling lubricating oil to automobile owners, to wit, the manager of the Hastings Sawmill. It appears that Mr. Hendry's car had needed some attention, had been taken to Mr. Annand's bicycle shop, Mr. Annand had put some lubricating oil in it, and charged \$1.50 per gallon. Mr. Hendry's office man had “kicked” at the

price for the oil; said they had been buying very good oil from the oil company for thirty cents per gallon; said "I presume your other charges were in proportion." A five- or six-year fight between the garages and the oil company was on.

Time went on; more garages started up. They were all compelled to buy their gasoline from the Imperial company—there was no other source of supply for gasoline—and the company charged them twenty cents per gallon in tank wagons—and delivered it, at first in big iron drums of 90 gallons odd, afterwards a new type of delivery created by the conversion of the old kerosene (coal oil) tank wagons; the kerosene sales were declining with the spread of electric light, the gasoline sales were increasing, and for a time tank wagon carried both products in compartments with a blue painted tap for coal oil and a red one for gasoline. The first tank wagon in Vancouver (coal oil) held a total of 280 gallons divided into three compartments; then a "monster" wagon came holding no less than 420 gallons, also in three compartments. All were horse-drawn. The garages put in underground storage tanks, and the S.F. Bowser Co. furnished pumps, placed on the curb of the sidewalk, simple things, an adaptation of the former kerosene tank pump used for coal oil in grocery stores. Various agents, and also the garages, obtained agencies for diverse brands of lubricating oil, which they diligently "pushed" to the exclusion of Imperial Oil products of like nature. The animosity between the company and the garages on the matter of lubricating oils increased, and the garages had the upper hand, for whenever an automobile was brought into the repair shop, the garages immediately told the owner—frequently, regardless of the truth—that the "trouble" was with the oil, if it was other than their own, and especially if it was Imperial Oil. The Imperial Oil lubricating sales did not decrease; new cars were arriving, but the proportion of sales of gallons of lubricating oil grew lower and lower. They introduced a very fine oil called "Zerolene," but it made no headway.

In addition to this the garages sold the gasoline which they purchased for 20¢ per gallon from the monopoly for 35¢ to the car owner. The oil company protested; the garage man became violent at their interference, the car owner blamed the oil company for the "high price of gasoline," and took vengeance on the oil company by buying the garage man's lubricating oils, which suited the garage man exactly. The poor company caught it both ways, yet was the innocent party in both. And the travelling salesman Matthews, the company's only salesman at that time, "caught it" from both and all, including his employers.

Finally in desperation, one day he prevailed upon the manager, C.M. Rolston, to visit the West End Garage. They received so "warm" a welcome there that Mr. Rolston was glad to escape. Together they returned to the office. The company did not want to enter the retail business.

THE FIRST FILLING STATION FOR GASOLINE.

Finally the manager reluctantly gave permission. Matthews had long contended that the only way, or course, was to sell the automobile owner direct. Matthews was told he could tell automobile owners they could have their cars filled at the Imperial Oil warehouse for twenty cents per gallon.

The next morning Matthews was passing the old Court House on Hastings Street when a motor car chugged past; he signaled for it to stop—there were very few cars in Vancouver then—and informed the driver that gasoline could be got for twenty cents. The driver expressed astonishment and surprise. At the moment there was a huge cotton banner strung across the front of the West End Garage on Granville Street which read, "GASOLINE. 30¢."

This appeared following a "fight" between the garages; they had been charging 35¢; thirty-five cents for liquid piped out of tank wagon into their tanks for twenty cents. No tax those days—15¢ profit on 20¢.

That afternoon the first car appeared at the warehouse on Smythe Street and was filled by pouring from big five gallon buckets into a big funnel. It was a messy business, and dangerous from the slopping. The next day two or three came, then more, until finally they became a nuisance. They got in the warehouse yard, the horse-drawn trucks of the company could not get next their loading platforms; loaded teams could not get out of the yard; finally the foreman, R.C. (Bud) Mulligan locked the yard gate, and stuck up a sign, "Automobiles not allowed inside." The bucket brigade functioned in the roadway, after packing the heavy buckets, one in each hand, backwards and forwards.

C.M. Rolston then conceived of the idea of the service station. Facing the street he built an open side shed—it was summer time, 1908—of corrugated iron. It was about five feet deep, ten or twelve wide, and eight feet high in front, with plank floor. In the centre was built a tapered concrete pillar, about three feet high, twelve inches square at top, and on this was placed a thirteen gallon kitchen water tank fitted with a glass (steam gauge glass) gauge marked off in one gallons with white paint dots. The tank was connected with the main storage tank. A bar room chair and a cushion for it completed the picture, excepting for the hose pipe, a piece ten feet long of garden hose without nozzle at end, which was drained with thumb and finger by the attendant after filling a car, and removed at night.

The system was so highly successful that soon all cars in Vancouver took their gasoline at Smythe and Cambie Street, the service grew inadequate—on a pre-holiday afternoon the writer has seen fifty or sixty cars in line awaiting their turn to be filled up. This caused much adverse comment; the poor company caught it from all angles. The remedy of a second tank was quickly applied, but the “damage” had been done. Garage owners were approached by the Shell Company for support if they established, and naturally got that support in full measure.

But in the meantime, the fame of the establishment had spread. Enquiries were received from all parts of North America as to how it was operated, and soon far more elaborate filling stations than the original one began to be erected in the United States. Vancouver was slow to adopt the ornamental filling station.

THE FIRST SERVICE STATION ATTENDANT.

The first service station attendant was Mr. J.C. Rollston, an uncle of Mr. C.M. Rolston—names spelt differently—and father of Mr. Chester S. Rollston, inventor of the endless clothesline now used, and subsequently manager of McLennan, McFeely and Prior, the large hardware merchants. He was an elderly man, an artist of note in his younger days, a kindly pious gentleman who for want of something better to do had been glad to accept the position of night watchman at the company's plant. He was installed as attendant. At first, he would sometimes sit for half a day without serving one car. He still lives (1933) at 858 Burrard Street where he has lived for over twenty years.

In later years, the Imperial Oil Company Limited added a second filling station on 12th Avenue (north side) near Granville Street, then a very elaborate one at the southeast corner of Cordova and Columbia; the former one was a tin shed. Then the number increased rapidly, private firms operating public garages installed sidewalk pumps. These sidewalk pumps became a nuisance to traffic on account of motor cars drawing up in front of them and blocking the roadway, and were finally forbidden by civic bylaw.

During the war the Imperial Oil service stations—they had three or perhaps four in operation then—were operated by young ladies, women of good family in most cases. They wore a uniform of khaki coat, breeches, and leather leggings. They continued on this work until after 1919, when the troops returned. Their employment was a war emergency.

After the reestablishment following war conditions, service stations and garages grew in number so rapidly in all directions that each month, it seemed, saw the addition of a score or more.

But the parent of them all was the little tin shed on Cambie and Smythe streets with its concrete pedestal and 13 gallon red tank, its bit of garden hose, the barroom chair and cushion, and the white-haired old gentleman sitting patiently for the customer who never came to the only filling station in all Vancouver.

The old corrugated iron shelter continued in use for approximately two years, and was replaced by a plain concrete shelter opened for business on 8 August 1910—see photographs in possession of Imperial Oil Limited—built into a concrete wall which replaced the old board fence. One tank only was built in the new structure; it was afterwards that business demanded a second tank on top of the wall. J.C. Rollston was still the only attendant when the new structure was opened.

Read by C.M. Rolston and by him approved, 24 March 1933.

J.S. Matthews, late “the clerk.”

FALSE CREEK. INDIANS. CAMPBELL AVENUE.

Mr. Langley of R. Kerr Houlgate and Summerfield Ltd., financial agents, Imperial Bank Building, Granville Street, 29 August 1932.

"I recall very clearly that, about 1894 I should say, having seen the tidewater flowing three feet deep through the low level ground which ran north and south just a few yards east of Campbell Avenue, across Venables Street, and then on under where the Hastings Street Viaduct now crosses.

"They told me that the Indians used to cross in their canoes there from Burrard Inlet to False Creek."

HIS WORSHIP MAYOR LOUIS D. TAYLOR. GRANVILLE STREET SOUTH. FAIRVIEW.

At the conclusion of a lantern slide lecture given before the City Council in the City Hall, 15 March 1932, by Major J.S. Matthews, His Worship, in complimenting the lecturer, said:

"I well recall that road through the forest." (Now Granville Street South.) "When I came here in 1897, I took a bicycle and went out to the canneries at Steveston and Eburne to see if I could hustle a job and," (feelingly) "I remember those hills, there were a lot of them; I went up and down each one, and it was pretty hard work too."

In 1897 Granville Street South—Centre Street then as far as the city limits at 16th Avenue; beyond that it is hard to say what it was called—the custom was to refer to it as "out on the Eburne Road," or "out on the Steveston Road"; a two-horse stage wagon with two or three cross seats and canvas flap sides left Vancouver daily with one or two passengers. Beyond 16th Avenue it entered the forest and traversed a narrow track which may or may not have had a little gravel on it; this is not recalled. A comparison might be made to the Westminster Road which, beyond Central Park towards Westminster, was not wider than ten feet in places, no gravel surfacing, just earth, here and there a boulder protruded and was driven around, both sides of trail lined with brush, bushes and stumps; in summer very dusty, in winter very muddy. The "Eburne Road" differed only in that it was lined on both sides with forest whereas the Westminster Road ran through second growth.

Under such circumstances it might be expected that His Worship Mayor Taylor would have had to "work pretty hard" peddling a bicycle up the long hills over such a primeval road. The writer has done it and knows.

POLICE STATION AND GAOL.

There are two photographs of the "City Hall" in a tent at the foot of Carrall Street, June 1886. One shows the City Council seated before it, the other four police.

Adjoining or nearby the tent "City Hall" was another tent in which were sheltered those under arrest—usually a collection of "soreheads" sobering up after "last night's jag"—they were in leg irons.

OPENING OF BURRARD BRIDGE, 1 JULY 1932.

At the opening of the Burrard Bridge on the afternoon of 1 July 1932 by His Worship Mayor Louis D. Taylor, there were especially invited as representative of bygone days, the following:

Mrs. Ruth Morton, relict (second wife) of the late John Morton, first settler of Vancouver, and who preempted the West End of Vancouver in November 1862.

Henry S. Rowlings, son of W.H. Rowlings, who in September 1868 preempted District Lot 258 on the north bank of the North Arm of the Fraser River, now part of the city of Vancouver, formerly known as South Vancouver.

Mrs. J.G.L. Abbott and her brother, **F.W. Alexander**, children of R.H. Alexander, formerly manager of the Hastings Sawmill, the unsuccessful candidate for Mayor of Vancouver in the first civic election, and

one of the "Overlanders of 1862," coming to British Columbia from Eastern Canada by land in that year, and resident of Burrard Inlet since at least 1870.

Mrs. J.Z. Hall (Mrs. Jessie Columbia Hall), relict of the late J.Z. Hall Esq., and daughter of Sam Greer of Greer's Beach (Kitsilano Beach), first white settler about Kitsilano Beach.

Rev. Chas. M. Tate, Methodist Indian Missionary, who assisted in the dedication of the first (Indian) church in Vancouver (1876). He first came to Granville in 1873.

Mrs. M.A. MacLean, relict of the first mayor of Vancouver. She first came to Vancouver in the fall of 1886.

August Kitsilano, son of Hay-tulk, or Hra-tilt, and grandson of Chief Haatsa-la-nough of Chaythoos, Stanley Park. August Jack, or August Haatsalano, was born under the Burrard Bridge, about 1878, in the Indian village of Snaug.

Andrew Paull (Qoitchetahl), a descendant of the celebrated Squamish heroic Qoitchetahl, the serpent slayer. He is secretary of the Squamish Indian Council of Chiefs.

Chief Matthias Capilano, Chief of the Capilano Band, Capilano River, and a descendant of Payt-sa-mauq, half brother to "Old Chief" Capilano.

Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Tate, Mr. Rowlings and Andrew Paull attended. Kitsilano and Capilano were out of town. Mrs. MacLean was poorly.

Excepting Andrew Paull (Qoitchetahl), a young man, Mrs. MacLean, and Chief Capilano, also a young man, all the above had seen Hastings and Granville Street in standing forest.

THE FAMOUS MAPLE TREE. "ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE."

The Maple Tree Monument at the foot of Carrall Street has an inscription, "Only God can make a tree." The following is believed to be the complete poem.

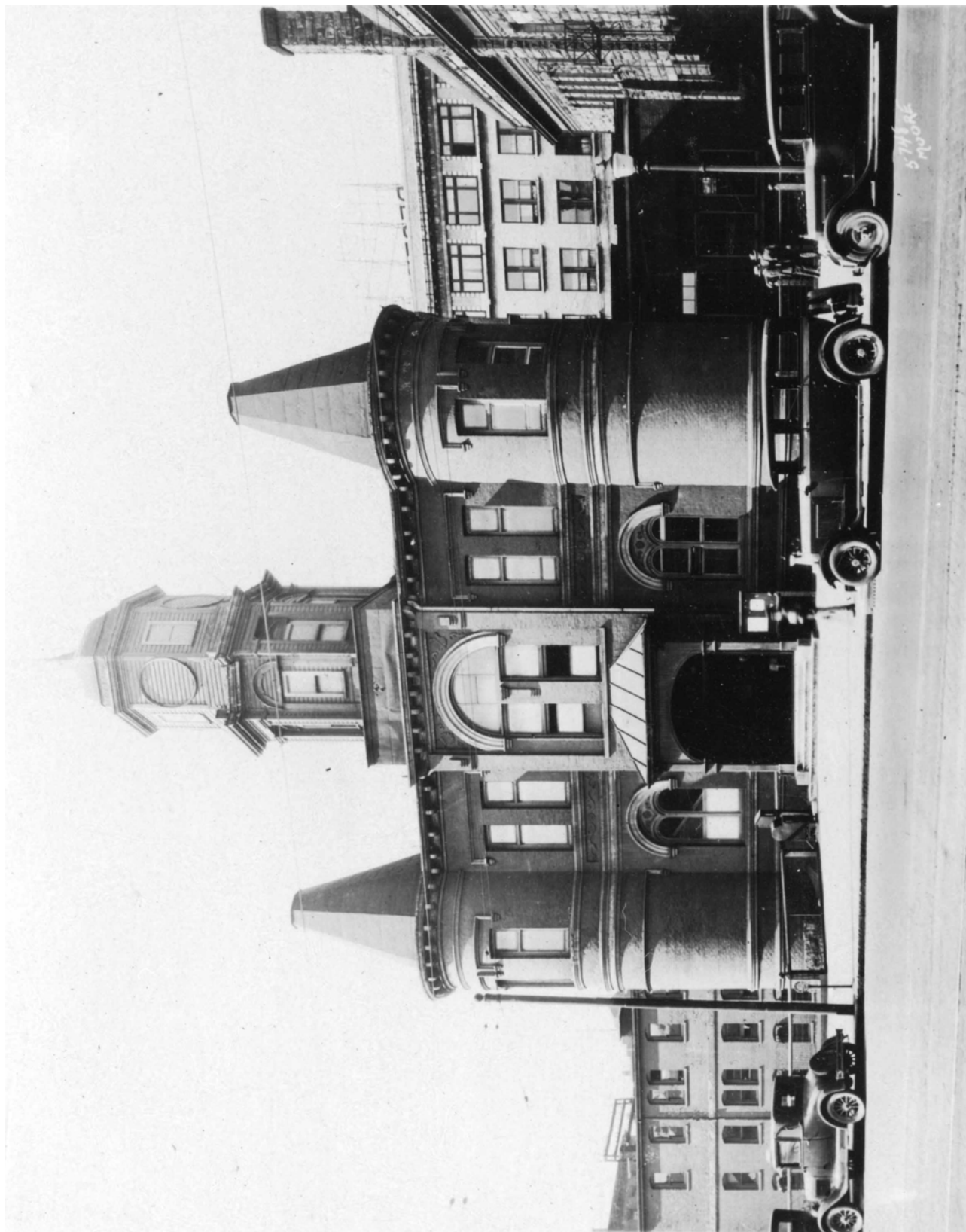
I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest against the earth's sweet flowing breast
A tree that looks at God all day, and lifts her leafy arms to pray
A tree that may in summer wear a nest of robins in her hair
Upon whose bosom snow has lain, who intimately lives with rain
Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree.

BEACH PYJAMAS.

These were first seen in Vancouver in the early summer of 1930, and a few only of the "braver" ones wore them; some thought them "startling," others had as many comments as there were minds and tongues to utter. By 1932 all young ladies, and many old ones, were wearing beach pyjamas. They may not be the most modest of garments, but are certainly an improvement on the extensive "décolletage" of post war years prior to 1930.

BOBBED HAIR.

The old adage, "Beware of the long haired man and the short haired woman; they're both crazy," no longer applies, but at one time, before bobbed hair, it was a fairly safe diagnosis of the "situation." The woman was frequently some old battle-axe with a face which would stop a clock and the man was frequently effeminate. There were exceptions.



ITEM # EARLYVAN_v2_138



Item # EarlyVan_v2_139

The Librarian

and

The Archivist



T.P.O.M.

Wishing you a very Happy Xmas and New Year 1933 ~

Item # EarlyVan_v2_140

CITY HALL. MARKET HALL. MAIN STREET. ARCHIVES. TOWER.

5 January 1932, J.S. Matthews. The Tower of the old City Hall, formerly Market Hall, on Main Street, and for so many years the prominent landmark, especially in photographs of early views of Vancouver was removed during the Christmas week 1931. The reason was that rain water was leaking into the Archives Room below, a dirty dilapidated chamber used without heat, light or anything else, and furnished with an old desk and broken chair, and a small box for a filing cabinet.

The story is this. In May 1931, Major J.S. Matthews, for many years an amateur collector and once a director of the City Museum, was descending the Vancouver Public Library after a "mourn" with a curator of the Museum on the lack of accommodation and facilities for preserving historical records. E.S. Robinson, the Librarian, was ascending the staircase. They stopped for a moment, when Major Matthews said, "I suppose you have no place you could put me." Mr. Robinson replied that he thought there was. A search was made, first in the basement of the Public Library, then in the basement of the old City Hall, where in a huge built in wooden box 10 feet wide and 30 feet long beside the furnace the city records were kept. Finally the caretaker's room in the tower was selected, a dirty, empty room which had not been cleaned for many years, festooned with cobwebs and falling wallpaper, and with the ceiling plaster largely fallen to the floor through dampness caused by a leaking roof. Here a start was made in May 1931. A year later, in July 1932, the room was cleaned and the wallpaper removed. In the meantime it was used secretly, in shame that the people of Vancouver should learn that their archives were kept in such a place.

The City Museum has occupied the top floor of the Library Building since about 1902, since the building was presented to the city by Mr. Andrew Carnegie; the two lower floors were used as a library; both institutions shared the basement, where the furnace, a room for museum junk, and old newspaper files for the library were stored. The Museum was and is still terribly cramped for space on the top floor.

The janitor's garret—the tower of the old City Hall—was cleaned out a bit, and an old desk, which fell apart as it was being carried up, two bar room chairs, and a cardboard filing box constituted the furniture; there was no heat, light or water, and as this was being effected, more of the ceiling plaster fell. A single document was placed in the filing box, and Major Matthews relates that he looked at the poor forlorn thing and wondered; wondered if it would grow.

A year later, May 1932, a special committee of the City Council (Aldermen Bennett, Fraser, McRae and Lembke) was, at Major Matthews's urging before the Council, appointed to enquire, and as a result of their report the Library Board was asked to institute an archives department. They appointed Major Matthews as "archivist" with an honorarium of \$30 a month, but with strict admonition that he was not to consider himself an employee of the board nor entitled to any privileges. This arrangement lasted two weeks very amicably; then the Librarian informed the archivist that the Board had made a mistake; that they should have appointed him (the librarian) as "archivist."

Of the \$850 allotted by the Council for 1932 activities, about one quarter was spent on repairs to the building, during the year the archivist received \$360 salary and probably \$100 expenses; the balance went for lantern slides, photographs, etc., etc. Whether the entire appropriation was used up is not known at this writing; trouble developed, and in December the archivist withdrew, quietly removing all material before doing so; he left a bare empty room, on which had laboured for over eighteen months with much enthusiasm and effort.

Prior to retiring, Major Matthews had told his troubles to Hon. Lt. Col. W.H. Malkin, first mayor of Greater Vancouver, 1929-1930, who called a private luncheon at the Georgia Hotel. There were present Col. Malkin; John Hosie, provincial archivist, Victoria; City Solicitor J.B. Williams; Roy Brown, editor-in-chief, the *Vancouver Daily Province*; and Major Harold Brown, president Board of Trade; and Major Matthews. Also D.N. Hossie, K.C., president Canadian Club. Another larger luncheon was promised by Col. Malkin.

When it was discovered that the Archives material was missing, the archivist received two letters demanding its return, the first by 27 December 1932, and the second by 23 January 1933; of neither was any notice, other than acknowledgement, taken. There were many interviews, but the archivist was obdurate.

This removal of the archives material, and refusal to give it up—it was stored in various places—was due to Major Matthews's recognition that the Public Library was no place for an archives department to function. The Board met once a month for an hour or so, sometimes there was not a quorum, and the meetings were frequently postponed to get one. This placed the Librarian in control, and while in some respects he was sympathetic, in others he was very much the reverse. Further, he had a circulating library issuing 1.25 million books a year to look after, and still further, about September a two-column article appeared in the *Province* recounting the enormous loss of books, several hundred out of the Reference Department. How could people be asked to deposit their historical treasures in an institution which acknowledged the annual loss of hundreds of books out of a department supposed to be theft proof. For weeks at a time, the Librarian would never enter the "archives" department; of the board one member only, of the five, was in it in two years.

At the end of 1932, Major Matthews withdrew his material, and continued to work on at his home without remuneration or expense allowance, and borrowed the money for his living expenses.

Among those who were of very material help during this trying time was (Worshipful Master) W.J. Moore, Esq., of W.J. Moore Photo Co., who did much, very much, work on the chance that someday he would be paid, and much more for nothing at all. Others were Alderman W.J. Twiss; W.H. Lembke; City Solicitor J.B. Williams; John Hosie, provincial archivist; Alderman Fraser; Col. Malkin; there was no lack of support, but to get anything established in an orderly way seemed impossible. Day after day passed; nothing done. The genealogical forms prepared in July and paid for by the Canadian Club were still unmailed in February; no funds for envelopes nor stamps; no proper place to have them sent back to if there had been. Two years has passed, and more, since Major Matthews first started; it was hard work to keep on; to stop would be even worse.

OFFICIAL WINS CONFIDENCE OF DOUKHOBOR BOYS

**Superintendent D. B. Brankin Finds His New
Charges Interesting Experiment—Little
Rebels Settling Down to Life at Co-
quitlam Industrial School Under
Gentle Treatment.**

Sept 25 1932

By J. S. MATTHEWS.

I WAS signing my name on the visitors' register—a surprise visit—at the entrance to the Provincial Industrial School for Boys, Coquitlam, when a voice from behind cheerily exclaimed "Well, well, look who's here." Turning round, there stood Superintendent D. B. Brankin, late of that muddy ditch "Regina Trench," Somme, where as a sergeant, he narrowly missed being decorated with a D. C. M.

"So you've ousted Veregin from his command!"

"Not wholly true," parried Mr. Brankin, "though I am in charge of ninety-two young Douks." Then he began to tell me the story.

SUBTLE TREATMENT IS REWARDED.

"Like most boys, they were a bit unmanageable at first; now they give no trouble. About half are big boys, eighteen and under, the remainder, little fellows. The bigger boys told me, when they first came, that they would not work. My response was that I did not want them to; that I had other boys who would do all the work that I wanted done. I told them that when I wanted anything done I would let them know, and I should expect them to do it, but just then I did not want anything.

"They next told me they would eat only such food as they wanted to eat. I enquired what food they would like; I would get it for them; but I told them frankly that, if they wanted a special menu, different from that of my other boys, that I would not prepare it for them; they would have to do that themselves. The big boys seemed glad enough to do this, and also promised me to look after the smaller ones; so I set them up in a kitchen of their own. Mrs. Brankin had plenty of food of the kind they asked for put where they could get it.

"You see, they will not eat flesh meat, fish, nor eggs; they want raw vegetables, salads, soups and vegetable oils such as olive oil. They are fond of fruit and sunflower seeds. I must say the bigger boys carried out their promises in a manner satisfactory to me.

SCARECROW JOB WAS TOO MUCH.

"We have been bothered lately with birds eating our crops, so we decided to make some scarecrows, and stand them out in the fields. Then I thought of a better plan. I took the bigger Doukhobor boys out on the farm, stationed them at intervals midst the foliage, with orders to stay there, and shoo the birds away. I told them all they had to do was to stay exactly where they were put, and shoo the birds away; nothing more. They were not to work, nor to wander around. The weather was fine and the sunshine was good for them.

"After two or three days, it chanced I was passing by when one of the boys beckoned to me to come to him, so I went over. The boy said, 'This is foolish!'

"Of course it's foolish," I agreed. "But you don't want to work, and I don't want you to work." The boy answered that they wanted to work, so I told him I would think about it.

BOYS AT LAST BEGGED FOR WORK.

"That afternoon I was again approached. 'When could we start work?' I asked when they wished to start; the answer was, 'at once.' I promised I would consider it further, but the next day I got some benches and told them to sit down on them, which they did—all day.

"But the following day I told them I had decided they could start. They started at once, have been at it since, and work like good boys. They're up at the playground now; come on up, and I'll get them to sing for you."

At the far end of the playground some were playing ball; nearer, others were at marbles. The sun was slowly setting; it would soon be time for them to get to their dormitories. Mr. Brankin called, and a flock of youngsters came running from all directions like chickens to a clucking hen. They ranged themselves into a tightly knitted group; the taller ones in the rear, the shorter in front.

"Boys," said the superintendent with a smile, "these ladies and gentlemen are from Vancouver. I have been telling them how nicely you can sing. I would like you to sing a song or two for them."

SINGING CHARMS THE VISITORS.

There was no hesitation, no accompaniment, no leader, no movement; song just burst forth from well behaved, bareheaded boys, all solemnly singing in splendid rhythm, perfect unison, all save one very little fellow who stood mystified, half hidden midst his taller brethren; shrill alto voices carrying song far over the beautiful grounds resplendent in a mass of flowering blooms. We removed our hats; at the conclusion of each hymn all boys reverently bowed their heads.

First it was the "Volga Boatman," then some hymns. They sang and sang until it seemed they must tire, yet with a willingness which clearly demonstrated them to be happy—circumstances permitted—and to appreciate the kindness, and the tender yet firm discipline under which they live. Their faces showed scarce a smile; faces for boys too solemn, as of children who knew neither laughter nor shouts. At least they ceased, and we went nearer to thank them.

Our words of appreciation were scarcely out of our lips when a chorus of voices exclaimed "You're very welcome, sir." The leading boy singer stepped forward, smiled as we grasped his hand, the group dispersed and straggled off to their sleeping



DAVID B. BRANKIN.

quarters. Even their aversion to marching in four—a military formation—is respected.

It was a touching, hopeful scene; not without an element of sadness that these little chaps, through no fault of their own, should be separated from those they loved, yet convincingly for their good. An examination of their schoolbooks, lying on their desks, showed evidence of very good penmanship, and skill at freehand drawing.

At the other end of the grounds—the Doukhobor children are treated as a distinct and separate unit—the boys of the Industrial School proper stood "at ease," under their masters, awaiting the proper moment for the proud ceremony of lowering the Union Jack at the close of the day. The boys came to "attention," the bugles blew the "Retreat." Slowly the emblem of our land was lowered, inch by inch, the boys' band poured forth the National Anthem. A few sharp commands, "form fours," "quick march," and to "Onward, Christian Soldiers," by the band in front, they marched off to bed; an impressive ceremony, dignified and orderly, features so lacking in the dispersal of the Doukhobor children a few moments previously.

"What do you expect to make of them?" we queried of the superintendent, with our mind on the young Doukhobors.

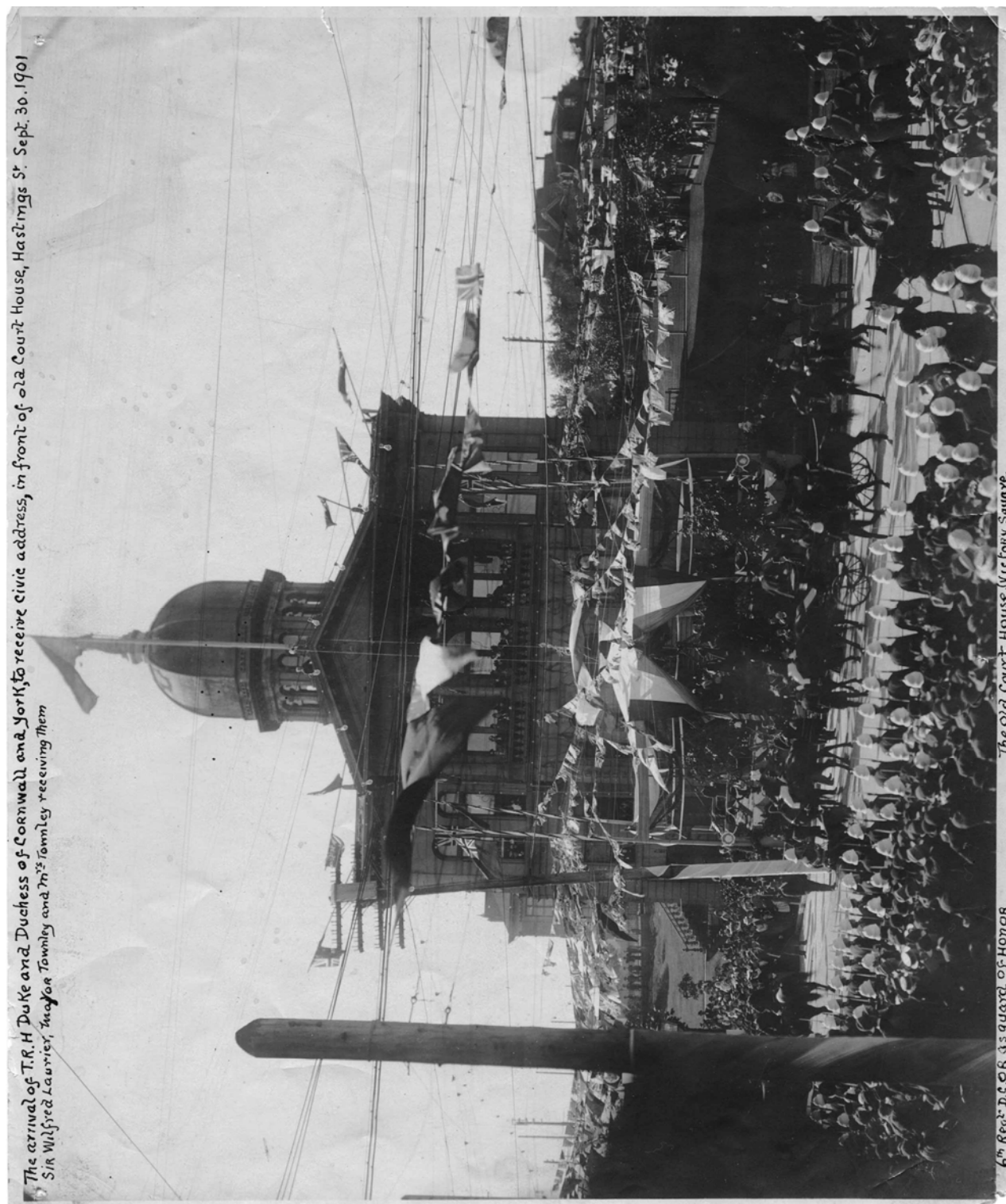
"Make of them?" responded Mr. Brankin, "well, we have much hope; there's possibilities in most of those boys. But it will take patience and—time."

Item # EarlyVan_v2_141

JUNE 1932 – WHITE SWANS. STEVESTON. FRASER RIVER.

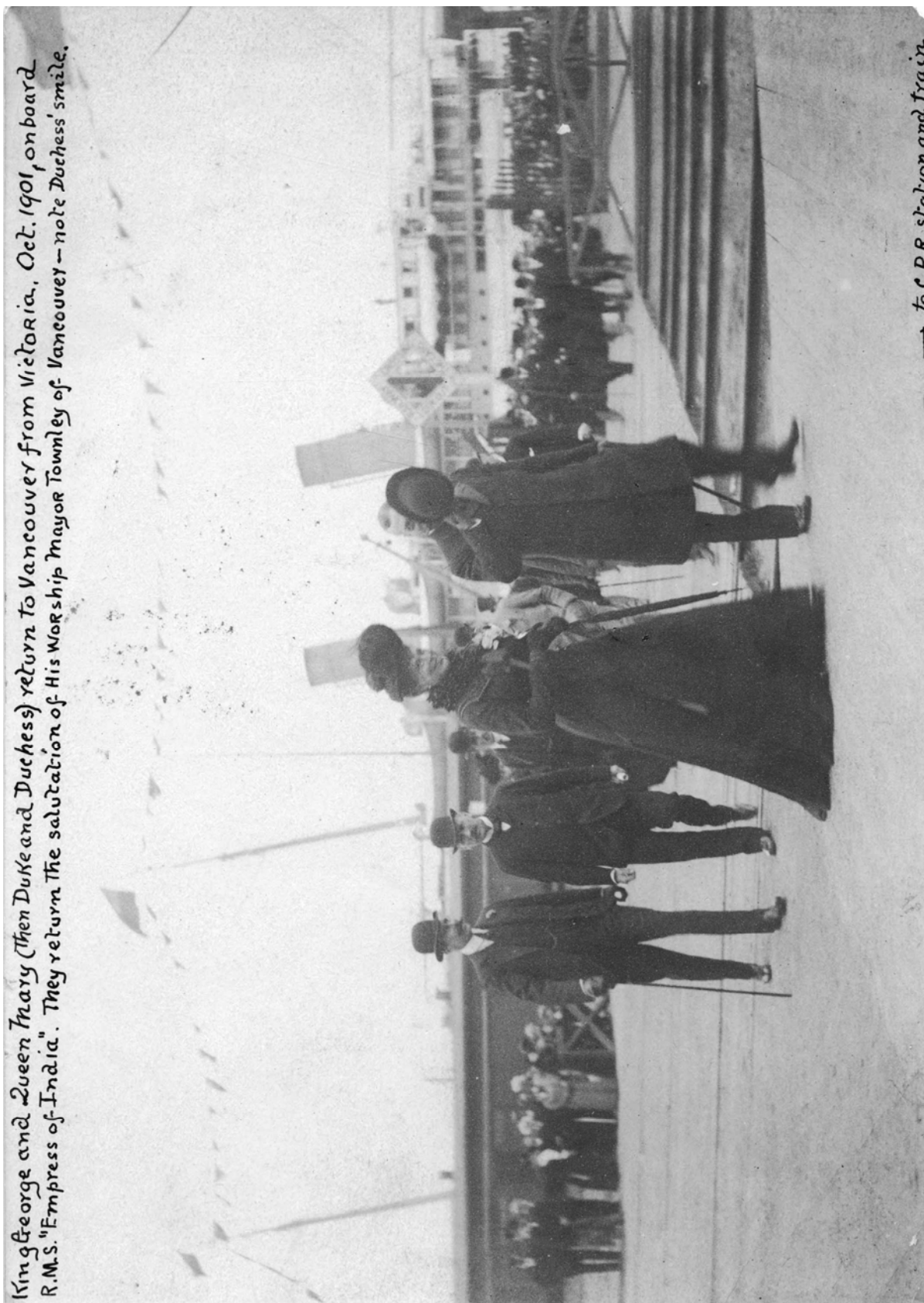
Mr. Joseph L. Graham, whose father preempted a section of land, he said, "close to" the Indian Reserve, Canoe Pass, Fraser River.

"In the early '80s I have seen great flocks, great flocks of them—white swans—on the Fraser River, near Steveston."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_142

King George and Queen Mary (then Duke and Duchess) return to Vancouver from Victoria, Oct. 1901, on board R.M.S. "Empress of India". They return the salutation of His Worship Mayor Townley of Vancouver — note Duchess' smile.



→ to C.P.R. station and train

Item # EarlyVan_v2_143

Lieut. Col. T. O. Townley, first commanding officer of militia in Vancouver. 1894
and mayor of Vancouver in 1901



Item # EarlyVan_v2_144

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK, 1901. HIS WORSHIP LT. COL. T.O. TOWNLEY.

Copy.

Newmarket, Ont.
Jan 23rd 1932.

Dear Major Matthews:

Re Royal Visit in 1901

I will try and put down a few more bits from memory. First, regarding the present King George's visit to Vancouver in 1901. He was then styled the Duke of Cornwall and York—the title of Prince of Wales was not bestowed upon him until after his return to London after the famous world's tour which embraced all the British Empire except India—which was the subject of a separate visit or durbar. When it became known that Canada was to be included in his itinerary on his way back from Australia, I got busy—I was Mayor of Vancouver at the time. According to the published itinerary through Canada, the Royal party was scheduled to visit Victoria—merely passing through Vancouver en route. I called together a few of the prominent citizens, and it was decided to send a man to Ottawa to get first hand information. Mr. E.R. Ricketts of the staff of the Bank of Montréal was chosen, and he proceeded at once on his mission. He was received most heartily at Ottawa—lunching at Government House with Lord and Lady Minto, and was given the entrée by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to all officials necessary for his purpose. The result was that the itinerary of the Royal party was changed, and Vancouver was given a day on the official programme. On Mr. Ricketts's return, and after receiving his report, he was appointed permanent secretary with the consent of the late Mr. Campbell Sweeny, then the manager of the Bank of Montréal, committees were struck, including the ladies for their end of it, and everything done to make the visit worthy of Vancouver and its citizens. (Note: the *Daily Province* has an article written by Arthur Cotton and it is enclosed in the box of photos, etc. I mailed to you a few days ago; you will find many details there.) The Royal party arrived (by C.P.R. train) in two sections—the first having on board the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier—arriving first, and the second train half an hour later. A mounted escort was furnished by the North West Mounted Police of Regina, and accompanied the visitors to Vancouver and Victoria. The North Pacific Squadron of the British Navy was lying in Burrard Inlet with Admiral Bickford's flag flying (see *Province* for list of ships). The Royal train arrived on time to the minute, and was welcomed by a Royal salute by the fleet. Vancouver was crowded with visitors and the approach from the C.P.R. to the dais erected in front of the old Court House (Victory Square now) was roped off and lined with the local police, and the 6th Regiment "The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles." The streets were a mass of bunting; all the prominent buildings were decorated. Many arches were built along Cordova, Hastings and Granville streets. When the Royal carriage drew up at the dais, His Worship Mayor Townley and Mrs. Townley received them on behalf of the city, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier on behalf of the Dominion Government. The members of the City Council and many leading citizens were on the platform, when His Worship read an address, after which little Miss Edith Townley presented Her Royal Highness with a bouquet of beautiful flowers. This function being completed the Royal party drove by way of Hastings, Westminster Avenue, Cordova and Cambie streets to the Drill Hall, which had lately been completed. The Duke, in a few words, declared the same duly opened. An adjournment was then made to the Officers' Mess where luncheon was served. After the toast to the King had been drunk, the Royal party adjourned to their train—to meet again at the Hastings Mill at the invitation of the management—Mrs. John Hendry, R.W. Alexander, and Charles M. Beecher—where a number of giant trees were cut into timber to the intense enjoyment and interest of the Duke and Duchess and their suite. The next part of the programme was a drive around Stanley Park via Granville, Georgia and Denman streets. By special invitation His Worship was in the Royal Carriage which, with its mounted escort, made a beautiful drive, stopping en route to visit the Big Trees, and to witness the gathering of school children filling the grandstand at Brockton Point Grounds. After the children had sung a few patriotic numbers, the party drove back through the city to board the H.M.S. *Empress of India* which was to convey them to Victoria. At the corner of Granville and Hastings Street, a band of Tsimpsonian tribe of Indians

from Fort Simpson in full tribal costume were met, and their chief presented an address and gift to H.R.H.—a headdress of eagle feathers if I remember aright. Then we drove down the incline to the wharf and I was invited on board and the Duke and Duchess presented me with individual autographed photographs; thanking me very heartily for the wonderful welcome they had received. The official reply to the address came later in a printed memorandum. At night the city and harbour were a blaze of illuminations, and the *Empress* pulled out in the wee sma' hours for Victoria, where a day was spent, and then the Royal Party turned East, and brought their transcontinental visit to an end.

This sketch may easily be enlarged upon by consulting the files of the local papers for the year 1901.

Yours faithfully,

T.O. Townley.

THE 6TH REGIMENT, "THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN RIFLES." OFFICERS' MESS. BEATTY STREET DRILL HALL.

Col. Townley writes that the Officers' Mess was curtained, carpeted and furnished—the building had just been completed—by the committee in charge of the Royal visit, and the furniture was afterwards presented to the regiment at his instance as Mayor. He was also a former commanding officer of the same unit before its change from artillery to rifles. The chairs used by Their Royal Highnesses—two of them—and the Royal luncheon table, were marked with small silver distinguishing plates and inscription by Major Matthews in 1932.

All trace of the despatch box, containing the papers, etc., etc., of the Royal visit, belonging to the reception committee, has been lost. Mr. E.R. Ricketts carefully treasured them until his death abroad; no information can be obtained as to what became of them. JSM.

THE 6TH REGIMENT, "THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN RIFLES." LIEUT. COL. H.D. HULME. VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

On his first visit to Vancouver in his capacity of His Excellency the Governor-General about 1911, the Duke of Connaught dined with his officers of the regiment of which he was honorary colonel. The dinner was held in the Hotel Vancouver, the new wing of which had recently been opened, the wing next Howe Street.

There were two or three meetings of the officers of the regiment to arrange for the dinner, and at the final one, Col. Hulme, then, I think, president of the Officers' Mess said from his chair at the head of the mess:

"Well, gentlemen, everything is all finished. You are to dine with His Royal Highness on" (I think) "Thursday night; there is to be Royal squab, and I don't know just what else, but the price will be seventeen dollars and fifty cents per plate," (\$17.50) "*which you will all pay.*" Then, without a second's hesitation, he continued, "Mr. Secretary, what's the next order of business?" The secretary stated something, and the meeting went on.

This story is recorded simply to show the wonderful esprit de corps which existed in the "Old Sixth," and the great confidence which the officers had in their seniors, and their splendid training. Added to this was Col. Hulme's wonderful personality; when he left to take over the command of the 62 Overseas Battalion, the officers presented him with a purse of gold one evening after drill. It was nearing midnight, but they sent a cab, I believe it was, down for his wife, got her out of bed, and brought her up to the Mess where they had a great bouquet of flowers for her, and walloping big cake for the colonel's children at home in bed. Hulme told me afterwards, "Say, Matthews, that's some experience to go through, my boy; I had hard work to keep from shedding a tear." But to return to the dinner.

The dinner took place. The band played soft music on the lawn of the Court House, surrounded by a huge crowd, brilliant lights, arches illuminated, etc., etc., and the crowd peering on tiptoe to get a glimpse of those within the hotel, which, by the movement, they could see were attending some function; actually the

dinner. About thirty-five officers of the regiment were in attendance, in full mess dress of black—the old style mess dress—and one guest, just one, Lt. Col. J. Edwards Leckie, commanding the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, afterwards Major General Leckie. Major (Judge) Alex Henderson recited Tennyson's "The Revenge" in his inimitable style. The dinner was a very modest dinner, by no means a feast, very orderly, little talking, just a mess dinner despite its total cost of well over \$600. Then H.R.H. the Honorary Colonel rose, delivered a short speech, and retired. It was very evident to see that he was well pleased.

Earlier in the day the Royal party had been received on the steps of the Court House. It was a beautiful day and a gorgeous scene with the green grass, the tremendously tall flag pole in the centre with the Union Jack flying, the bunting, the decorations, the troops, Boy Scouts, legion of Frontiersmen, etc., etc., all drawn up. The dais was a huge affair constructed over the Court House steps, carpeted and chaired luxuriantly, and with the officers of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. drawn up in rear of the dais as a sort of background, "wallpaper," some jokester said. The writer was standing just behind Miss Pelly, a lady in waiting, and heard her whisper to Col. Bukely, A.D.C., "My, this is something like a show."

Vancouver did well that day for the son of the Great Queen, and brother of Edward the Peacemaker. JSM
March 1933.

THE STORY OF “A BRAVE SOLDIER AND GALLANT GENTLEMAN.”

“Museum and Art Notes,” Vancouver City Museum, 1929.

This painting in oils is preserved in the Officers’ Mess at the Drill Hall. Its cost, \$500, was raised by collections made by Major J.S. Matthews from old officers and friends. It is said to be an excellent likeness; it lacks one ribbon, green, i.e. the Officers Long Services (Volunteer). Mrs. Hart-McHarg, his mother, handed all her husband’s and son’s papers, documents and trophies to Major Matthews for safekeeping. They are in the City Museum.



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM HART-McHARG

Portrait in oils presented, as a token of goodwill, and as a memorial to their distinguished comrade, by former officers of the old "6th Regiment, The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles," and "7th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, to the present officers of the "British Columbia Regiment, The Duke of Connaught's Own," which regiment now amalgamates and perpetuates the honors and traditions of both former units. The ladies of the "Colonel Hart-McHarg Chapter, I. O. D. E., are also associated with the presentation.

—The portrait is by Victor A. Long, Esq.

Lieut.-Col. William Hart-McHarg

By MAJOR J. S. MATTHEWS



*"War! We would rather peace; but, Mother, if fight we must,
There be none of your sons on whom you can lean with a surer trust.
Bone of your bone are we; and in death would be dust of your dust."*

—From Frontispiece in "From Quebec to Pretoria" by W. Hart-McHarg, 1902.

LIEUT.-COL. Hart-McHarg's splendid career closed at the comparatively early age of 46 years. Early in 1914, just before the outbreak of war, he was offered the command of the Canadian rifle team, proceeding to Bisley that summer. He declined, declaring that his private affairs were so heavy he could not accept. It must have been a bitter decision for so ardent a rifleman—a rifle shot of international fame. Soon afterwards war broke out. He hesitated not a day; private affairs did not then stand in the way, and he led the famous Seventh, Vancouver's "Old Contemptibles," to the front.

Many stories, mostly inaccurate as to facts and detail, have been told and even printed as to how he met his death in the following April. The Canadian official history of the war briefly states that he was mortally wounded while reconnoitring. I have never seen the true story in print. One man, and one man only, Brigadier-General Victor W. Odlum, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., then major, and his second in command, knows exactly the details of the incident, for he was the only person present.

General Odlum relates that on the night of April 22nd, 1915, the Seventh was lying in the Ypres salient, and was sent in from "support" to "front line" to block a gap between the 13th Royal Highlanders of Canada and the 14th Royal Montreal Battalion which had been caused by a great breach in the French line when the French colored troops, the Zouaves, gave way under the famous German gas attack. The Seventh occupied a hill, east of St. Julien, at the foot of which was the village of Keersalaere. At that time the trench system was not continuous as it afterwards became, and on the afternoon of the following day, the 23rd, the Seventh was ordered to dig, under cover of that night's darkness, a new trench line. Major Odlum offered to do the reconnoitring for the location of the new line, but Col. McHarg insisted on seeing the situation for himself, so both went together, accompanied by Lieut. Matheson of the Engineers. Proceeding cautiously down hill, they entered the village, and later one of the cottages, when, on looking through the back window, they were amazed to see a strong party of Germans peering over a hedge scarcely fifty feet away. All three turned and ran, Matheson veering off to the left to a ditch and finally escaping, while the other two struck straight up the hill towards their command, some of whom probably saw, at the distance, what was happening without actually understanding its import. As the two officers cleared the village houses, the Germans opened fire in volleys, both threw themselves to the ground, Major Odlum, by luck, jumping into a small shell hole, and, an instant later, Col. McHarg rolled on top of him, exclaiming

"They have got me." He had been struck from behind through the left thigh, the bullet penetrating the stomach.

It was late afternoon. Major Odlum lay in the shell hole awaiting his opportunity, and, after doing what he could to comfort his stricken comrade, left him lying, perhaps half-way between the Germans and our front line, and made a zig-zag dash up the hill, the Germans firing at him as he went. Soon afterwards dusk fell, when Capt. George Gibson, the battalion medical officer, accompanied by stretcher-bearers, reached Col. McHarg, dressed his wound, and had him carried to a little ruined farm house which served as battalion headquarters. He knew he was dying, and during the most part of the evening found comfort in gently clasping the hand of Major Odlum, who, when duty permitted, sat by his side. There were many things he wished to say, but he found great difficulty in speaking. Towards midnight, a Canadian ambulance, by a miracle, found its difficult way to a point quite close, and the colonel, obviously sinking, was conveyed to Poperinghe, where he died the following day. He was buried at Renninghelst, and Major Odlum succeeded to the command of the Seventh.

"In making this particular reconnaissance," said Gen. Odlum recently, "Colonel McHarg proved himself the conscientious gallant officer and thorough gentleman that he had always been. It was not compulsory for him to make the reconnaissance. He could have sent others. He could even have satisfied himself with an examination of the situation from the top of the hill. He did neither—he went himself. He said he would not be doing his full duty were he to do otherwise. The circumstances as he saw them were these: A new emergency trench had to be dug in the battle zone in the midst of an operation, and in the face of an advancing enemy. The question which confronted him was, 'should it be dug on the top of the hill where the battalion then lay out in the open ground, or down at the forward foot of the hill.' Colonel McHarg would not take the responsibility of deciding without personally going out to look over both sites, and in thus doing his full duty he lost his life."

The news of the death of the commander of the "British Columbians" came as a terrible shock to all British Columbia, but especially so to the members of his old unit, the 6th Regiment, "The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles," of which he had been second in command, and to whose exceptionally high state of efficiency he had so largely contributed. He was a man of great natural ability, and would undoubtedly have risen to high command in the Canadian forces had he lived.

Lieut.-Col. William Frederick Richard Hart-McHarg was born, as he died, "in the service," his birthplace being Kilkenny Barracks, Ireland. He was the only son—second of four children—of Major William Hart-McHarg, quartermaster of H. M.'s. 44th Regiment of Foot, now "The Essex Regiment," and Jane Scott Thomsett, whose father was a captain in that regiment. Major McHarg was present at the battles of Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol in the Crimean War (medal with four clasps), and was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal, an honour created by Queen Victoria, for sergeants only, for distinguished conduct in the field, and now known as the D. C. M. Afterwards he served in the China War, 1860, at Taku Forts. In early life Major McHarg was known as William Hart, but subsequently made a legal declaration re-assuming his father's patronymic of McHarg. Major Hart-McHarg's widow and two daughters still survive in England. His grandfather was Archibald McHarg of Wigtownshire, Scotland.

Educated in England and Belgium, Col. Hart-McHarg made his way to Canada when he was 16, farmed for five years in Manitoba, and at 21 commenced to study

law in Winnipeg, where he supported himself on a salary of \$25 per month. He once reminiscently related that he managed on so small a sum by "washing my own collars, walking to the office, and, as for going to the theatre, why, that was beyond my wildest dreams." In 1891, at 22, he enlisted as a private in the Winnipeg troop of cavalry (volunteers). Four years later, in 1895, he was called to the bar in Manitoba, and then, attracted by the mining activity in the Kootenays, moved to Rossland, became a British Columbia barrister in 1897, and was commissioned a lieutenant in the old Rossland Rifle Company a few months before the Boer War broke out in 1899. Unable to obtain a commission as an officer, he volunteered as a private in the 2nd (special service) Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment, and was present at the Battle of Paardeberg, the Surrender of Cronje, at Poplar Grove, and the occupation of Bloemfontien and Pretoria (medals with four clasps), returning to Canada with the rank of sergeant, and resumed practice at Rossland. He received his captaincy in the "Rocky Mountain Rangers," and, coming to Vancouver in 1902, joined the 6th Regiment, "The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles," the following year. He established with the late J. G. L. Abbott, first at Rossland, later at Vancouver, the legal firm of Abbott & Hart-McHarg, subsequently Abbott, Hart-McHarg, Duncan & Rennie. Strangely, one of his most valued clients was the notorious German, Alvo von Alvensleben, whose expensive marble timepiece, presented to the officers of the old "Sixth," was afterwards used by them as a football, and later replaced by a more acceptable one presented by Mr. Fred Buscombe.

As a rifleman—his favorite sport—Col. McHarg's reputation was international. The rifle with which he made the marvellous score of 220 out of 225, and thereby won the World's Championship at Camp Perry, Ohio, together with the official score card in a frame, is still preserved in the officers' mess at the Drill Hall. He shot for Canada in the all-nation "Palma Trophy" contests in 1907, and for British Columbia against the National Guard of Washington. He won the "Perry Trophy" in 1904, the "Governor-General's Gold Medal" in 1908, and again in 1913, the British Columbia "All-Comers' Aggregate" in 1909, and was on the Canadian "Kolapore" team at Bisley in 1907 and 1910. He attended the coronation ceremonies of King George as an officer of the Canadian contingent. He was an ardent Imperialist, was one of the early vice-presidents of the Vancouver Canadian Club, and was one of those responsible for the adoption here of "O Canada" (Buchan version) as an anthem replacing "The Maple Leaf Forever" for public occasions. He gave strong support to the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire in the days when it lacked its present strength, and his name is now perpetuated in the Col. Hart-McHarg Chapter, I. O. D. E. He managed, for his party, a Dominion election in this city. His successful defence of two men charged with the murder of a woman in Fairview brought him much prominence as a criminal lawyer. He was one of, if not actually, the first advocates here of "daylight saving," and with such success that for a year or so it was adopted. His outward appearance was not strikingly military, for of later years this distinguished officer walked as though he was tired, and his carriage was less erect. His massive face suggested nothing of the frailty of his body, which, through ill-health (indigestion), weighed about 140 pounds. Frequently his diet was merely biscuits and milk. He was a cool, quiet man of commanding personality, and a bachelor. Of his character we can best learn by referring to the tablet erected in Christ Church by the Seventh Battalion, and which is inscribed "erected by his comrades as a tribute to a brave soldier and a gallant gentleman." Soon after his death the Georgia Street viaduct was completed and named the "McHarg Viaduct," but the name has fallen into disuse.

Oddly, this ardent soldier, both in peace and war, wore no military decorations. He was a member of the Vancouver Club. Some months after his death his aged and invalided mother received the personal condolences of His Majesty. A portrayal of the incident shows her reclining in her wheel chair while the King bends over her in conversation. A few months ago Mrs. Hart-McHarg donated to the Vancouver City Museum many interesting documents relating to the services of her illustrious husband and son.

At the conclusion of the Boer War, Col. McHarg published his experiences in South Africa with the Royal Canadian Regiment in a narrative entitled "From Quebec to Pretoria." In the last paragraph he gives beautiful, almost prophetic, expression to his sentiments in referring to his comrades who fell in that war. "On arrival in Canada," he wrote in 1902, "no time was lost in the disbandment of the regiment, and we all betook ourselves to our homes. Unfortunately, all those who went with us did not return. No body of men can take part in a great campaign and expect to come through without suffering casualties. But what better death can a man die than to lay down his life for the honour of his country? The foundation on which will be reared the splendid edifice of the Imperial British Empire is cemented by their blood. They bore the brunt of the campaign; they are its heroes. To them be the honour and the glory." And "The Province" of April 26th, 1915, in announcing his death, concludes its obituary with his own words, "Yes, Col. Hart-McHarg, to them be the honour and the glory."



LIEUT.-COL. J.W. WARDEN, D.S.O., O.B.E.

Major J.S. Matthews tells some anecdotes of the life of Col. Warden, of whom he was a great admirer.

Major Matthews first "met" Col. Warden on board the S.S. *Rupert City* on the way to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle about 1907. As Lieut. Matthews he was Orderly officer, and proceeded with a sergeant to the hold of the ship to see that "lights out" was observed. In the darkness there was a candle burning. The sergeant called out, "Put that light out." An answer came out of the darkness, "I can't find my blankets." Lieut. Matthews asked the sergeant, "Who's that fellow?" The sergeant replied, "His name's Warden, a private."

Some years later, December 1916, Capt. Matthews approached Lieut.-Col. Warden who was raising the 102nd Battalion C.E.F. and asked for a post in the new unit. Capt. Matthews was actually a major in the 158th Overseas Battalion, but did not like the unit. Col. Warden replied, "What's your rank now?" Capt. Matthews replied, "Major." Warden said, "I cannot take you, I'm full up; best I could do would be as a captain." "All right," said Matthews, who afterwards dropped down from major to captain.

After the war, and Warden's return to Vancouver, Col. Warden contested one of the six seats of the City of Vancouver in the B.C. Provincial elections of 1921, and in the conservative interest. Five liberals were returned, and one conservative, ex-Premier Bowser. Warden ran next to Bowser, an excellent showing. But the cost of the election, plus his losses by the failure of the Dominion Trust Co., to whom he had entrusted his finances, grew so low that, in desperation, he boarded a harvester's train bound for the prairies; a rough train of "colonist" cars, crowded with rough men, bound for the harvest fields at \$10.00 a ride to the prairie, any part. His companion was young Hugh Matthews, son of Major Matthews, a youth off for the excitement of the adventure. Two weeks later Col. Warden and young Hugh might have been seen in the field at Govan, Saskatchewan, stooking wheat, living in a rude shack with an uncultured farmer. Here was a case where we had a Canadian officer with nine decorations or medals, who had commanded 125,000 men in the Caspian area, who had raised his own battalion and commanded it at Regina Trench, Vimy, Passchendaele, before whom some Persian sheik had spread red carpets from the river front for Col. Warden, as H.M. representative to walk upon to his palace, working in overalls on a prairie farm for \$4.00 (or less) per day. The two men, the distinguished soldier, twice attending at Buckingham Palace to receive honours from the hands of His Majesty, and the youth, returned together two or three months later with about \$200 in their pockets apiece.

Warden blamed much of this misfortune on Gen. Odlum. The feud had started years before Warden came to Vancouver. Odlum had been an officer in the old 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. and, failing to attend to his duties as a volunteer officer, was invited to retire. This incensed Odlum, who never forgot it. It is but necessary to read Gen. Odlum's article in the *Listening Post*, journal of the 7th Battalion C.E.F. to understand his attitude towards the 6th D.C.O.R. Warden was an officer of the 6th D.C.O.R. and when, after Col. Hart-McHarg's death in action, Major Odlum assumed command of the 7th, no love was lost between the two men. In the subsequent elections after the war, Odlum was liberal member of the legislative assembly, Warden defeated candidate in the conservative interest.

One would have thought that two officers of the old 6th, again officers of the 7th, and subsequently the brigadier of the 11th Brigade in which the 102nd Battalion existed commanded by his fellow officer the lieutenant-colonel, would have found more in common after the war. The writer blames Gen. Odlum, not Warden. The "issue of rum" incident of the winter of 1916-1917, and the esteem in which Warden was held by the men in the ranks, is all that is necessary to judge by.

However, after Warden's return from the prairie, he secured an appointment as "Special Representative" for the West Coast Lumbermen's Association, with headquarters at Seattle, for the promotion of lumber and shingle sales throughout North America. He travelled luxuriantly, was paid \$600 a month, including expenses, raised the second year to \$1,000 a month including travelling expenses, but his expenses were high, and when, at the end of two or three years, the Hoover tariff on lumber, etc., etc., had played havoc with the shingle and lumber mills, Warden's position vanished, and he had saved very little.

Finally in desperation again, he secured a "job" as doorman at the entrance to Chicago's leading picture theatre, and retained it for about 18 months. He stood on his feet on a concrete pavement many hours a day and seven days a week. In one year he had but two holidays off duty. He writes that he rarely saw his

three daughters, for he remained to close the theatre at 2 a.m. and was on duty again at 10 a.m. His salary was small. Finally the theatre people got to know that he was trying to secure a position as warden of the New Westminster Penitentiary, and he was told his services would no longer be required. He wired Major Matthews one Saturday that he must have \$75 by Monday, or he and his wife would be thrown onto the street out of their apartment. Matthews wired the money.

He repaired to Detroit, or Windsor, Detroit I think, and there secured a commission selling graves in a new burial park being promoted; it yielded nothing after two months effort. Then he went to Windsor and got a job as night clerk in a fourth rate hotel at \$90 a month, and on this, and what his daughters could earn by working in a department store, they lived in more or less penury. This lasted six months or a year. Then in September or October 1929 he received a telephone message to come at once to the hospital, but before he reached the hospital his youngest daughter was dead. All his letters written at this time are in the Vancouver City Museum.

Major Matthews had done his best; his telegraph bill, in trying to get him the position of warden of the Westminster Penitentiary, was over forty dollars. He wired everyone from the premier of B.C. to the minister of justice at Ottawa, all without avail; but evidently the work was not lost, for two years later, after Warden had endured all the harrowing experiences recounted above, he was appointed Governor of the Essex County Gaol, Sandwich, Ontario, and Ontario Provincial Government appointment, and still, 1933, retains it. A front full page article on his remarkable career appeared in the *Border Cities Star* in the fall of 1932.

Such is a part of the story of a boy of "red school house" education, who rose from piano salesman to be an illustrious son on Canada. He was no social butterfly, just plain "Honest John" Warden, a tall, gaunt man with a great heart.

A queer anomaly in 1928. The Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the "North British Columbia Regiment" standing as doorman before the entrance of Chicago's leading moving picture theatre.

On 13 February 1919 was ordered to take draft of three hundred officers and men from Bombay by ship to Vladivostok, Siberia, with instructions to hand command to Gen. Knox, and proceed to Canada. On arrival at Hong Kong was ordered to disembark his troops, and remain until spring, as there were no quarters at Vladivostok. During this interval proceeded to interior of China with Intelligence officers gathering data on official Chinese internal affairs. Vladivostok was reached on 16 April 1919, where orders were received to proceed with draft to Omsk, arriving there 1 May. Remained with Gen. Knox's staff for a month, ordered to proceed to Russian Island on coast near Vladivostok and take over from Brig.-Gen. Sir Edward Grogan, command of Russian Military Training School. Remained May until October 1919, and withdrawn with remainder of troops being withdrawn from Russian sphere. Proceeded to England by way of Japan and Canada, remaining in England until March 1920, during which time was offered position on staff of General Dennikin, the Russian commander in the Black Sea area, declining on account of long absence from family—almost six years.

Was transferred back to C.E.F., having been seconded since 10 January 1918. Returned to Canada 31 March 1920, discharged, and placed on reserve of his old regiment, the 6th Regiment The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, Vancouver. Accorded a banquet in his honour at the Hotel Vancouver by the officers and men of the 102nd Battalion, colloquially known as "Warden's Warriors."

He has been awarded nine decorations or medals.

Has for many years been Hon. Lieut.-Col. of the North British Columbia Regiment at Prince Rupert.

Candidate for legislature, conservative interest, 1920. City of Vancouver, defeated with all other, save one, the ex-Premier Bowser, conservative. (B.C. Legislature.)

Was an early alderman in West Vancouver, soon after its establishment as a municipality.

In the spring of 1923 was "Special Field Representative" in the United States for the West Coast Lumbermen's Association, and for five years covered the whole of the United States and Mexico in their interests, when President Hoover's tariff laws forced the lumber mills of B.C. to cease imports to U.S. and

Col. Warden's position vanished. Since the fall of 1929 has been Governor of the Essex County Gaol, Sandwich, Ontario.

Born in New Brunswick (United Empire Loyalist.)

The above is a very cursory sketch of Col. Warden's remarkable career, and is copied from a faint carbon copy of his services which he himself must have prepared, probably for some military record office. What it leaves out is almost more than it includes. The motif of his life was a compelling patriotism; it brought him much; he also suffered much in consequence of his ideals. A quantity of documents, papers, etc. have been preserved in the Vancouver City Museum by his friend, Major Matthews. The history of the 102nd Battalion, *From B.C. to Baisieux*, gives more; the Canadian Defense Quarterly, 1932, gives a description of the Dunsterforce expedition.

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN WEIGHTMAN WARDEN, D.S.O., O.B.E. 102ND BATTALION "NORTH BRITISH COLUMBIANS," C.E.F.

Military Record:

Enlisted about 1 January 1901 at St. John, New Brunswick, in the South African Constabulary for service in the Anglo-Boer War, leaving Halifax 8 March 1901. Served as scout to end of war, then placed in charge of Wakkerstroom Mounted Police District, Transvaal, appointed Public Prosecutor, Criminal Court, June 1902 to November 1905, when returned to Canada on six months leave.

After return to Canada joined as private the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R., Vancouver. Charter member United Service Club. Won St. George's Challenge Shield at Bisley, 1911. In 1913 member international rifle team competing against five United States teams, his score being 222 out of 225 at 800-1,000. Annually competitor at B.C. and Ottawa rifle meetings, 1909-1913. Holds some fifty prizes for rifle shooting won in local, provincial, dominion, national and international shoots.

Telegraphed offer of service to Ottawa day Austria sent ultimatum to Serbia, and sailed for England with First Contingent (7th Battalion), Captain. His brokerage business he entrusted to the Dominion Trust Co., which crashed during his absence, and he lost all. Dangerously wounded and gassed during 2nd Battle of Ypres at Graafenvorst (Locality "C"). After convalescence returned to Canada six months leave, 1 November 1915, as unfit for further service. On 15 November promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and authorised to raise the 102nd Comox-Atlin Battalion, afterwards known as "North British Columbians." Whilst under medical care started to recruit in January 1916, and in August 1916 was with his battalion in the front line at Ypres as part of the 11th Canadian Infantry Brigade, 4th Division. Trained battalion at Comox, B.C. This most enviable record is remarkable, for six months after receiving his first recruits at Comox his battalion was in action.

On 10 January 1918 selected to take secret military expedition afterwards called Dunsterforce, or "Hush-Hush" Force to Baku on the Caspian Sea to General Dunsterville, who was waiting in Enzeli, Persia to take command. Left England in charge of force 10 January 1918 and proceed by transport to Basrah, thence by barges on Tigris River to Baghdad, arriving 28 March 1918. Marched his column on foot to Enzeli, a distance of approximately 1,000 miles, some 800 miles being through unmapped country, arriving 29 August 1918.

General Dunsterville commanding, they proceeded on 30 August 1918 to Baku, where General Dunsterville was obliged to remain at his headquarters on board ship, and placed Col. Warden in command of the entire frontage—some thirty miles—occupied by 125,000 troops, Russian, Armenian, Georgian, Arab, Tartar, Turkamena, and British. The purpose was the decoy part of the Turkish Army, about fourteen divisions, from in front of General Allenby in Palestine, thereby weakening the forces in Palestine, aiding their defeat by Gen. Allenby, which it was calculated would cause the collapse of the Turks and as a natural consequence of Bulgaria, Austria and finally Germany. The purpose being completed, they withdrew on 14 September 1918.

On 15 September 1918, Col. Warden was ordered to take over the command of another Transcaspian British Expedition with headquarters at Krasnovodski. On 16 September he assumed command and carried out operations along Persian and Afghanistan frontiers until Armistice, when he requested return

to Canada. He handed over his command to Major General Thompson, proceeded to Baghdad, and thence via Basrah to India, arriving 11 January 1919.

LIEUT. COL. W.S. LATTA, D.S.O. AND TWO BARS.

Lieut. Col. W.S. Latta, D.S.O. and two bars, of the 29th (Vancouver) Battalion, was born at Ayr, Scotland, 14 April 1879, and joined the old 6th Regiment, The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, Vancouver, as a private on 5 January 1900, promoted corporal February 1903, sergeant March 1903, and then was offered a commission in his regiment in the spring of 1909.

It was the unwritten law of the officers of the old Sixth that officers of the regiment must come from the sergeants or lower ranks of the regiment. At the time of the outbreak of the Great War, all the officers of the regiment save one or two of those on the staff, and one or two other exceptions, had at some time or other been in the ranks of the regiment or some other regiment. Further, notwithstanding that it was contrary to military procedure, the officers of the regiment voted on the candidature of suggested officers; the procedure was for the name of the intended officer to be mentioned at one monthly officers' meeting, and secretly voted on at the next meeting; three nays disqualified the candidate, and although it was the commanding officer's prerogative to ignore such a vote, he rarely did so, and in a number of years there were but two instances where he overruled the decision by secret ballot of his thirty or thirty-five officers.

Sergeant Latta's name was submitted to the officers of the regiment for a commission, a secret vote was taken, and the decision was adverse. But the commanding officer, Lt. Col. F.W. Boulton, overruled the decision, and exercised his prerogative, thereby saving from oblivion a soldier who subsequently attained much distinction.

As captain, he joined the 29th Vancouver Battalion on 1 November 1914 and went overseas in May 1915 as captain in command of "C" Company. Promoted Lieut. Col. and assumed command 21 July 1917; took an active part in all engagements from September 1915 to August 1918 and was present at Kemmel, St. Eloi Craters, Ypres, Somme, Courcelette, Vimy, Arleux, Lens, Hill 70, Passchendaele and Amiens. Wounded, Battle of Amiens, 9 August 1918. D.S.O. June 1917, bar January 1918, second bar, August 1918.

Subsequent to the war he was with the Land Department of the B.C. government until September 1931 when he was transferred to another department.

A splendid rifle shoot, and winner of the British Columbia Rifle Association's Grand Aggregate Gold Medal in 1913.

He was one of three brothers who were the first to climb the "Lions," Labour Day, 5 September 1903.

CAPTAIN AND QUARTERMASTER FRANK KENNEDY. 6TH REGIMENT, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN RIFLES.

The old 6th Regiment "The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles" was a really splendid regiment in which nearly every officer was a man of note in some respect. About 1911 His Excellency the Governor-General, H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G., visited Vancouver for the first time in his capacity of Governor-General, and was accorded a wonderful welcome. One of the features of the visit was his first dinner with the officers of this regiment, of which he was Honorary Colonel, and during this dinner he made a speech in which he made the following remark (he was speaking of rifle shooting), "And I hope that in this respect, you will long continue to set an example to the other regiments of Canada."

At this time, and for many years previously, fifteen or more, the regimental quarter master sergeant was Q.M. Sgt. F. Kennedy, afterwards, during the war, Captain and Q.M. of the regiment. In conversation today, 2 March 1933, he said, re surrender of Indian chief, Riel Rebellion, 1885:

"Poundmaker came riding up to us on a horse surrounded with his staff of twenty or more, and the priest; it was the priest who did all the talking. I was Colour Sergeant Kennedy of the Queen's Own Rifles; Captain Hughes was a son of some wealthy business man in Toronto. As Poundmaker rode up to us—there were just two of us, Capt. Hughes and myself—he looked one of the most imposing sights I have

ever seen; his face was set and stern like a stone image, and he sat his horse like a dignified statue. They came up under a little white flag. He had with him a little hunchback, the blackest little fellow I ever saw for an Indian, and he walked up to me, and stuck out his hand, and exclaimed, 'Hello, Jack'; I think they were the only two words in English he knew. He was full of cordiality, but I had never seen him before.

"We put Poundmaker in a buggy and sent him over to the brigade where he surrendered again. Poundmaker complained that he had been fired on while coming in under white flag; well, I suppose he was; how were we to tell, he was a long way off.

"We got a wagon load of arms from them. Then afterwards in camp I started to get some food, some grub, for Poundmaker, and was making it in a pot. I offered the food to him. After the food was cooked, I offered him the pot with the food in it, but he waved it away, and remarked with a gesture of disgust that he wanted it on a plate. He said he was not going to eat out of a pot. I said to him, 'Oh, well, all right then, you needn't, this is not my work to prepare food for you; I thought you wanted to eat; it's not my business to provide plates for you.' I was a colour sergeant, not a cook. I told him, 'I'm just helping you out.'

"I went over by and by and asked General Otter what we were to do about food for him. General Otter replied, 'Oh, just draw rations for him like the rest.'

"The next day I went out alone, and saw some Indians away off. I waved my arm for them to come towards me, and a fellow, a chief, Piapot, came over on a buck board and surrendered to me. He was not much of a fellow.

"Two or three days afterwards they told Poundmaker that I was going away; I had to go off on another duty. Poundmaker told them he was sorry, and when he saw me going, came over and shook hands."

Query: What became of him?

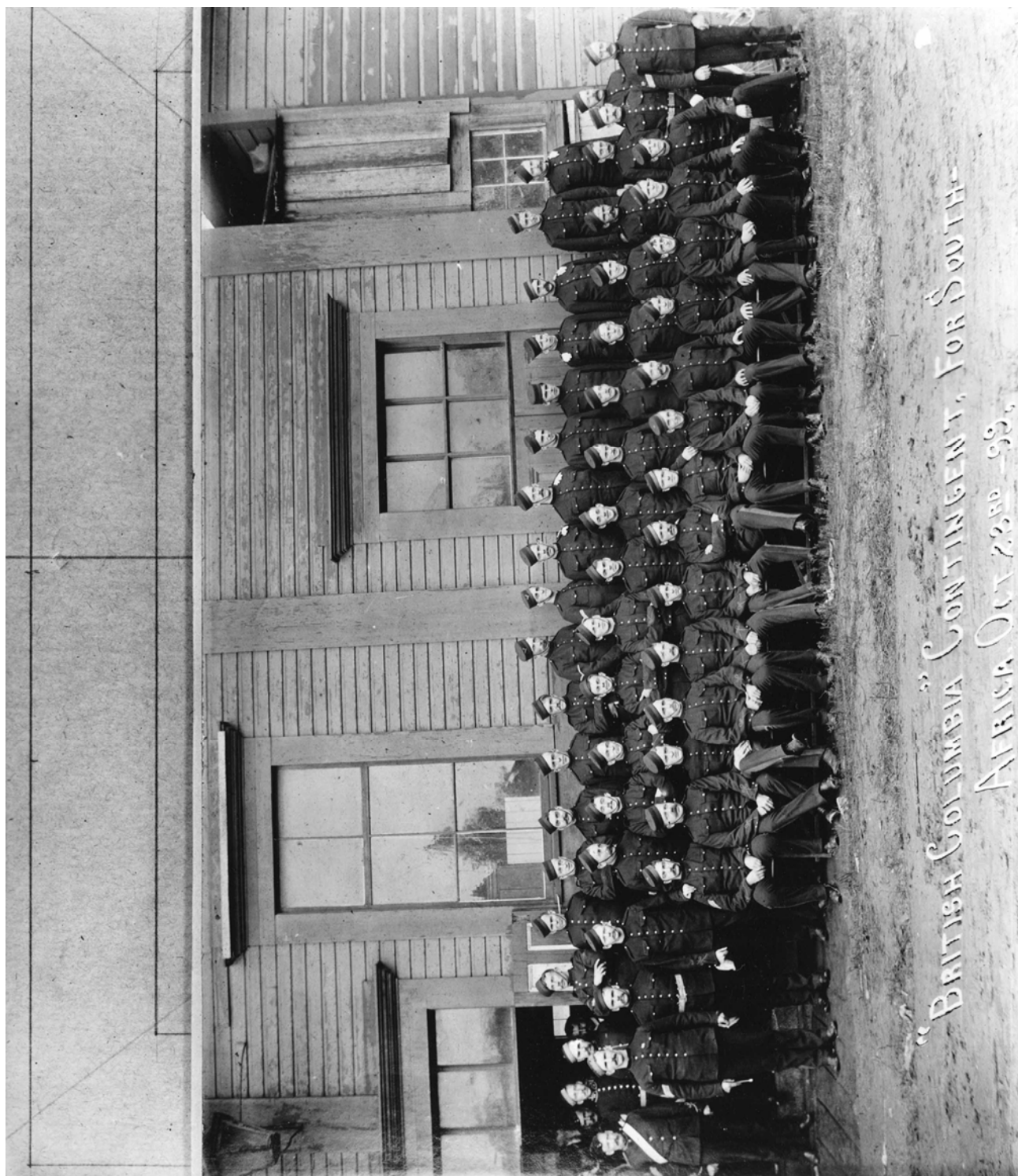
"Oh, he died in jail. He told them they might just as well kill him at once and be done with it, that he would die anyhow if they confine him."



**IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE, 1889, used
as first Drill Hall 1894.**

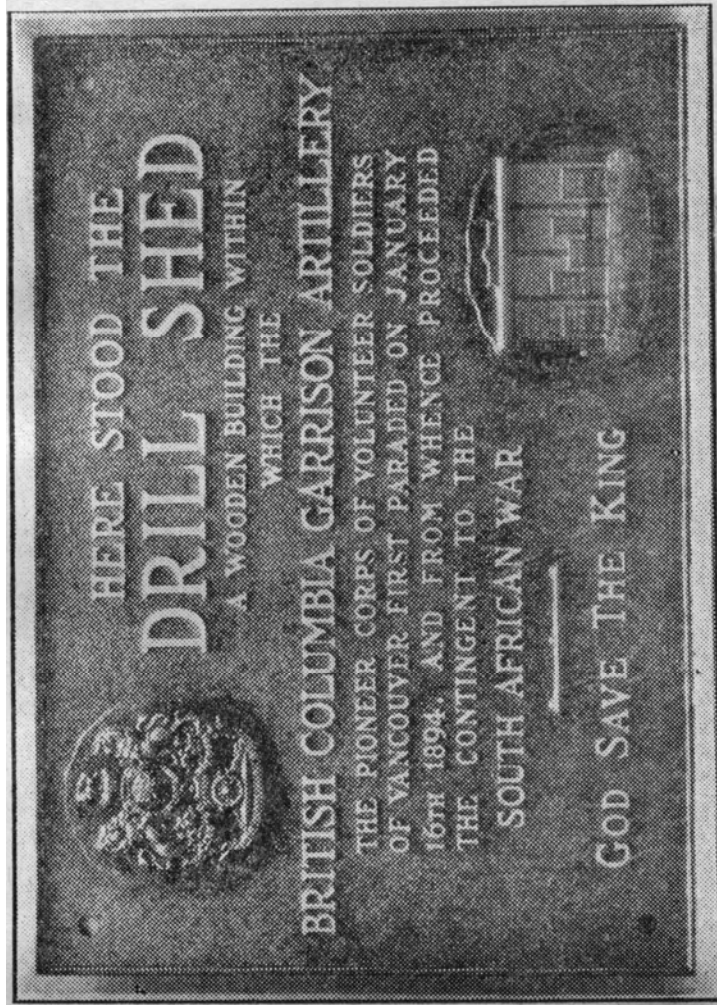
x
The Old Drill Shed
(Formerly Imperial Opera House)
now (1932) Wholly Building (part only)
Foot of Beatty St Vancouver

Item # EarlyVan_v2_150



"BRITISH GRENADIER" CONTINGENT, FOR SOUTH-
AFRICA. OCT 23RD - 99.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_151



THIS BRONZE TABLET was designed and made by The Geo. H. Hewitt Co., Ltd., of Vancouver, for the Officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the Vancouver Garrison. It was recently unveiled in Christ Church Cathedral and will be placed in the rotunda of the Shelley Building which now covers the site. It is a handsome plate and a credit to both maker and erector.

Designed by J.S. Hewitt

Item # EarlyVan_v2_152

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR (BOER WAR). 2ND BATTALION, 5TH REGIMENT, CANADIAN GARRISON ARTILLERY.

The Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster members of the contingent from British Columbia to the Boer War. On the day before their entrainment for the east, a photograph was taken on the return from church parade (Sunday) in front of the old Imperial Opera House, Pender Street, then and for some years previously serving as a Drill Shed. The photograph shows three rows, the foremost seated, of soldiers in "pill box" head gear, white gloves, before a wooden building, i.e. the Drill Shed. In front is a road, partly mud, partly grass; this is Pender Street West at the foot of Beatty Street. The personnel in this photograph are as follows:

Left to right, sitting: Sergeant J. Moscrop, Private A. Lohman (wounded), H. Neibergall (wounded), Otway Wilkie, Robert Mackie, A.S. Batson, J. Porter Smith, C.L. Leamy, Stephen C. Court or W.H. Brooking, Wallis, Maundrell (killed in action), John Todd (killed in action), F.J. Cornwall, H. Carter.

Left to right, middle row: Sergeant J.W. Scott, Private John H. Summers (killed in action), S.W. O'Brien, W. Jackson (killed in action), Geo. S. Hutchings, J.H. Livingstone, A.J. Nye, W.H. Brooking or Stephen C. Court, Ralph W.J. Leeman, Wm. H. Brethour, J. Anderton, J.H. Dixon, Temple, James Stewart, Jas. W. Jones, F. Finch-Smiles (wounded), R. McCalmont, Harry J. Andrews (wounded), Sergeant J.R. Northcott.

Left to right, back row: J.J. Sinclair, Percy Greaves, H.J. Allan, H.W. Bonner, W.R. Whitley (died in South Africa), C.C. Thompson (wounded), W.D. Wallace, G.B. Corbould (afterwards Lieutenant Colonel), A.M. Woods, Seymour H. O'Dell, Clark Gamble, Arthur Mundell, Alex C. Beech (wounded), Harry Smethurst, W.H. Stebbings, Cecil M. Roberts.

Absent from photograph: Private Sid Harrison (killed in action, 18 February 1900 at Paardeberg.)

In doorway, but not in South African contingent:

Orderly Room Sergeant Henderson, wearing white crossbelt (F.S. Cap.)

Colour-Sergeant W.W. Foster, afterwards Col. W.W. Foster, D.S.O., A.D.C. (Pillbox).

Sergeant-Major J.C. Cornish, formerly Master Gunner of C Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery and a member of Canada's first permanent force, still living at White Rock, B.C. in 1933. Wearing pill box.

Quartermaster Sergeant Frank Kennedy, concealing behind Sergeant Foster, and wearing field service cap. Afterwards Capt. F. Kennedy. It was to Capt. Kennedy that the celebrated Indian chief Poundmaker surrendered at the termination of the North West (Riel) Rebellion, 1885.

The company was known as A Company, 2nd (Special Service) Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment, and was sworn in on Friday night by Lieut.-Col. C.A. Worsnop, commanding 2nd Battalion, 5th Regiment Canadian Garrison Artillery, given leave until Sunday morning, went to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church for divine service on Sunday morning, had photo taken, slept on the board floor of the Drill Shed on Sunday night, and entrained by C.P.R. for South Africa on Monday morning, 23 October 1899.

Cornwall was a son of Lt.-Gov. Cornwall.

Total strength 50. Captain M.G. Blanchard in command. He was afterwards adjutant of the 2nd (Special Service) Battalion R.C.R. in South Africa.

The above particulars were furnished, from memory, by Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant G.S. Hutchings in 1933. He served as such in the 102nd Battalion "North British Columbians," C.E.F.

DECEMBER 1932 – REGIMENTAL BADGES.

THE WESTMINSTER REGIMENT.

The badge of the Westminster Regiment is an adaptation of the family crest of the family of Matthews of Newtown, Mont., North Wales, and Kitsilano Beach, Vancouver; a maple leaf before a setting sun. It was adopted about 1931 or 1932, in its first form about 1931, officially about 1932. It arose in this manner.

For some years after the war, regiments and other units used for their cap badges the crests of the overseas battalions which they perpetuated, but ultimately a militia order was issued stating that the new militia regiments must drop these badges—they were the badges of overseas battalions which had been disbanded, and the new militia regiments were distinct entities, and must adopt their own. Col. Corbould was commanding the Westminster Regiment and, together with Capt. Williams, paid a visit to Major Matthews, an authority of regimental badges, family crests, etc., to get his viewpoint of what should be adopted. Many designs were discussed. Finally, Major Matthews, without letting the two officers know that the maple leaf and the setting sun were his own mark of achievement, said, “How would this do?” and drew a sketch of a maple leaf and setting sun. It was adopted for submission to the officers of the regiment for their approval. Every endeavour was made to preserve in the centre of the maple leaf the numerals “47,” perpetuating the number of the 47th Overseas Battalion, but the militia authorities would not permit it, and the battle patch was substituted. (Authority: J.S. Matthews.)

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA REGIMENT, D.C.O.R.

This badge was adopted early in 1931 from a design made by Lt. Col. G.H. Whyte, M.C., a son of a former commanding officer, Lt. Col. J.C. Whyte (1903), and who *ordered* its adoption soon after he took over his father’s former command. Col. Whyte adopted a very arbitrary method of making it the regimental badge. He was an old overseas engineer officer, and the badge presents some similarity to the badge of the engineers. Further, an attempt was made to follow the form of the badge of the Rifle Brigade (of England). Col. Whyte drew the design, submitted it to one or two officers, disregarded the opinion of those who made suggestions, did not consult his officers in mess assembled, but ordered the die made and reported it for approval by the militia authorities, who, unaware of the facts, authorized it. It was a high-handed action. The badge was strongly disapproved by some of his officers—the older ones—as not symbolizing the achievements of Canadian soldiers of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. and 7th Battalion, C.E.F., but as too strongly emphasizing that of the Rifle Brigade, a splendid English unit, but one with which, while allied, was very remote.



Corp. J.Z.Hall, B.C.B.G.A., probably first
volunteer soldier of Vancouver-- he jour-
neyed from Vancouver to Westminster to at-
tend drills, 1885. Later of "Killarney",
Point Grey Road. Copied by W.J.Moore Photo.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_153

THE PASSING OF THE BEARD.

Corp. J.Z. Hall, the first soldier of Vancouver, 1885—husband of the well-known public spirited lady, Mrs. J.Z. Hall, née Jessie Columbia Greer, daughter of Sam Greer—wore a dark bushy beard in uniform—see photograph—as also did many other volunteer soldiers. Most of our pioneers wore beards.

“Ah, those were before the days of bare faced bishops,” mused the late Archbishop Matheson, Primate of All Canada (Anglican) when speaking in a reminiscent mood at a banquet the evening of the opening of the Anglican Theological College at Point Grey. The banquet was attended by many bishops from near and far, east and south, all of whom were “bare faced.”

A venerable old gentleman with enormous flowing white beard and shiny bald head spoke a kindly word to a little fairy girl of about four, “Fuffy Koko,” alias Frances Schofield, second daughter of Dr. S.J. Schofield, professor of Geology, U.B.C., whilst summering at Salt Spring Island about 1928. The little tot looked up quizzingly and said, “Did God make you?”

“I rather think he did,” graciously replied the sage.

“Then why did he put all your hair on your face instead of your head?”

Apropos of the Anglican Church. Above the entrance to the synod office of the Diocese of New Westminster, Province Building, Hastings and Cambie streets, a huge fiery red ball, always illuminated, hangs; large painted letters announce “FIRE ESCAPE,” and just below, “SYNOD OFFICE, DIOCESE OF NEW WESTMINSTER.”

THE FIRST VOLUNTEER SOLDIER. CORPORAL J.Z. HALL, NO. 1 BATTERY, B.C.B.G.A.

The first volunteer soldier resident in Vancouver was Corporal J.Z. Hall, afterwards a well-known citizen, a prominent real estate agent, an ardent churchman—he had much to do with the establishment of St. Mark's Church, Kitsilano. His first wife was Miss Eliza Jane Greer, his second wife her sister, Miss Jessie Columbia Greer, daughters of Sam Greer of Greer's Beach. (See *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach*.)

“Father,” (her husband) said Mrs. J.Z. Hall, “worked in Granville before the Fire, and used to go over to New Westminster to attend drill parades. He told me that he ‘never missed a drill.’ I think he belonged to the B.C.B.G.A. in New Westminster as early as 1883.”

The old photograph shows him in the dark blue uniform of the artillery; head dress of a dark busby with scarlet flap and white plume in front centre, beard, sidearm. It was loaned by his widow, Mrs. J.Z. Hall, in 1932 for copying, and was marked on the back, “Dad, 1885.” At the unveiling of a memorial tablet to commemorate the site of the first Drill Hall in Vancouver—Sunday, 13 November, 1932, Christ Church Cathedral; present Brig.-Gen. J. Sutherland Brown, C.M.G., D.O.C., M.D. No. 11 and the Vancouver Garrison—his two granddaughters occupied the front pew side by side with Sergeant Major (Master Gunner) J.C. Cornish, the first sergeant major of the first Vancouver unit of volunteer soldiers.

An enlargement (coloured) of this is in Artillery Officers' Mess, Bessborough Drill Hall.

102ND BATTALION, “NORTH BRITISH COLUMBIANS,” C.E.F. LT. COL. J.W. WARDEN, D.S.O., O.B.E., V.D. PRIVATE FRANCIS GOTT OF LILLOOET, INDIAN.

The manner in which the 102nd Battalion received its territorial designation was as follows:

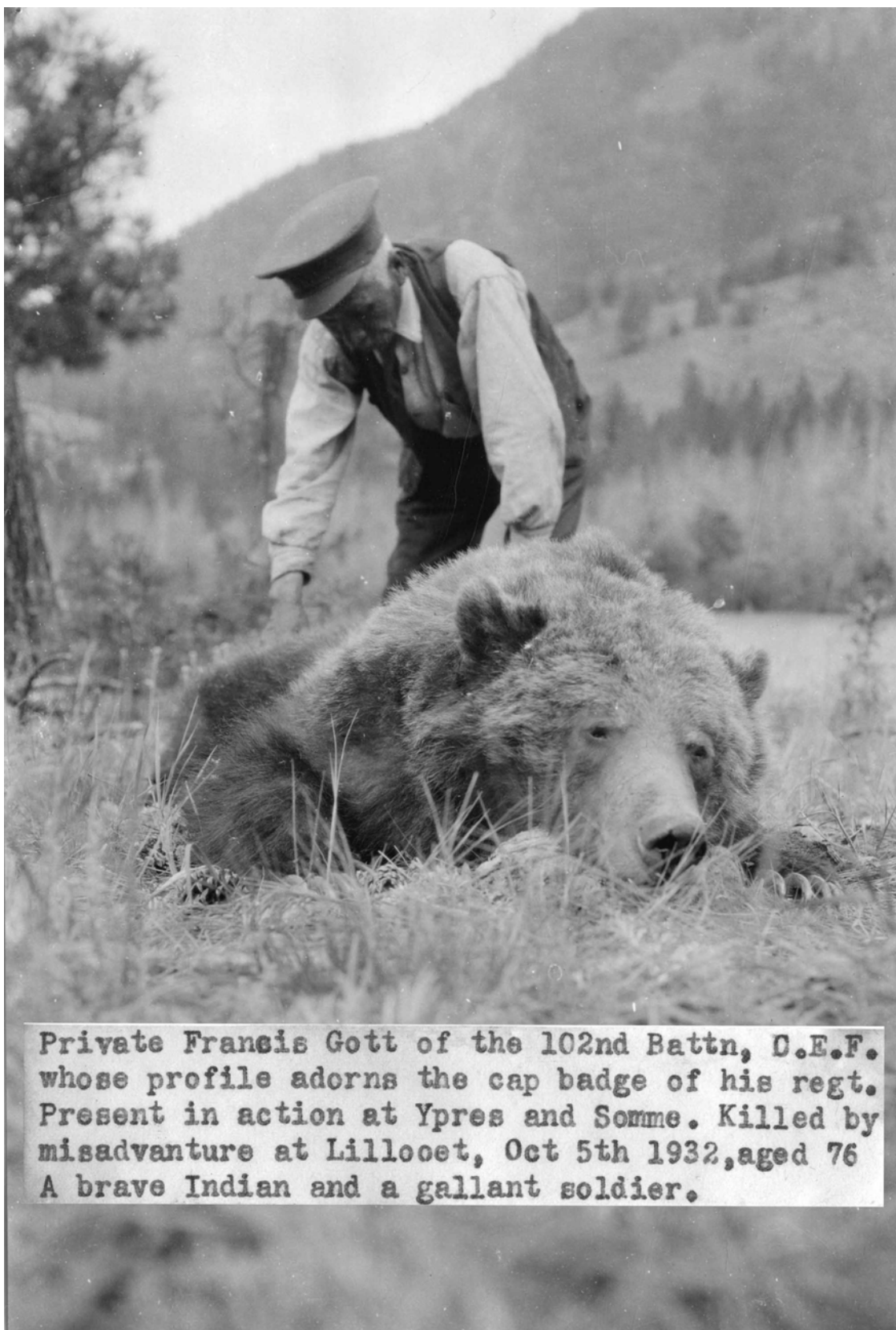
On Captain Warden's return, wounded, from the 2nd Battle of Ypres, he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and authorised to raise in the electoral district of Comox-Atlin, a battalion of men. He chose as the training camp site a spit of sand at Comox, B.C., called Goose Spit, an old British Admiralty target practice camp site and rifle range, long since discarded. The battalion was given the number 102nd, and called the “Comox-Atlin Battalion” locally. The small units of the battalion were collected together all over northern and eastern British Columbia, and in February and March 1916, assembled at Goose Spit.

One evening, the company from Prince Rupert arrived by boat, marched from Comox to the camp. Captain Matthews was the senior officer on the Spit, and saw them coming over the sandhills. He

hurriedly collected together all hands and the cook, just as they were, formed a rough ragged column, and marched out to welcome them. As they came over a dune which had hidden the men of the north as they approached, Major Worsnop suddenly loomed up at their head on horseback. Major Worsnop called out, "Come on, Captain Matthews." Captain Matthews hesitated a second, when another command came, "Come on, Captain Matthews." Captain Matthews, without a moment's thought, called out, "North British Columbians," followed by, "three cheers for the men from Prince Rupert." The sobriquet "stuck," was officially adopted, and is borne on the regimental badge and on the wooden monuments erected of the killed in France. (See *From B.C. to Baisieux*, narrative history, 102nd C.E.F.)

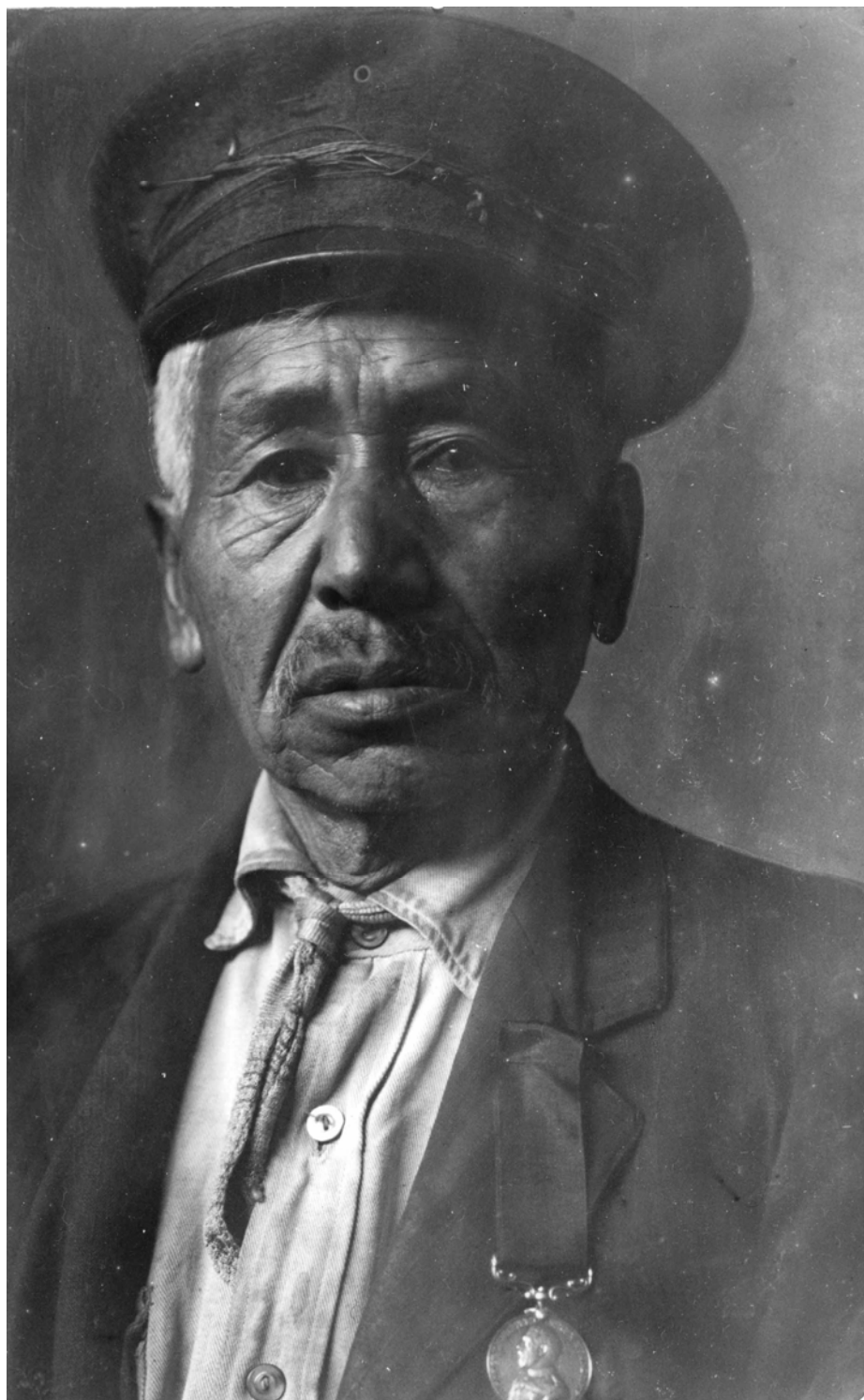
Private Frank Gott, pure blood Indian of Lillooet, was in Captain Matthews' company. On the authority of Lt. Col. John Weightman Warden, D.S.O., O.B.E., V.D. who raised the battalion, it was Private Gott's Indian face which suggested to him the adoption of the Indian head on the crest or cap badge. Gott afterwards proved a most gallant soldier. JSM 1933.

Gott shot a game warden at Lillooet in October 1932, but expunged his crime by dying a heroic death the next day. He was loved by his comrades and admired by all for his manly qualities.



Private Francis Gott of the 102nd Battn, D.E.F. whose profile adorns the cap badge of his regt. Present in action at Ypres and Somme. Killed by misadventure at Lillooet, Oct 5th 1932, aged 76 A brave Indian and a gallant soldier.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_154



Item # EarlyVan_v2_155

Gott of Lillooet

By HIS MAJOR.

J. S. Matthews

"I AM a soldier," boldly declared Gott of the 102nd, and walked on to his doom.

"I am a soldier!" Courageous utterance; spoken in the cold of dawn's imperfect light; that hour when men's courage is feeblest; the proud, hopeless boast of a hungry, hunted man whose night's comfortless couch had been an open barn.

Gott was a fugitive from none more than himself. There had been a terrible, an awful incident; a life sacrificed needlessly; perchance by accident, misadventure; mercifully we shall never know. Gott was responsible, recognized its horror, and like the gallant Indian that he was, welcomed the penalty.

Those who knew him best, who loved him most, who saw his gallantry in war, his tenderness in peace, need naught to tell of the implacable torments of that troubled mind. The deed was done; all was lost. The challenge, "Halt, who goes there," and the pointed rifles were as nothing. A few more steps, a puff of dust, a rifle cracked, and—eye for an eye—the awful error was expunged. Aged 76.

♦ ♦ ♦

FRANCIS GOTT, "Gott of the 102nd," was pure Indian; his German name came from "old" Capt. Gott, white man, his mother's second husband. Long, long before the railway, he helped to haul the Hudson's Bay Co.'s bateaux up the Fraser to the goldfields; then many years high in the mountains searching goat and grizzly as hunter, trapper, guide—a famous guide—and friend.

Then the Great War. In 1915, this Indian, now past three score, volunteered his help to those whose laws had made it a crime to hunt the deer for food as his ancestors had done for ages—laws which were to cost him his life.

"Province"
end of Oct, 1932

It was at St. Eloi Craters, Ypres. We, of Canada, were green troops, on "trench garrison" duty. That afternoon—our first—they shelled us mercilessly. A copper-colored stoic sat erect, rifle between legs, still as a monument in the wet broken earth which served as trench, and "took it"; a splendid example of coolheadedness. It was Gott.

"How do you like this, Gott?" he was asked, as the shells burst.

"Fine, sir," was the astonishing answer.

"Better than Lillooet, Gott?" we asked again.

"Oh, yes, if I'd known it was like this I'd come sooner."

"What an awful old bluffer," was the admiring comment of his officer, and by such "bluffers" we won the war. The shelling left us twenty fewer.

Eight months later, after Regina Trench, they sent him back. Grasping both our hands in his, and with a suspicion of a tear in one eye, he pleaded:

"They're sending me back, sir, back to Canada, too old they say; I'm not too old. Won't you please stop them?"

"Tell us your real age, Gott. Not your military age; your real age?" we asked.

"Sixty-three, sir."

Then came peace, and he wanted a loan. He got it. Rare experience; it was soon returned in full. His letters, splendidly written, are epitomies of beautiful, gentle sentiment. Gott was no "killer," but as brave a man and gallant a soldier as ever wore His Maesty's uniform—he always wore his overseas soldier's cap.

"I am a soldier," he said in his Indian pride, and passed on.

♦ ♦ ♦

TWO useful lives sacrificed for naught; the tragedy of Lillooet.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_157

Comments by eye-witnesses

April 29th 1932.

Dear Major Matthews:

I have read over your account of the Fire, and so far as I can see it is correct. Of course, your informant saw it from a different angle from what I did as he was in town at the time, while I was across the Inlet, and naturally only knew of what happened from what I was told. Of the starting point and the suddenness of the fire as well as of the complete destruction of the town there can be no doubt. Some (at least one) of the bodies of those who perished were not found for twenty-five years. The last was that of a man whose body or skeleton was found some years ago in the bush at the south side of Prior Street, near the C.N.R. yards.

Geo. L. Schetky.

Note: Mr. Schetky was a member of the Vancouver Volunteer Fire Brigade, 1886. The body mentioned above was identified by the watch found beside it.

April 29th 1929

Dear Mr. Matthews:

I have read the enclosed article regarding the Vancouver Fire June 13th 1886, with very much interest. It very correctly describes the fire and I fail to find anything in the article which should not be published. I shall be glad at any time to give you what information I have regarding the early history of Vancouver.

W.E. Graveley

J.A. Mateer, Member, Vancouver Volunteer Fire Brigade: "It's true all right, but reads in the first person—make it clear that you are recording the words of another person."

Cecil Scott, Editor, Sunday Magazine Section, *Vancouver Daily Province*: "Dear Major: your story is graphic, colorful and picturesque."

The Great Vancouver Fire

FIRE! FIRE!! Those terrorizing shouts of men; ineffaceable even after forty-six years from pioneer memories. No time to think, only to run; to grasp perhaps some frightened child, and fly, suffocating, before the raging, racing blast. Vancouver did not "burn," it was consumed by flame; the buildings melted. Pioneers measure the years by "The Fire," all that has happened in Vancouver has occurred "before" or "since."

It was Sunday, the thirteenth. A June dawn broke calm and beautiful on what promised the silent restfulness of God's holy day, and with the rise of the sun, cool zephyrs from English Bay rustled through the forest beyond Burrard street—the West End. Midday saw the holocaust; one great flame of fire impelled by fierce wind descended from the heavens and licked all, clean to the soil, into its awful maw. Black night saw the lights of dying embers twinkling in the darkness of a blacker desolation. Another dawn; and men spoke softly as they moved around a long rude table upon which lay parcels of charred human flesh.

OLD GRANVILLE. LITTLE VANCOUVER.

The Royal Engineers, "Navy Jack," and a few of the earlier pioneers cleared the forest of old Granville, a ragged square boxed in by tall forest walls, and bounded by what is now Cambie, Hastings and Carrall streets—a fourth side was the shore. In the "hollow" nestled our baby city, just rechristened "Vancouver," nine weeks old, and growing like mad; mostly buildings of bright lumber, but including a shabbier few, a hotel, a saloon, a general store, a tiny church, and a cabin jail, about nine in all, erected in the '70's, and ranged crescent-shaped along the curve of the muddy beach; once the older "Gastown." The atmosphere of little Vancouver was one of excitement, hope, energy, eagerness; the wonderful railway was coming, over the high mountains, from Canada; there was going to be a "big town."

IN MEMORIAM

William F. Findlay, pioneer, journalist, sportsman, whose unfinished narrative of the Great Fire is here completed by a lifelong friend, Major J. S. Matthews.

Off to the west, "up on the hill" (above Victory Square) and as far as the forest's edge (Burrard street) was the new clearing, the "C. P. R. Townsite," a dark jungle three months back, but now a dishevelled litter of stumps, stones, debris and clearing fires. Closer in (Hastings street) pyramids of blown roots piled high by honest sweat—no donkey engines in those days—stood ready for burning, and some were already alight. In the distance, flanking Granville street on both sides as far as Davie street, a wild disarray of fallen trees, cut down by the "bowling-pin" method, the larger sweeping down the smaller, ten acres at a time, in one great grand crash, lay tumbled one on another in a vast impenetrable mat many feet thick, and dry as tinder after days in the hot summer sun; an ideal setting for a gigantic fire.

To the eastward a fringe of semi-clearing stretched a short distance from Gastown to Hastings Mill; all else was wilderness: Kitsilano, Fairview, Mt. Pleasant, Hastings, all lay beneath a green carpet of primeval forest.

A CITY OF FOUR BLOCKS.

Vancouver had no streets; just half a dozen planked roads and some dirt trails. Water street was largely trestle bridge over a cove of the sea; Cordova street was corduroy; the new street, Hastings, not long since a sinuous trail impassable in parts for wagons, was now four blocks long (Main

to Cambie). The "Old Road" along the shore (Hastings road, now Alexander street) went from the maple tree to Hastings Mill, Hastings Townsite, and on to the Royal City; the "New Road," a glorified bridle track, now Kingsway, trailed off from Carrall street, crossed Columbia street diagonally, and squirmed through the stumps to a narrow wooden bridge, our only bridge, crossing False Creek (Main street).

That the Great Fire started in the C. P. R. clearing is well known; it matters little where, and then, too, opinion is so very diverse.

Listen, while those who saw, tell the story.

"Cordova street was not really stumped before the fire," relates a venerable pioneer of '84, "between Abbott and Cambie streets a few shacks and a pigsty hid in the bushes. They had been blowing stumps up on the 'C. P. R. hill.' At quitting time the powdermen of the blasting gang applied their torches to the fuses; quite a sight followed; roots skyrocketing, and noise! just like a bombardment; we used to stand on Water street and watch.

"The morning of the fire you could see nothing for smoke. The whole of the hill above Cambie street had been on fire for weeks before that; I spent the Sunday morning fighting the fire above the corner of Cambie and Cordova streets; it was gaining on us, so I went down to the saloons, and suggested that the men had better come out and help.

"The wind increased. Chunks of flaming wood as big as my leg were flying clear over us. We did our best, but at last it crossed Cordova street, where the Sterling Hotel is now; there was no time to lose. I gathered up a mother and two children from a shack in the lane behind, and started east, but all Water street was ablaze, so we scurried west, down to the old float, the Moodyville landing (below Spencer's Limited), and waded out in the water. The tide drifted a raft near me; I grabbed it. The frantic mother said something about throwing her child in the sea; that she would rather see it drown than burn; the flames were coming right over us. Then a brave little tug came right in, and towed us out; gallant men they were. The hulk 'Robert Kerr' finally sheltered us."

A NEW THEORY.

But some say that this is not the whole story; that all invisible behind its own screen of smoke, a greater fire, a mile away, was being driven under the combined forced draft of windstorm and terrific upward suction of air common to bush fires, into a fury, and was dropping flaming brands into the tindery debris "up the hill," the fiery attack on the hapless town was coming from front and flank.

"The fire broke away down near Drake street before 10 o'clock; I was there and saw it" asserts another pioneer eye-witness. "We were building the roadbed for the railway from Carrall street to the proposed round-house site. The ground above the site was being cleared by the regular clearing gang, not in our employ. I saw the fire was getting dangerous, and immediately put some of our men—they volunteered—to help them fight the fire, cautioning our men that, if it got away from where it was semi-cleared, they were not to attempt to fight it, or they would lose their lives."

FIRE SWEEPS DOWN (now) GRANVILLE STREET.

"Shortly after noon the fire got out of control; it gained such momentum as to completely obscure the sky; the air was just one mass of fiery flame driven before a southwest gale. We never heard again of our three gallant volunteers; sterling men of splendid character; they must have perished; their bodies were never found. The remainder of our men were forced out of our camp on the shore just west of the present Cambie street bridge, and driven into False Creek, where some Indians in canoes rescued them.

"I hurried down to our little office where the North Vancouver ferry now stands, and had been there but a few

(Continued on Page Eight.)

(Continued from Page One.) moments when a rabble of people rushed by. I walked a few yards up to 'Gassy Jack's,' but before I got there the 'Sunnyside' across the street was a mass of flame, and before I could get back to the office I had just left, that was afire; I saved nothing.

"I waded out into the water between Carrall and Columbia streets. The heat was so intense we gasped for breath. Close to the surface of the sea was a cooler strata of air; we held our mouths close to the surface, and breathed that; it saved us."

"One huge flame, a hundred feet long, burst from the Deighton Hotel, leaped 'Maple Tree Square,' and swallowed up the buildings where now stands the Europe Hotel; the fire went down the old 'Hastings road' (Alexander street) faster than a man could run. Two iron tires and some ashes was all that was left of man, horse and cart which perished in the middle of Carrall street.

"The great-heartedness of the people of New Westminster is an imperishable recollection. Young men on horseback raced up and down the streets of the Royal City shouting that Vancouver had been destroyed, and its people without food and covering. Housewives hurriedly put up food; the Hyack Fire Brigade collected it. Towards sundown came a galloper through a slit in the forest, the 'New Road,'—the 'Old Road' was blocked by fire—saying that help was following. His Worship Mayor MacLean sent messengers to where the people were huddled together for the night that they were to assemble at the south end of False Creek bridge (near C. N. R. depot).

"Then followed what was probably the sorriest procession Vancouver ever saw. No tears, no whimpering, only the stern visages of hungry men, women and children who had lost all, garbed in such as they wore when they first ran, with faces black with sweat and charcoal, straggling in groups through the darkness of that rough old bush trail along the shore.

At midnight two wagon loads of eatables arrived; fried eggs between slices of bread, or hard boiled in a soda can for protection. By the feeble light of lantern or candle, the weaker were served first; the men got what was left; at dawn another wagon arrived.

"Many persons were burned; of bandages there were none. A single telephone ran from New Westminster to Onderdonk's camp at Port Moody, and by it went the news. Four sailors from some ship, with splendid acumen, immediately set out in a row boat with medical supplies, and reached the bivouac after midnight, hungry and exhausted after their long pull. All eatables had been consumed, but amongst the debris of empty boxes a missed parcel was found. Between the sandwiches was a little note in a woman's writing, saying that it was 'very little, but all I have.' The sailor-man turned to the east, and with hand raised in supplication, implored the Almighty to bless the people of New Westminster, and never suffer upon them such tribulation as surrounded him; a sort of thing you don't expect from a rough sailorman, and in the middle of the night.

"A few boards made a rude table in a shed at the other end of the bridge, and into this improvised morgue, feebly lit by candle light, the all-night procession of distracted in search of their loved ones, the bearers with the dead, sorrowfully came and went. At

sunrise, twenty-one parcels of charred fragments—not bodies—each with a pinned note telling where it was picked up, lay on that rough table.

"The fire occurred at a time when families were scattered. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon; the mid-day meal was over, the children at Sunday school, youth abroad seeking pleasure, older folks, many of them new arrivals, exploring their future home. Then, with relentless swiftness, and the fury of a blast furnace, a great

tongue of flame swept down on a people directly in its path; each person flew for his own life. One building escaped, the Regina Hotel (S.W. corner Water and Cordova streets).

"How many perished will never be known. Two weeks later, building operations disclosed, beneath a part-burned mattress, the remains of one poor fellow who had sought its protection; his grave is on Hastings street, near the City Hall. Three bodies, evidently strangers, father, mother and child, were recovered, their clothing unharmed, from a shallow well of water near the present police station; they had suffocated. A skeleton found two decades later was identified, by a watch, as of the fire. It was the burning gum and pitch, with its bitter black smoke as suffocating as burning oil, which made the fire so terrible; death by suffocation was the awful fate of some.

"I was a girl then," recalls a lady, "the fire was coming at a terrific rate; I raced to my skiff, and hurried home, but had scarce got as far as Deadmans Island when all was gone. It was a grand but awful sight."

OUT OF THE ASHES.

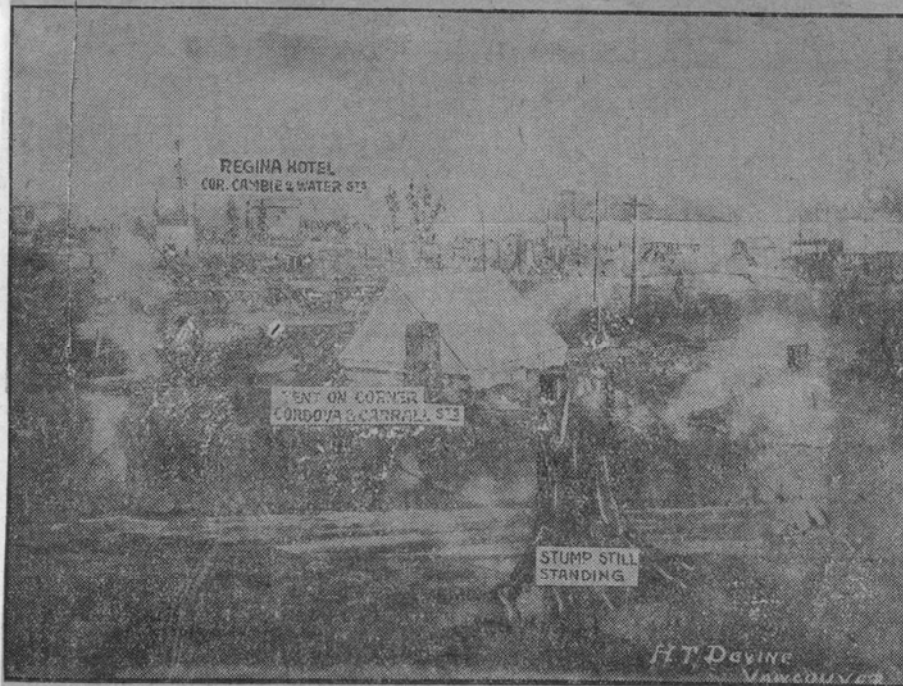
The embers of our first city were still smouldering when the present one arose. Sunday saw ruin; Monday the yellow scantlings stood a harmonising color in a black desert; "Raised from the Ashes in Three Days" read the sign on the old C. P. R. Hotel (afterwards Northern) on Hastings street.

Historic Gastown vanished; nothing remained save its soul; save the spirit of resolute men and courageous women. How was it rebuilt? By faith, and the character of its people. Out of the dust of "the village at the entrance" (to Burrard Inlet)—Col. Moody so alludes to it in 1863—rose our world port; a metropolis of beauty and of culture, of gallant men and graceful women, of green lawns and monumental edifices, the beautiful well-governed home of an enlightened and humane people.

What good purpose—it must have had some great purpose—the Great Fire served, what grave lesson it taught, perhaps steeled by ordeal to speed us on to better things, none may know save He who knoweth all; even when a sparrow fall.

VANCOUVER, B.C., SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1932

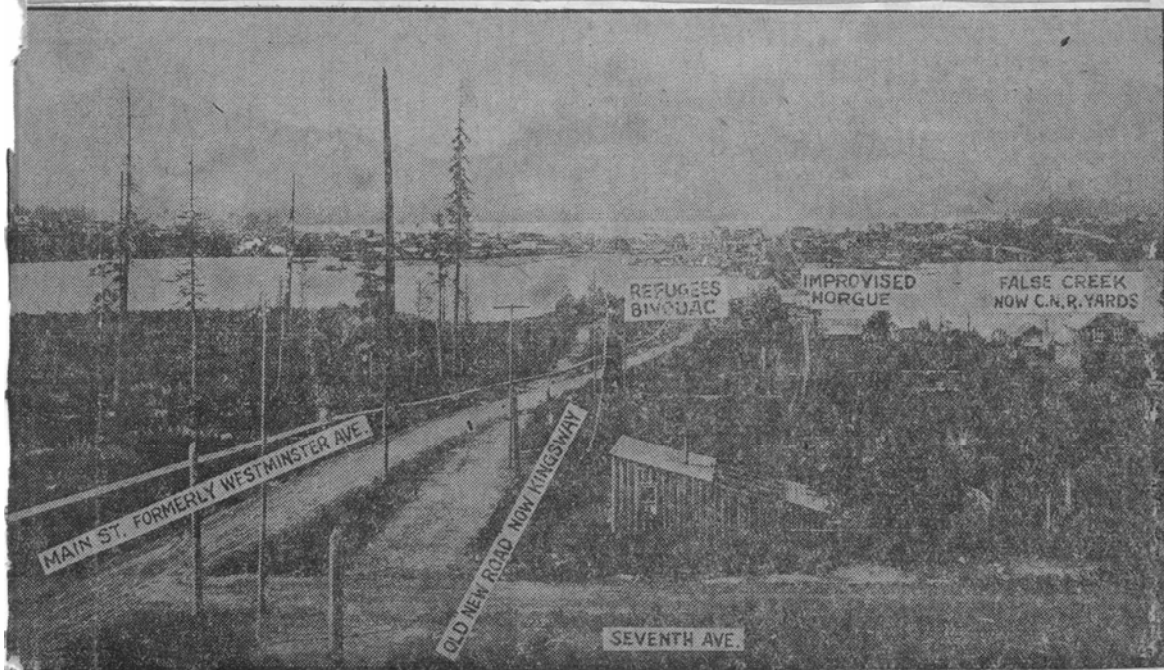
Vancouver, a New City in Ashes



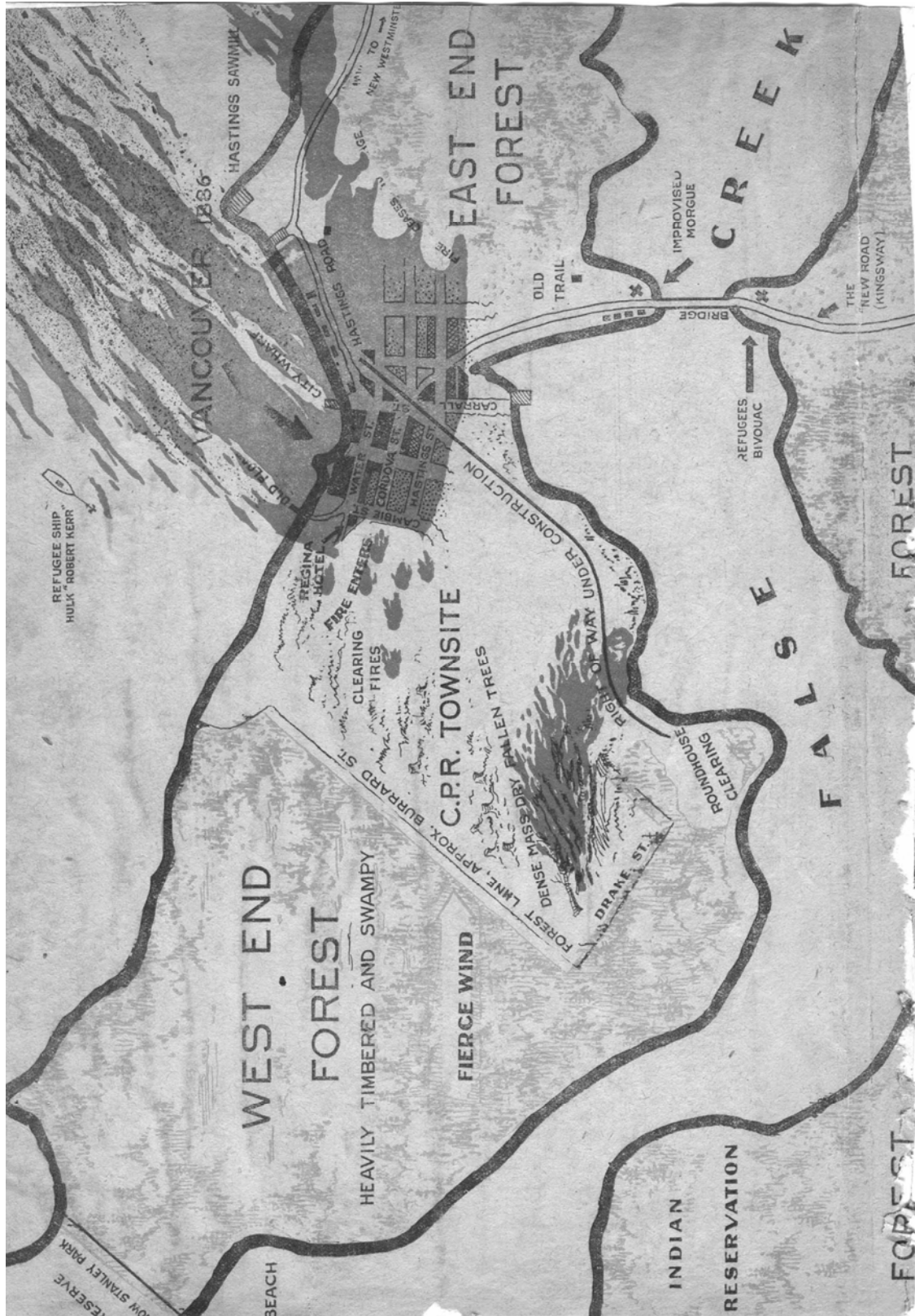
New Westminster To the Rescue

Vancouver, from Seventh avenue, Mount Pleasant, 1890, showing remains of old "New Road," now Kingsway, then a dark, winding path of holes betwixt tall timbers, and down which the great-hearted people of New Westminster rushed with aid. Also the more recent "Westminster avenue," now Main street.

Looking from present City Hall towards present C. P. R. station. White tent, owned and erected by well-known pioneer, George R. Gordon, stood on corner of Cordova and Carrall streets, and within which seventeen men slept on the night of June 14-15, 1886. Stump in foreground still exists—on C. P. R. crossing soon to be removed—within fifty yards of present City Hall. Regina Hotel on southwest corner Water and Cambie streets in background.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_160



Item # EarlyVan_v2_161

The Great Vancouver Fire

By MAJOR J. S. MATTHEWS, V.D.

CAN it be true, or is it but a dream; this story of our pioneers? It is that men—and women—still walk who saw the shadeless forest where blinks the red and green of traffic signals; who knew the silent solitude where shines the blaze of neon signs?

"MEN WHO MATCHED OUR MOUNTAINS."

Who were these men; these men of simple tastes, simple clothes, who feared God, honored the King, and had empires in their brains? They came silently, sans music, sans heralds, sometimes in a row-boat; men of peace, reason, justice; no sword was drawn, no blood is on our name. With cool, quiet courage they—and their wives—hacked out a clearing for a garden on the shore. May we, and our work, we who have come after to the completion of their great dreams, have found favor in their sight.

The creation of our city, carved out of the depths of dark primeval forest, was an achievement unequalled in the annals of the human race. There is no tale in the great chronicle of human endeavor which provides a more romantic, inspiring story; its vast significance is not fully recognized; we are too close to the event.

For aeons our land had lain in motionless repose, a silent thing, an empty space, hidden beneath an interminable green forest spreading on and beyond, and through which, at wide intervals, the white tips of snowcapped ranges broke like the foaming crests of waves breaking in green seas; the shores concealed a thousand coves, a thousand fairy paradises, framed in green; the air was fragrant in its purity. Then into the "Great Silence" came "The Builders," a strange race with white faces, and soon there came the railway.

The railway made Canada whole; linked up the loose ends of an empire; changed the gyrations of world trade. The recurrence of consequences so momentous to the human race, born or unborn, is unlikely. The great epoch of colonization, commencing with Columbus and his few, has ended with the settlement of the last great wilderness;

Such is the epitome of a grand story which will yet enchant the coming generations.

PRELUDE.

Captain Vancouver's Journal—"About noon (June 13, 1792) we were met by about fifty Indians in canoes . . . presented us with fish, cooked and undressed . . . examined the color of our skins with great curiosity."

Col. Moody, Royal Engineers, Jan. 25, 1863—"Memo for Capt. Parsons, R.E.: 'I wish Corporal Turner and party to proceed to Burrard Inlet to revise posts for town near entrance . . . survey lands between such point and the village which has been laid out en bloc.'"

English Bay's Narrow Escape—Sir William Van Horne, vice-president C. P. R., March 14, 1885—"Owing to the extreme force of the tide in the First Narrows, the entrance to Burrard Inlet for large steamships will be almost impracticable, and from investigations made it seems that English Bay must be utilized as the main harbor . . . the construction of docks, etc., will involve extensive

Here Before the Fire

A carefully prepared list of more than four hundred now living who were in Vancouver before the great fire appears on page 9 of this section.

tracts of level ground for terminal sidings and yards, and the only ground suitable is that on the naval reserve (Jericho golf course).

Our First Mayor's Prophecy—His Worship Mayor M. A. MacLean (own handwriting, 1886)—One hardly dares conjecture what marvels fifty years may work in the wilderness. Half a century is but a little while; even a quarter of a century has wrought amazing results.

Memories of "Gastown"—(Year indicates year of arrival in "Gastown"). Gather nearer; close around the circle. Harken as each pioneer fondly tells the tale of days of long ago.

Mrs. Ruth Morton, 1884, widow, John Morton, Vancouver's first resident (1862)—"Mr. Morton was anxious to show me the white sand on a beach (English Bay), but the only rowboat was leaky. While I was sitting on the beach at the foot of Carrall street, I watched a sow digging clams, and a crow hopping along near her, making a meal on the stray bits."

Joseph Morton, John Morton's only son—"Father and I were walking near where now stands the Marine Building when he said to me: 'Do you see that knoll? That's where we built our cabin.'"

Alexander McLean, 1858—"The high water flooded our Pitt River land, so we boarded the sloop again, and went in search of dry land on which to farm; we cruised all around where Vancouver now is, and up as far as Port Moody."

H. S. Rowlings, 1868—"The trail from 'Gastown' (Carrall street) to Hastings would accommodate pedestrians only. I hauled logs with oxen down Gore avenue, also out of the Park at Brockton Point, had a logging camp at Greer's Beach, and another on Granville street at False Creek. When Hastings street was first opened up, the year of 'the fire,' it was one awful mudhole; in front of Woodward's you could hardly get teams through even in the middle of summer."

Rev. C. M. Tate, 1872—"The Indian church at the foot of Abbott street was on a lot washed by the waters of Burrard Inlet; hence it was very convenient for the Indians, and also for the preacher's boat, as the only means of getting about."

John Strang, 1873—"There were seven white families in Gastown and six in Moodyville. Jerry Rogers had three logging camps, one on Cordova street, one at Greer's Beach (Kitsilano) and headquarters at Jericho."

Hugh E. Campbell, 1886—"Navy' Jack, Bill Cordiner and the Sullivans helped to clear the forest, back of Water street, off old Granville."

Otway Wilkie, 1883—"We (party surveying line for railway from Port Moody) reached 'Gastown' on Christmas Day, 1884—in a snow-storm."

C. E. Pittendrigh, 1876—"I shot leek and grouse where the city of Vancouver now stands."

Mrs. J. Cronin, 1883—"I came by Hastings road, a mere horse trail through the woods."

Mrs. H. A. Christie—"The pioneer newspaper of Burrard Inlet was the 'Moodyville Tickler,' first issued July 20, 1878. Price 50 cents per copy."

George Cary, 1884—"Many a night, as I lay in bed in my front room in Tom Cyrs' Granville Hotel on Water street, I have heard the deer's hoofs go tap, tap, tap on the board sidewalk beneath. The deer up in the C. P. R. Townsite (Granville and Hastings streets) got used to the men slashing, and became fairly tame."

D. Sutherland, 1882—"There was a mud road where Water street is; a rough trail ran to the (False) Creek about Carrall street. Cordova street and Hastings street were heavily timbered."

Capt. F. R. Glover—"A walk from Water street to Pender street at high tide usually meant wet feet; at extreme high tide the waters of the Inlet and the Creek almost flowed into one another."

W. H. Gallagher, 1886—"Carrall and Water streets had the stores; Cordova was residential."

L. A. Hamilton, 1885 (who laid out our streets)—"I can not say

that I am pleased with the original planning of Vancouver; the work was beset with many difficulties; the dense forest, the Inlet on the north, the creek on the south, a registered plan on the east, another on the west, and old Granville in the centre. Then I had to make the principal streets lead northerly and southerly to a large block of land south of False Creek. I planned all the streets leading westernly (from Burrard street) so that they would run without a jog, but one owner determined to fight in the courts to prevent any change in the registered plan, and I was able to give continuous line on alternate streets only —

"The corner post, with nail in centre of top, from which the survey of Vancouver commenced, was planted with a certain amount of ceremony at the corner of Hastings and Hamilton streets. Those whom I recall with me were the late Commodore C. Gardner Johnson, John Leask, first city auditor, Jack Stewart, now Major-General Stewart, and Louis —, chief axeman."

Richard Trodden, 1884—"I helped to lay the first plank sidewalk on Hastings street."

Edward Cook, 1886—"The force and heat of the flame was terrific; those who did not dash off in the first five minutes were burned to a crisp."

J. A. Mateer, 1885—"We had no water supply other than wells." "The famous Maple Tree was destroyed in the fire."

H. T. Devine, 1886—"For two or three days we camped in the middle of Abbott street."

A. M. Whiteside—"I saw the fire from New Westminster; in the sky."

Theo. Bryant, 1878—"A big cloud of dark smoke drifting over Sumas Mountain indicated a big fire somewhere; there were no telephones in those days."

A. K. Stuart, 1885—"Mayor McLean told me later that my story to the London Morning Post

brought him \$500 for relief purposes from that paper."

Dr. H. E. Langis, 1884—"My poor skeleton," mourned Dr. Langis, whose anatomical specimen was found beneath the ruins of his office, "do you know what they said when they picked it up. Well, they said, 'This poor fellow must have been sick before he died; look, his bones are all wired together.'"

George R. Gordon, 1886—"What rebuilt it? (Vancouver). Why, faith; we'd nothing else; all we had left was our debts."

Peter Gonzales, 1877—"I still bear the scars of that disastrous fire."

George L. Schetky, 1886—(Member Vancouver Volunteer Fire Brigade). "That reminds me of the bush fire at the corner of Howe and Pender streets, where Father Clinton lost his hat. We got back about three in the morning, and found the women had turned out with hot coffee and sandwiches; that was the start of

the 'Coffee Brigade;' the women always turned out after that."

Mrs. McGovern—"Grown men, the silly things, would race across the street to see the train come in; they had never seen one. Father used to assure them, it was quite safe to go on board."

Dr. "Bob" Mathison, Kelowna, 1886—"I was printer on Vancouver's first newspaper, the 'Herald.'"

Mrs. S. W. Handy, 1884—"My step-father, James Southam, then late British navy, put his land script on 150 acres of what is now Stanley Park."

James McWhinnie, 1878—"Jericho! Oh, that was a little cove, first known as 'Jerry's Cove'; Jerry Rogers had a logging camp there."

John McDougall, 1878—"I built the wagon road (now Kingsway) in 1884; later I cleared the forest off 440 acres west of Burrard street."

Mrs. J. Z. Hall (daughter of Sam Greer, of Greer's Beach, and site of the present Kitsilano bathhouse)—"A two-plank sidewalk led from our front door to the sandy beach; beyond the picket gate was a log we used to tie our boats to. Along the beach were a few bushes; above Cornwall street the enormous trees were very dense. Our cows pastured in the swamp behind. It was a fairy dell on a silent shore."

Mrs. Percy Nye—The Simpsons built the first bathing pavilion at English Bay—a bit of a shack. I built the second out of bits of boards and driftwood; I was just a girl. I charged 5 cents for individuals and 10 cents for families; saved the nickels and bought a watch.

Many pioneers of 1886—Good old black Joe Fortes, bartender, shoe-shine and man of jobs at the Sunnyside; one of the only two men to whom Vancouver has erected a monument.

William Walton, 1885 — After the fire I built a shack on the island in Coal Harbor. One day I came home and found someone had buried a Chinaman near, and about a month later they planted another dead man near my house. I said to my partner, "I'm going to get out of this; this is a regular dead man's island." "Good name for it," he replied. When the Chinese riots took place they wanted me for a witness, but I had gone to my island to look at some traps I had set for coon. They asked my partner where I was. He said "Deadman's Island." They said, "Where's that?" He told them and the name stuck.

George L. Allen, 1885—Cambie street was undoubtedly our first playground, and before Stanley Park, too. Al Larwell was honorary caretaker, the city's first. A fine man, strict, but the boys loved him just the same.

George H. Keefer, 1885—When it became known that we were surveying for water to be brought across the Inlet we were thought to be just a little queer. How water could be brought across the foaming tides of the First Narrows was a bit of a puzzler for some who drew their water from wells.

Philip Oben, 1887—Chief Joe Capilano, who was my guide, told

me I was the first white man to penetrate to the headwaters of the Capilano River. I was sent to find out where the river came from. Joe and I came out on Howe Sound.

James A. Smith, 1888—I was lost in the forest. I slid down a steep cliff; it must have been Strathecona, above the Quilichena golf course.

H. P. McCraney, 1885—John Clough, the official street lamp-lighter, had been appointed, at \$30 per month, to light the coal-oil lamps on the street lamp posts, but people were tired of coal-oil and candles, so we started the electric light plant; the street lights were thirty-two candlepower; little "glowworms." The first street car track I laid on Granville street, just above Pacific street on the level, so that the horses would have an easy start when they commenced to pull.

Captain Percy Nye, 1890—I was walking up the board sidewalk on Granville street when I saw a woman in white coming through the bushes Howe street way. She called, "Is my boy under there?" Granville street was road on one side only; the other was a hollow and the board walk elevated about six feet on stilts. I jumped down and peeped under the sidewalk into a boy's play shack made out of boards and lined with newspapers. I often wonder what distinguished citizen of today had his "pirate's den" under the board walk opposite the Hudson's Bay store.

Mrs. H. E. Campbell, 1890—Some one cried, "Oh, look, come look!" We all rushed to the window. It was a woman crossing the field where now is the airport; women were rare morsels in those days.

A. C. Muir, Comox, 1884—Vancouver newspapers continually report me as one of the "pioneer dead." Now just who may they be?

W. E. Graveley, 1885—Yes Mayor MacLean was a man of broad vision, generous to a fault, and a man of whom Vancouver might well be proud to have had for its first mayor. He served without salary. Many of our first aldermen, too, were distinguished men of great heart and understanding.

THE SUNDAY PROVINCE, VANCOUVER,

SCROLL OF FOUNDERS

CITY OF VANCOUVER

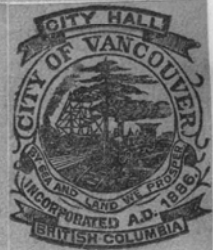
Here Before the Fire- The Last Four Hundred



THE scroll of historic names comprising "The Last Four Hundred" is a comparatively complete list of those now living who, prior to the great fire of 1886, contributed in some measure, great or small, towards the founding of our city. It includes, with special exceptions, those who, in the years prior to that date and within the boundaries of the present city, were born, owned land, or had some avocation. Those still resident in our city number 285 in a total of 453 listed.

The rapid rate at which our pioneers are passing is illustrated by the demise of no less than five while this list was being compiled.

In an endeavor to avoid the omission of a single name, over 700 letters of enquiry, in addition to press notices, were circulated. It is requested that omissions or imperfections be brought to the notice of the archivist, Vancouver Public Library, where the roll will be preserved.



1858

Alexander McLean

1868

Mrs. P. A. Byrne, nee Rowling, New Westminster
Frank Plante, Valemount
George W. DeBeck
W. H. Rowling, San Pedro, California
H. S. Rowling

1869

James D. Magee
John H. Seales

The '60s

James Cromarty, Langley
Mrs. Mary C. Dester, nee Magee
H. C. Magee

1870

Mrs. Jennie Allice, nee Johns, Long Beach
F. W. Alexander, Seattle
C. W. Magee, Abbotsford
Mrs. R. Preston, New Westminster

1871

George Greene
Hugh Murray, Royal Sappers and Miners
Mrs. A. R. Poole, nee Wood, Armstrong

1872

Mrs. J. L. G. Abbott, nee Alexander
Mrs. H. Davidson, nee McKee
Miss May Magee, Seattle
S. McC. McKeen, Langley
Rev. C. M. Tate
Archibald Johns

1873

R. H. Batt, late H.M.S. "Myrmidon"
Peter Bilodeau, New Westminster
Mrs. A. F. Crakanthorp, nee Patterson
Mrs. George Newman, nee Strang, New Westminster
C. O. Patterson
N. R. Preston, New Westminster
John Strang, New Westminster
Capt. A. E. Stevens, North Vancouver
T. J. Trapp, New Westminster

1874

George Elliott, New Westminster
Mrs. Thomas G. Fisher
Miss Edith Magee, Seattle
Frank P. Miller
Mrs. T. R. Pearson, nee Major, South Westminster
Casper Phair, Lillooet
Miss E. J. Rowling, New Westminster

1875

L. A. Agassiz, Agassiz
William Daniels
Dan Daniels
Harry Daniels, Chemainus
Mrs. George W. DeBeck
W. J. French, Sechelt
George R. Greenwood
Mrs. May Hiland, nee Preston, New Westminster
M. S. Logan
John Murray, Port Moody
Capt. J. W. Rogers, New Westminster
H. E. Ridley
J. L. Walker, Walker's Trail

1876

Thomas Binnie, New Westminster
Mrs. William Daniels
Mrs. Angus C. Fraser
Mrs. Fred Jackson, nee Morrison, New Westminster
Fred O. Magee, Bowen Island
D. Martinson
Walter C. Miller
D. W. McCallum
Mrs. Alexander McLean
Fred J. Patterson
C. E. Pittendrigh, New Westminster
Mrs. Blanche A. Rowling, nee Daniels
Adam D. Scott
Mrs. C. A. Welsh, nee Williams, New Westminster

1877

Mrs. Jane Beach
Dan Callaghan, Haney

A. H. Ferguson, New Westminster*
 W. J. Fisher
 Peter Gonzales, North Vancouver
 Hans Hanson, Port Neville
 Mrs. W. H. Johnston, nee McLean, Blackpool, B. C.
 T. R. Pearson, South Westminster
 Mrs. Frank Smith, nee Johns, Victoria

1878

Theodore Bryant, Ladysmith
 Mrs. J. F. Christie, nee Fraser
 Richard W. Goddard, Milner
 W. A. Johnston
 Mrs. T. M. Logan, nee McCleery
 Mrs. N. E. Lougheed, nee Paull
 J. J. Morrison, Fort Langley
 John McDougall, Quesnel
 R. J. J. McCann, Hammond*
 Mrs. E. B. McKelvie, nee Soule
 John McLean, Sapperton
 James McWhinnie
 Duncan A. Smith
 George H. Turnbull, New Westminster
 Mrs. Janet M. Turnbull, New Westminster
 William Nicoll

1879

W. O. Anderson
 Mrs. Eva Coldwell
 D. C. Fisher
 Mrs. G. W. Gilley, Langley Prairie
 Herbert Gilley, New Westminster
 D. B. Grant
 Mrs. M. A. King, nee Blair, Penticton
 R. A. Lambert
 Mrs. H. R. May, nee Daniels
 D. A. McKee
 Robert McKee, New Westminster
 Mrs. J. Reynolds Tite, nee Paull
 Charles W. Williams

The '70s

Florence M. Clarke
 P. G. Cudlip, Victoria
 Capt. John Irving, Victoria
 Mrs. D. Todd Lees, nee Miller
 Capt. Joseph Mayers, New Westminster
 Mrs. S. S. Monohan, New Westminster
 Mrs. Edith Nelson, nee Cordiner
 Miss Annie Rogers, New Westminster
 Mrs. G. R. Raymond, Vernon
 Stanley Towle, Milner, B. C.
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wintemute, New Westminster

1880

Mrs. William Archibald, New Westminster
 John Blair
 C. V. Coldwell
 S. Gregory, New Westminster
 Alexander Houston, Fort Langley
 W. Morrison, Fort Langley
 A. O. Morrison, Hammond
 Miss Margaret E. McCleery
 Mrs. Etta McKibbin, nee Magee, Winnipeg
 James A. McLean, Seattle
 H. J. Newton, Hammond
 H. N. Rich, Ladner
 Ernest S. Robson
 Samuel Scarlet
 Capt. E. S. Scoullar
 Mrs. (Bishop) A. W. Sillitoe
 James Springer, Powell River
 Wymond W. Walkem

1881

V. A. Balatti
 Mrs. H. B. Barton, nee McCleery
 W. T. Blair, Penticton
 A. D. Campbell, Ashcroft
 Mrs. C. D. Gillanders, nee Thompson
 R. Ludlow, Ioco
 Mrs. D. M. Moore, nee Thompson
 John McMynn
 Mrs. William Nicoll
 D. N. Nelson, Steveston
 Mrs. Ben Thomas
 A. W. Thom
 Thomas Whipple
 Capt. F. M. Yorke

1882

Colin Dawson, Calgary
 James Dunn
 James M. Drummond, West Vancouver
 J. H. Gannon, Dawson, Y.T.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Gray
 T. A. Greer
 Fred R. Greer, Chicago
 Mrs. Augusta Haggman, Seattle
 W. R. Lord
 John Lattimore
 A. A. Langley
 H. C. Major, New Westminster
 Henry Mahlman
 John Mole, Ladner
 William Mackie
 Mrs. S. McCleery, nee Mole
 J. F. McLellan, Langley
 Mrs. D. A. Pearson, nee Fisher, Mission
 A. H. Soule
 D. Sutherland, McGuire, B. C.
 Mrs. T. E. Thomas, nee McLean
 George Wagg
 Mrs. George C. McGown

1883

Mrs. L. E. Blaney, nee Randall
 Mrs. J. Cronin, nee Blackstock
 G. B. Clarke, Penticton
 R. C. Clarke, Keremeos
 A. C. Dyker, North Vancouver
 B. Goddard
 Mrs. Louisa Greer
 Sam Hallander
 S. F. James
 George Johnston
 Mrs. Ben. S. Kennedy, nee Haggman, Westminister
 Peter Larson
 Mrs. D. Martinson
 James Myers
 P. J. Myers
 Mrs. H. N. Rich, Ladner
 Isaac Russell, Langley Prairie
 Mrs. R. Schnoter, nee Johns
 Mrs. Nellie A. Wight, nee Randall
 J. T. Wilkinson
 Otway J. J. Wilkie

1884

Mrs. Lena Alltree, nee Bowman
 Charles Allard
 Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Bell
 Thomas H. Boyd
 Mrs. W. E. Brown, nee Zwicker, New Westminster
 James Brown, Garden City
 Mrs. James Best, Haney
 W. H. Chase
 Mrs. W. E. Draney, nee Reid
 Miss V. C. Fisher
 R. G. Forsyth
 Mrs. T. J. Fife, Hollywood
 D. Galbraith, Squamish
 J. E. Gilmore, Cachalott
 Mrs. S. W. Handy, Cascade
 Ernest H. Hall
 F. W. Haggman, New Westminster
 Mrs. M. J. Janes
 W. J. Janes
 A. T. Janes
 R. C. Janes
 B. Phillip Jacobsen, Bella Coola
 F. C. Jones, Fort Langley

H. M. Keefer, Savary Island
 Andy Linton
 W. Lawrence, Gambier Island
 Mrs. S. M. Metcalfe
 Mrs. Ruth Morton
 Joseph Morton
 A. McM. Matheson
 William Mashiter, Squamish
 C. W. Murray sr.
 George M. Matheson
 A. C. Muir, Comox
 W. U. Macdonald*
 J. O. McLeod
 Joseph W. McFarland
 Mrs. Jemima McKie, nee Reid, Grand Forks
 Mrs. T. F. McGuigan, nee Stewart, Hollywood
 L. W. Patten
 David Price
 James Pargeter, Nanaimo
 J. W. Randall
 James Rae
 Harry Rae
 Mrs. D. R. Reid
 R. S. Russell
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robson, New Westminster

1885

J. T. Abray, North Vancouver
 Mrs. Elida Austin, nee Bell, Revelstoke
 Mrs. Josh Bowyer, nee Ballinger
 A. J. Banham
 George Barnes
 J. N. J. Brown
 E. W. Bradshaw, Sullivan
 His Worship E. H. Bridgeman, North Vancouver
 Harry B. Cambie
 Mrs. W. H. Chase
 P. H. Cody
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cornish
 W. S. Cook
 G. W. Campbell
 L. D. Card, Port Orchard, Wash.
 John Callister
 James Doig
 Hugh Dunn
 Nelson Dunn
 Mrs. Thomas Earle, Laurier, Wash.
 W. H. Evans
 R. C. Ferguson
 John H. Freney, Rossland
 Mrs. W. M. Gow, nee Coughtrey
 Mrs. E. P. Gerrard
 W. E. Graveley
 John G. Garvin
 W. H. Grant, Victoria
 Alderman L. A. Hamilton, Toronto

see "Callister Park"

To Pioneers Beyond the Great Divide, Prosperity
 Bows In Tribute to Their Labors—Our City Is
 Their Monument

F. W. Hart, Prince Rupert
G. B. Harris
V. W. Haywood
W. D. Haywood
W. A. Housley
Mrs. John W. Jackson, Nehalem, Ore.
John Kelly
W. F. Kent
Mrs. M. L. Kirk, nee Janes
George H. Keefe, Victoria
John M. Keefe, Chilliwack
George Lamarre
Mrs. Lillian Lycette, nee Card
Dr. H. E. Langis, Parksville
J. A. Mateer
H. W. Martin, Winnipeg
Mrs. William Martin
L. J. Martin
James J. Mellard
John Mitchell
George E. Morris
J. J. Moore, Bowen Island
Mrs. C. W. Murray
Fred P. Murray
Whitley Murray
A. G. Murray
C. Walter Murray
Miss C. J. Mutlow
John W. McKeown
Alex. McKinnon
A. G. McCandless
H. P. McCraney
Mrs. G. T. McGregor
Mrs. J. O. McLeod
Peter McMillan, Langley
Mrs. John McMynn
Ronald McNeill, Port Alberni
Mrs. A. A. McSwain, Berkeley, Cal.
Mrs. N. G. O'Connor, nee Bell, New Westminster
R. V. Palmer
H. E. Parsons, New Westminster
C. J. P. Phibbs, Port Kells
Mrs. M. E. Paul, nee Pyatt, Port Alberni
R. L. Reid, K.C.
Mrs. T. Richardson, nee Jones
A. K. Stuart, Hope
Capt. W. C. Somerville
Giles Shelton
Herbert Springer
Major-General J. W. Stewart, C.B.
Mrs. Q. J. Trotter, Kew Beach
Mrs. J. M. Vye, nee Martin
William Whipple
J. G. Woods
J. Walton, Eburne
Charles Weigand
John Winter
William Walton, Port Coquitlam
Charles Wellington, Pemberton

1886

P. H. Atkinson
Mrs. T. C. Alcock
George L. Allen
Mrs. Cecil Atkinson, nee Haldon
E. E. Austin
Mrs. S. A. Blenkinsop
Mrs. Isabella Best, nee Thomas
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Benson
E. C. Britton
Mrs. A. M. Balfour
Mrs. Harvey Bawden, nee Balfour
Henry Balfour, Montreal
C. L. Behnsen, Victoria
J. W. Biggar, South Westminster
Mrs. J. L. Burnham, nee Hodgson, Kelowna
W. W. Boulton
John Bausman
G. T. Buck
Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Campbell, San Pedro
J. J. Cowderoy
J. H. Carlisle
John Crow
George A. Clair

Edward Cook
George Cary
E. K. Collett
Hugh E. Campbell
Mrs. Elizabeth Cooke
Robert Chambers
Capt. C. H. Cates
Roderick Cummings, Murrayville
Mrs. Alice Disney
H. T. Devine
R. E. Darrall, Likely, B. C.
Mrs. Thomas Evans, nee Alcock*

Mrs. Emily Eldon
Mrs. Catherine Eaton
Mrs. C. P. Eastman, nee McMurphy
A. C. Fisher
Daniel Fulton
George R. Gordon
Moses Gibson
Mrs. A. A. Gilchrist
W. H. Gallagher
Hugh Gunn, New Westminster
Charles A. Gardner, New Westminster
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Grauer, Eburne
A. P. Grant, New Westminster
Mrs. E. Hampton, nee Best, Haney
C. M. Hawley
Mrs. F. A. Hewer, nee Boulton, Gibsons
G. H. Hodgson, White Rock
R. C. Hodgson
Mrs. C. Gardner Johnson
David Lamb, Murrayville
Mrs. John Leask, nee Hamilton, Collingwood, Ont.

Mrs. J. H. Low, nee Alcock
W. H. Macey
Fred C. Macey
Miss Alice J. Macey
Mrs. S. Macey, Prince Rupert
Paul Marmette
Thomas Mathews
Donald Matheson, Margaret Bay
Dr. Robert Mathison, Kelowna
Mrs. James Monroe, Chilliwack
Fred S. Munro
Mrs. Emma Munro
F. W. McCrady, C. E., Alert Bay
John McDowell
D. B. McDougald, Mt. Lehman
Mrs. D. R. McEachern, Sardis
Mrs. Alice McGirr
A. B. McKenzie, Nanaimo
Wilson McKinnon, Prince Rupert
Miss Emma McLeod
Alex. McLeod, Butedale
His Worship T. F. Neelands
Mrs. S. J. Oldfield
W. M. Oldfield
C. N. Oldfield, Steveston
Edmund Ogle, Toronto
Elijah Priest
Mrs. S. H. Ramage, nee Sanders
Arthur Robinson
Phillip Rowe, Nanaimo
Mrs. J. B. Rose, nee Boulton
James H. Ross, Winchester, Ont.
George L. Schetky
J. B. Silverthorne
A. E. Solloway
L. T. Solloway
J. Fred Sanders
John Simpson, New Westminster
F. C. Tilley, Bradner
Thomas Taylor
Mrs. Robert Telford, nee Munro
Thomas A. Tribe
Sylvester Tallman
R. Trodden, Spences Bridge
G. F. Upham
Hugh A. Urquhart
William S. Udy, Milner
Mrs. George W. Ward, nee Alcock
Leonard Watt
Mrs. Martha W. Weirs
Mrs. R. Willis
Mrs. W. H. Wooley, nee Martinson

Here Before "The Fire"

Mrs. F. R. Arkell
Mrs. Mary A. Buck, nee Plante, Monroe, Wash.
Mrs. W. A. Bauer, nee Springer
Mrs. F. J. Cook, Kilgard
Mrs. H. A. Christie, nee Mannion
Mrs. William Dichmont
J. H. Draney, New Westminster
C. R. Draney, Ladner
W. E. Draney
Frank Draney
Mrs. Charles Draney, Ladner
Mrs. W. A. Hoskin, nee Russell, Langley Prairie
Hugh McDonald
Mrs. W. R. W. McIntosh
Gus Pearson, Bella Coola
Mrs. A. G. Wilmot, nee Mannion, Woodstock, Ont.

List prepared by The Sunday Province and Major Matthews, city archivist. The asterisk denotes since deceased.

Here Before the Fire

June 13, 1886.

Many letters complimenting The Sunday Province and Major J. S. Matthews, city archivist, on the publication of the roll of pioneers still living who saw Vancouver before the great fire of 1886 have been received since the scroll of names appeared in our issue of June 12 last. "I have been busy ever since," writes one old-timer, "corresponding with those long forgotten and thought dead." "I thank you, in the name of posterity," writes a pioneer grandmother. The earliest pioneer, Alexander McLean, who arrived on Burrard Inlet in 1858, and whose name headed the list, passed away in August.

Thirty additional names, since received, are published below. Photostat copies of the complete list, numbering 483 persons, can be secured for a nominal sum from W. J. Moore Photo Co., 420 West Hastings.

1857—Duncan McDonald, North Vancouver.
1874—John Flewin, Port Simpson.
D. A. McKee, Vancouver.
1876—R. John McDonnell, Stewart.
1878—John A. Murray, Prince Rupert.
1879—James L. Graham, Vancouver.
1880—A. Blair sr., Steveston.
James F. Strang, Vancouver.
1882—Capt. P. H. Johnston, West Vancouver.
Mrs. G. C. McGown, Vancouver.
G. C. Smith, Port Haney.
1883—Mrs. A. Blair, nee Hall, Steveston.
Mrs. A. M. Marshall, Vancouver.
1884—Mrs. Peter Peebles, New Westminster.
1885—Mrs. H. C. Clarke, nee Campbell.
Horace A. DuHamel, Prince Rupert.
Mrs. Russell Doyle, nee Lougheed, Beulah, Man.
Daniel Lougheed, North Vancouver.
William J. Lougheed, Vancouver.
Abraham Lougheed, Cloverdale.
William E. Murray, San Pedro, Cal.
Reeve David W. Poppy, Langley.
1886—Beaumont Boggs, Victoria.
T. Fred Chulow, Shushartie Bay.
J. N. Dawzy, Vancouver.
Mrs. R. H. Heath, nee Cornish.
Alex. McLeod, Vancouver.
George McQueen, Victoria.
Here before "The Fire"
Lt.-Col. E. Mallandaine, Creston.
Mrs. Alex. Mowatt, nee Mitchell.

THE OLD TIME SALOON

A fairly good description of the saloon.
There were dozens of them in Vancouver.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1932

The Odd Angle

The Old-time Bar

By P. W. LUCE.

PROHIBITIONISTS in Washington have opened an old-time saloon as a help to temperance education. It is fitted with swinging doors, big mirrors, bright lights, mahogany bar, bungstarter, brass foot rail, 'n' everything.

It is supposed to be a horrible example of the depravity of the days that are no more, and a warning that we should not forget the benefits of prohibition. The "Drys" are quite satisfied with their old-time bar, but the "Old Soaks" have yet to be heard from.

There are bottles on the shelves, bottles bearing familiar labels of well-liked brands, but the bottles are empty. They are a sham and a mockery. The substance of the old-time saloon is there, but not the spirit.

SPEAKING as one who had a nodding acquaintance with the old-time bar, I want to say that it was not wholly a place of sin by a long shot. It had its redeeming features. Mellowed by the passing of years, memories of convivial parties on licensed premises bring back many a pleasant glow.

I am not competent to compare the old-time saloon with the modern speakeasy. I have never been in a speakeasy, and I have never tasted synthetic gin, but from what I hear, the modern youth who sucks at a hip flask and sneaks into stuffy blind pigs has never learned to drink his liquor like a gentleman. He makes a shoddy business of what should be a social pleasure.

THE trouble with this synthetic saloon is that it has been built by men who never had any sympathy for the genuine article. It may be correct as to scale and perfect as regards furnishings, but all the little intimate touches must be lacking. There are definite limits to the abilities of the "Drys," if not to their ambitions.

A gentleman in a white apron impersonates a bartender in the Washington reconstruction. Presumably he is a ro-tund and jovial personage, but, being a teetotaler, what a sorry bartender he is bound to make!

What a travesty on the florid Mike of long ago, Mike with his oiled and curly hair, his purple moustache, his eternal cigar, his golden smile that rivalled Jack Johnson's, his green tie, his white waistcoat, his heavy gold chain, his check socks, and his bright yellow shoes. Ah, there was truly a bartender!

The professional prohibitionist does not look a bit like that. No amount of make-up will make his disguise effective, and no studious practice can ever teach him to swing a wet towel along the bar in the traditional manner. It's a gift denied to men who don't drink.

WHILE it may be true that the old-time bartender invariably gave the change to the wrong customer so that somebody would buy another drink as a result of the argument bound to follow, and sometimes mistook his own pocket for the house cash register, nobody minded these foibles. He was a good spender, a genial soul, and he had the gift of the patient ear.

No matter how many times he had heard a customer's sad tale of woe, the bartender was always willing to listen and to say "Sure!" or "Tough luck!" at the right time.

Unlike prohibitionists, he never committed the fatal error of giving a man good advice. The most he would do would be to urge the fellow to have another drink, and he seldom had to repeat the invitation.

"HAVE one on the house!" was one of the sweetest suggestions of two decades ago. It saved countless parties from breaking up too soon, for etiquette demanded that the "one on the house" should be followed by one on each of the customers, so long as they had the cash or their credit was good.

I do not know the prohibitionists' equivalent for "one on the house," but I doubt much if it can be as popular. When you're not getting any drinks at all, not getting another drink may easily pass unnoticed.

THE formalities of an introduction were not insisted upon in the old-time saloon. A willingness to drown a thirst fulfilled all social requirements, and a general invitation to "belly up to the bar and name your 'pizen'" raised a man ace-high for the time being. There were places where a refusal to drink would have been construed as an invitation to fight, but on the whole, fights were frowned upon. There was always the danger that the big mirror might get smashed.

ONE of the glories of the old-time bar was the free lunch, though the Americans always excelled us in that respect. Our hotel proprietors were somewhat timid both as regards quantity and variety, and kept a calculating eye on the eatables.

Even in the better places, the free lunch was not always adequate to allay the appetite, but it could always be depended on to generate a thirst. The base might be smoked salmon or pretzels or cheese sandwiches or bologna, but the chief seasoning was always salt.

If the hotel men could have devised a salt-lick to take the place of the free lunch, they would have been happy.

WASHINGTON'S imitation saloon includes a brass rail, and the noble Bishop Cannon has had his photograph taken with his foot resting heavily on it, as if the thing were an emergency brake.

The good bishop means well, but he has failed utterly to grasp the function of the brass rail. The experienced drinker did not use it as a foot scraper or a stirrup. Rather, he used it as a barometer of his condition. So long as he could stand with one foot on the floor and the other resting lightly on the brass rail, he knew it was safe for him to "hoist another."

The "old soak" treated the brass rail with reverence. He stroked it gently with his foot, and he did it unconsciously, much as one strokes a pet cat, and got much the same pleasure out of it.

No prohibitionist will ever be able to understand that.

Before the Pale-Face Came PROVINCE

VANCOUVER, B.C., SUNDAY, MARCH 12, 1933

*There is no such thing as a "Paleface"
in British Columbia; they are all
"Whitemans" J.S.M.*

Interpretation—Abridged

Musqueam	existing village	Squtsahs	an island
Mahly	"	Chulwhahulch	dry passage
Che-shtun	a boulder. Legend, Creation	Puckahls	white rocks
Ky-ooham	" Legend, dog's howl	Lucklucky	beautiful grove
Homulsom	" Legend, Creation	Kumkumlye	grove of maples
Huphapailth	place of cedar trees	Chetchailmun	group of boulders
Kullakan	a boulder. Legend, fence	Hupahapai	place of cedars
Chitchulayuk	" Legend, big wind	Steetsemah	former village
Tsa-atlum	a cool place	Chaychilwhuk	derived from "near"
Pookcha	floating sandbar	Whawhewhy	little place of masks
Kekohpai	a small bay, crabtree	Uthkyme	snake slough
Eyalmo	good camp ground	Sahix	a point
E-eyahmo	another camp ground	Ustlawn	head of bay
Simsahmuls	tool stone	Tlathmahulk	salt water creek
Snaug	a former village	Homul cheson	a former fort
Aunmaytsut	commit suicide	Swywee	a lagoon
Kiwahusks	two points opposite	Chutaum	a point
Skwachice	deep hole in water	Smullaqua	a bay, "tragedy"
Simamchuze	a former cove	Stuckale	a bad smell
Ayayulshun	another soft under foot	Skaywitsut	go around point
Ayulshun	soft under foot	Chulks	stone in sling
Staitwouk	white pipe clay	Kee-khaalsum	gnawing
Slahkayulsh	Legend, "He is standing up"	Stoaktux	rocks "all cut up"
Chants	" His fishing line	Chakhai	sizzling noise
Sahunz	" His wife (kneeling)	Tumbth	paint for face
Chaythoos	a former village, high bank	Eyesyche	sheltered waters
Ahka-chu	a little lake	Ulksen	"knoll," all Point Grey
Whoi-Whoi	a great village, masks	Kwy-yowka	Steveston
Fahpee-ak	Brockton Point	Whykitsen	Terra Nova
Estahltohk	large, pretty house		

Item # EarlyVan_v2_168

By MAJOR J. S. MATTHEWS.

With acknowledgements to many Indians.

LD Indian say 'I go Ulksen;' young Indian say 'I go Vancouver;' all same thing;" and then Yahmas (Tim Moody), born long ago in the forest hereabouts, now venerable Squamish Indian of North Vancouver, swept a wrinkled palm across the map from Chit-chul-ay-uk to Skwa-yoos (Point Grey to Kitsilano Beach).

"I think may be three thousand, perhaps five thousand Indians live around Vancouver when Mr. Vancouver come," asserts August Kitsilano, only living grandchild of Chief Haatsa-lah-nough, from whose name "Kitsilano" is derived. "Whitemans here (Gulf of Georgia) before Mr. Vancouver. I was born at Snaug, the old village under Burrard bridge; when I little boy I listen old people talk. Old people say Indian see first whitemans up near Squamish. When they see first ship they think it an island with three dead trees; might be schooner, might be sloop; two masts and bowsprit, sails tied up. Indian braves in about twenty canoes come down Squamish River; go see. Get nearer, see men on island, men have black clothes with high hat coming to point at top; think most likely black uniform; and great collar turned up like priest's cowl. Whitemans give Indian ship's biscuit; Indian not know what biscuit for. Before whitemans come Indian have little balls, not very big, roll them along ground, shoot at them with bow and arrow for practice, teach young Indian so as not to miss deer; just same you use clay pigeon. Indian not know ship's biscuit good to eat, so roll them along ground like little practice balls; shoot at them, break biscuit up."

"Then whitemans give molasses. Indian rub on leg for medicine. You know Indian sit on knees for long time in canoe; legs get stiff; rub molasses on legs make stiffness not so bad. Molasses stick legs to bottom of canoe. Molasses not much good for legs, but my fine old ancestors think it good medicine for stiffness; not their fault, just mistake; they not know molasses good to eat." Then Mr. Kitsilano laughed heartily.

"Indians have plenty food long ago; not go City Hall for meal ticket. But whitemans food change everything. Indian not want tea and sugar then; know nothing about it; now must have tea and sugar. Lots meat then; bear, deer, cut up in strips and dry; no part wasted, not even the inside. Clean out the gut, fill him up with something good, make sausage, just like whitemans; only head wasted, throw head away. Then salmon; plenty salmon, sturgeon, flounder, trout, lots all sort fish; some sun dry, some smoke dry; Indian know which best wood for smoke dry; lots crab and clam on beach."

"Indian woman know how dry berries; dry lots berries, just like raisins. Dry them first, then press into pancakes, big flat pancakes about three pounds each; stack cakes in high pile in house; when want cook break piece off. Elderberry put in sack, you know, Indian sack; put sack in creek so clean water run over them and keep fresh. By and bye, get sack out of creek, take some berry out, put sack back again, all same fancy refrigerator. Oh, lots of berries till berries come again.

"Then vegetables. Indian woman gather vegetables, dig roots with sharp stick, down deep, sometimes four feet, follow root with stick, break off, some very nice for eating, some (fern root) make white powder for flour, some dry for winter. Oh, lots food those days."

Vancouver was not just forest, nor empty wilderness, a century ago. A populous maritime community, estimated at one to two thousands families, lived in picturesque villages peeping from beneath a great green wall of trees rising up along the shore in a high serrated pallisade. Behind that sinuous line where forest met sea, lay a land of mystery and the gods, buried beneath massed foliage, the habitat of bear, elk, wolf, beaver; now our home. The felling of a tree with blunt stone chisels and round stone hammers was the work of days; the forest giants were unconquerable, land trails were few, they "lived" in their canoes, Indian life knew sea, beach, and river. They were a warm-hearted, law-abiding people of virile men and sturdy women of sense, strong, honest, moral and God-fearing, whose wisdoms include such proverbs as "a true ruler governs by kindness," and "take no notice of a barking dog (agitator)."

The villages, and other landmarks, all bore names; one alone survives to be used by English-speaking people; the historic Musqueam on Marine drive, where Fraser, after having almost reached the sea in August 1808, was turned back by the threatening Musqueams.

"Old Chief Capilano, my gandfather, tell me," says Ayatak Capilano (Frank Charlie) of Musqueam, aged about 80; "he see first white man come down river; come from east, just one man. 'Old' Capilano big boy then, just so high, bout five feet; he live to about 100, then die."

The sudden appearance of a strange human being with bleached face upon the river before the fortified village of Musqueam must have been a startling event for the aborigines of Ulksen (Point Grey). What followed can only be surmised, perhaps much oratory, perchance the tidings flew by fast canoe—and those great canoes manned by ten or twenty swarthy paddlers were swift—to the big villages of Eyalmo (Jericho), Whoi-Whoi (Lumberman's Arch) and Hamulcheson (Capilano River).

What did those villagers think—a century ago. Their prophets had foretold that some day a great event would happen; that all-powerful gods, gods with prodigious powers to rule the elements, to turn people into stone, would yet appear, but no sage had foreseen that an enormous oakwumugh (village), spreading for miles, and lumlam (houses), some reaching to the heavens, would spring forth like a mystic thing out of the forest; no sage had foreseen that the very sites of their homes, their villages, would vanish, aye, the very names be forgotten.

Be seated, at sunrise, in an imaginary "dugout" with paddlers in garments of tanned leather as they shoot down the North Arm, and skim the waters of English Bay to tell of the strange whiteface; to herald the doom, the end, of an order old even before the birth of Christ.

West of Musqueam a little creek, well known to Marine drive motorists, empties into the Fraser beside the double-towered Indian church near a shallow beach. Here is Mahly, where we push off; we have a long day before us.

At Mahly "Old" Capilano saw the explorer Fraser; there the "old chief" had his first home, the other one was at the mouth of the river which bears his name. Soon we pass Che-ah-tun, a legendary rock, "God send him" they say, and also Ky-ooham, the stone dog on the shore nearby; Ky-ooham, the sound of a "dog's howl."

A mile below Mahly, near the Fraser Monument, modern charts show Point-No-Point, a high bluff with boulders beneath, but Ayatak says "No, that's Homulsom, big domed-shaped rock on beach, bout five feet high, God put him there before he made the Indian peoples; God send eight men to start the Indian peoples; bye and bye turn them into that big stone. Small boulder beside Homulsom, that's bowl in which they wash face." Not among whitemans alone was cleanliness next to Godliness.

To the paddles' measured splash we speed along. High above is Huphapaith, now University Hill, the "place of cedars" through which for a mile or more the beautiful Marine drive winds about through a forest slit; cedar so useful for canoes, for walls and roofs of huts, so much easier to split with wedges of deer's horn than is fir, so soft for undergarments, so fluffy for the lining of infants' cradles. Loggers, alas white loggers, will some day find that splendid cedar, and then log chutes, like ugly gashes, will mar that verdant cliff.

Kullakan flies past, literally "a fence," but what sort is now mere conjecture, perhaps a barricade of split cedar trees across the narrow lane twixt cliff and sea to baffle the stealthy raiders from the north as they creep upon stockaded Musqueam. The group of boulders there were "playing ball" when they were petrified by the gods.

Farthest west in all Vancouver stands Chit-chul-ayuk, a great round boulder beneath the masts of the wireless station, biggest rock of all, tip of Point Grey; a step from your motor car and, behold, Chitchulayuk on the beach below.

Long years ago, so long that no one knows when, Chitchulayuk was an Indian man. Word reached him that a great medicine man was coming on a great official visit, and being beset with that most vicious of human weaknesses, jealousy, he conceived the destruction of the great man by making a big wind which would blow the great man away. The big wind was in process of creation when the great man appeared unrecognized, enquired what they were doing, and was told that a great man was coming, and they intended to blow him away. In punishment the jealous Indian was turned into stone, as a permanent reminder to all—even to whitemans—until the last generation, of the folly of jealousy. All this is true, well more true than Jack and the Beanstalk, for there up to his neck in water still stands Chitchulayuk for you to see; doesn't that prove it? And the big wind still blows at Chitchulayuk.

The tide is full; as we cross Pookcha, "floating" sandbank—from the appearance as the tide ebbs from the northern extremity of Spanish Banks—we hug the shore. The great cleft in the cliffside, near the cable hut, below the Anglican College, is Tsa-atslum, a "cool place," facing north, where on a hot day cool zephyrs blow, and cold water comes from the spring; a favored spot for Indian picnics.

Next is idyllic Kokohpai, "crabapple tree," a pleasant grove of crabapple trees shading a sandy arc of Marine drive, where, in rapturous bygone days, sprawling Indian babes trickled warm sand through tiny fingers while barefoot mothers paddled on the strand, caught smelt, and dried them; alas, Kokohpai no more, but the foreign name Locarno, "improved" with ice cream blazonry, and fleeting cars go honking by.

At first it was Eyalmo. Then, in 1860, British tars from warships marked it "Indian Huts" upon their charts; three years later Corporal Turner, Royal Engineers, wrote "berry bushes;" when Jerry Rogers logged there they called it "Jerry's Cove;" today we call it Jericho. But truly the air station is at Eyalmo, "good camping ground," and the golf club at E-eyalmo, "another good camping ground."

Whitemans may scoff—at the primitive home and the simple life, but who of affairs, whose life is a life of business and care, would not covet a home beneath the trees of that paradisaical park on that sheltered cove behind the sandbar; the biggest village and the longest huts on English Bay, beautiful primeval Eyalmo, the restful.

We stop for a bite at the potlatch house (clubhouse), receive much hospitality, bear steak broiled, and smothered in oolichan grease; the Indian housewife's pride is her wooden grease boat and besides, the more "gravy" on the steak the greater the honor to the guest. Then on again we go.

At Sim^Ssahm^{SA}ul^h (accent on Sim^{SA}) "tool-sharpening stones" (sandstone) a forest creek alive with trout crosses Fourth avenue behind the beach (old English Bay cannery, Bayswater street). The clam-midden on the bank above (Point Grey road) is now a smooth green lawn.

Twenty thousand whitemans swarmed one day last summer upon the sands of Kitsilano Beach, once a grassy sandbar before a verdant swamp, a little pool; an everglade all framed about in towering green. Skwayoos is insufficiently sheltered from winter storms for a permanent oakwimugh, but the swarming shoals of smelt in summer attract Indian campers. The Gyro Club children's playground was once an elk "yard," Sam Greer, indomitable pioneer, shot a wolf beside the present bathhouse, muskrats burrowed in the muskeg, salmon struggled to the pool at Third and Cedar, pioneers potted at ducks in Cornwall street slough, or dragged smelts up the sand with a garden rake.

"My father," relates Chil-lah-minst (Jim Franks) born on the famous beach, "have little hut down by corner (Yew street). Come down Skwayoos from Squamish, bout this time, fall. Lots smelts Skwayoos. Squamish peoples come down English Bay get food, smelts, berries; go back Squamish for winter, oh, that long time ago. My father's name Chilahminst, too; make canoe Skwayoos; all his life make canoe, chisel, chisel, chisel, round stone for hammer, then 'burn' canoe with pitch."

Ulksen, "knoll or nose" (all Point Grey) is far behind; our phantom canoe enters False Creek—"false" because it led nowhere—a narrow marine avenue of green branches lapped, like a tropical lagoon, by the tides.

(Continued from Page One.)

From the heights of Shaughnessy once flowed a rill which reached False Creek beneath the Burrard bridge, but forty years or more will elapse after our passing before the good Chief Chip-kaay-am (kind old Chief George) will establish beside it the first Indian settlement of Snaug, build a big potlatch house, and, in the '70's, invite Rev. C. M. Tate, Indian missionary, and Vancouver's guest at the opening of the great bridge last July, to preach in it.

Granville Island stands upon an extensive sandbar—a white pioneer once staked that sandbar as a pre-emption—where, between two converging brush fences several hundred feet long in the water, hurdles of vine maple fastened to sharpened stakes driven in the sandy mud to guide the fish into the traps, Indians trapped quantities of flounder, herrings, etc. On we go, past Aun-mayt-sut (Cambie street south) of unhappy omen; someone killed himself there, for the word means "commit suicide," and then pass through Kiwahusks, "two points exactly opposite one another" (Main street). Across this narrow strait—it gave Main street its location and odd twist—the "False Creek Bridge," our first bridge, connected Gastown by forest trail with South Vancouver. To the eastwards Skwa-chice, "deep hole in water," spreads before us.

"No more Skwachice now," says Que-yah-chulk (Dick Isaacs) aged Indian. "They fill him up, make C. N. R. yards where we used to catch the sturgeon all the time. One time great big hole in head of False Creek; fresh water come up out of deep hole; come from Burnaby Lake by big tunnel. Indian find saltwater seaweed up Burnaby Lake; it go up tunnel from Skwachice, that's the way they tell." Geologists assert that False Creek is an old bed of the Fraser River, and that seepage through gravel from the lake is quite possible.

Indians, and pioneers too, portaged large canoes from False Creek to Burrard Inlet across Carrall street—to escape the long paddle around, and "bucking" the tide of the First Narrows—but we

turn west again to Smam-chuze, a tiny sandbar cove at Howe street.

"Think Smam-chuze little island once," say our Indian friends. "Little bit of grass and two or three crabapple trees on top dry part; where Indian put dead man in trees so wolf not get him; Indian always put dead man in trees so wolf not get him; tide gradually wash grass, trees, and graves away." Villagers from Snaug across the creek tied canoes in Smam-chuz before taking trail through forest across our city to Hastings Mill; a schooner anchored in Smamchuze in 1902, is still there, but on dry land beside the railway bridge.

The famous English Bay was still Ay-yul-shun, "soft under feet," Indian barefeet, when in 1862 its soft white sand so charmed John Morton, our first settler, that he pre-empted it. Ay-ay-yul-shun, "another soft under foot" place was a short strip of sand at the foot of Broughton street. Indian blankets were woven from mountain goat's fur, then powdered with "staitwouk," a clay substance gathered at the creek mouth at Staitwouk—hence the name (Second Beach) rolled into leaves and roasted before a fire to turn it white as chalk with which to dust the blankets for whitening.

Slah-kay-ulsh, accent on "kay" (Siwash Rock) means "he is standing up." He (the rock) was an Indian fisherman before he was turned into stone by the gods; one of his petrified wives is just behind him; the other wife, Sahunz, "kneeling woman" is a low rock on the shore beside the steps down the cliff from Prospect Point. Chants, that is Siwash Rock's fishing line rolled into a ball and also petrified into a big stone, is between Slahkayulsh and his wife Sahunz; the great hole in the cliff above is their kitchen and where Chants, the fishing tackle, was kept.

"You see, it was this way," says Chil-ah-minst, "three great men, very powerful, go all the way round the world making it; I think one man make the world, but others say three. If great man find poor people they teach them, help them, so they no more poor; if they find people too smart they say 'you go bad place (hell), we not trouble about you.' That's how Siwash Rock came where he is;

too smart; powerful men turn him into rock so other people see not much good be too smart."

Smile not. Before the whiteman smiles he must first explain how Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, no less an achievement than the turning of Slahkayulsh, the fisherman, into a column of rock, or the "Mother of All Indians," i.e., Mount Baker, into a mountain of snow.

At Chay-thoos, "high bank" (Prospect Point) is a grassy clearing where the Capilano water pipe enters Stanley Park. Here Chief Haatsa-lah-nough (Kitsilano), most recent holder of that historic name, lived, died, and was buried with pomp about 1880. Hay-tulk (Supplejack) his son, died there too, and lay in state in a mausoleum of reeds and red blankets. Stanley Park is largely ancient graveyard. The remains of Haatsa-zah-nough and Haytulk were ex-

humed when the park driveway was cut; both now rest at Squamish, and August Kitsilano, the old chief's grandson, is head of the family.

Ki-haatsa-zah-nough, so tradition says, is the ancient name of the Squamish chief, who centuries ago visited English Bluff, Point Roberts, with his wife. Whilst there a woman broke the moral code; desertion by the entire clan was the punishment decreed; all left, Haatsalahnough with the others. "Where shall we go?" said Haatsalahnough to his wife, and then added "Oh, I know good place, plenty deer, beaver, duck, lots salmon, plenty food, good cedar." And so Haatsalahnough came to Snaug (Kitsilano Indian Reserve).

But the Haatsalahnough known to whitemen—he had no English name—came from the Squamish River with his brother Chief Chip-kaay-am in the early nineteenth

century. Chip-haay-am went to Snaug where he built a village from split cedar slabs. Chief Haatsalahnough went to Chay-thoos, Stanley Park; it is after this chief, not the legendary one, that our beautiful suburb is named.

Almost thirty years ago, our pioneer postmaster, the late Jonathan Miller, was invited by the Canadian Pacific Railway to furnish a name for a subdivision of land about Greer's Beach; he invoked Professor Hill-Tout's profound knowledge of Indian matters. The professor chose and anglicised the name to "Katese-lano," they kept the name but changed the spelling.

Ahka-chu, "little lake," is Beaver Lake in Stanley Park.

Historic Whoi-Whoi (Lumbermans Arch); countless thousands of prehistoric men have lived, loved, laughed, and died at Whoi-Whoi. They left behind a huge

Squt-sahs; an island, now Deadmans Island, sacred to both races; the Indeed dead rested high in fir branches; our pioneers beneath the roots. Chul-whah-ulsh, (Lost Lagoon) 'gets dry at times', when the tide goes out. Puckahls, (C.P.R. Station) means 'white rocks', large smooth sheets of light gray shale beneath the 'Bluff'; the remains still show beside the cliff near the Marine Bldg. To the Indians Stanley Park was Whoi-Whoi, and Brockton Point was Paa-pee-ak³/₂.

In more recent times, the populous village--about 700 in 1862--Whoi-Whoi has seen many a potlach festival-- over 2000 sat down to one feast within memory of whiteman; there were made the first masks for ceremonial dances; an Indian apartment house one hundred feet long and forty wide near the Lumbermans Argh was demolished to permit the driveway to pass. To the Indians Stanley Park was Whoi-Whoi, and Brockton Point was Paa-pee-ak

(omitted from the published account)

shell heap eight feet deep and acres in extent; it furnished white shell surfacing for nine miles of our first park driveway. Who were they?

"More romantic and historical than any place in all Vancouver," asserts Quitchetahl (Andrew Paull) descendent fifth in line from the heroic Quitchetahl, the serpent slayer of Squamish. "As your great explorer, Vancouver, progressed through the First Narrows, our people threw, in greeting before him, clouds of snow white eiderdown feathers which rose, wafted in the air aimlessly about, then fell, like flurries of snow, to the water's surface, and rested there like white rose petals scattered before a bride; it must have been a pretty welcome."

Capt. Vancouver, in recounting his reception, records "Here we were met by about fifty canoes," "these good people," "showed much understanding," "conducted themselves with great decorum and civility." "Our new friends soon returned, made presentations, and, if possible, expressed additional cordiality and respect." No wonder Capt. Vancouver wrote "these good people."

We call it Water street; old-timers call it "Gastown;" the Indians called it "grove of beautiful trees." A grove of light green maples, of which no doubt the famous "Maple Tree" was one, clustered before a crescent of taller, darker firs about a beach washed by wavelets; a rapturous emerald setting with a promising name, Lucklucky, our city's birth-place.

"The Maple Trees" (Kumkum-lye) grew in profusion at Hastings Sawmill; at Chet-chail-mun (sugar refinery--meaning unknown) seals flopped to the summits of a group of huge boulders, basked in the sun, and slithered down again to the water. Huphapai, "cedars," was once Cedar Cove to whites, now gone; a little cove and creek at the foot of the hill on Powell street.

Beyond the Second Narrows bridge is an old channel of Seymour Creek, now dry; this is the

famed Steetsemah, celebrated Indian fishing resort. Chay-chil-wuk (Seymour Creek) is derived from "near or narrow," perhaps means "Narrows;" then comes Whawhewhy, "little place where masks were made," Kwa-hul-cha (Lynn Creek), and next Uth-kyme, "pond of snakes," a slough crossed by a concrete bridge near the Low Level road. "Lots snakes there one time; when whitemans come they all go away." The bold headland above old Moodyville is Sahix, "a point or cape." A few yards east of the ferry landing at North Vancouver is Es-tahl-tohk, "a large pretty house is built there." Ust-lawn, "head of bay" is the pretty name of the North Vancouver Indian Reserve, and Tlath-mahulk, "saltwater creek," enters Burrard Inlet at the foot of Pemberton avenue.

Little portholes through which to shoot arrows at their foes were cut in the thick cedar sides of Indian homes at Homulcheson, the stronghold at the mouth of the Capilano River. In the fortress of split cedar trees was imprisoned, according to the aged Haxten, now over 100, the captured Indian noblewoman Kokohaluk. Then the stockade, temporarily undefended, was suddenly assaulted by her northern compatriots, the fortress burned, the lady rescued. A bloody fight with bow and arrow on the rocks near Skaywitsut (Point Atkinson) followed; the valorous Skwalocktun alone survived, the Squamish canoes smashed, the retirement of the northern warriors to bury their slain at Gibsons Landing, Paytsamauc's declaration--he was the Squamish warrior, brother of "old" Capilano--the journey north, the restoration of Kokohaluk to her adoring Squamish husband, and the making of peace. Haxten saw the slain covered with mats lying in the wild gooseberry bushes at Gibsons.

Capilano was not the name of a river, but of "Old" Chief Capilano; in early days it was spelt variously as Kahpillahno and Kiapil-anogh.

Between the river and the ferry landing is Swy-wee, a salt-water lagoon winding towards the former beaver dams; the name is presumed to be a corruption of swai-wee (oolichans) or candle fish, so-called because used when dried for torches.

Chut-aum is Navvy Jack's Point, near Navvy Jack's home, the first in West Vancouver. Next comes "tragedy," Smullaqua, West Bay; something terrible happened there, some disaster, perhaps warfart and many warriors killed. Stuck-ale (Great Northern Cannery) is pleasant enough to the ear, but suggests a "horrible smell," probably a skunk's paradise. Skunk Cove (Caulfield) is nearby. At Skaywitsut, accent on "Skay," we "go around point" (Point Atkinson), enter Eye-scyche "sheltered waters" (Howe Sound), and come to Chulks, "stone in sling."

It appears that when the gods were fixing the geography of the earth, Mount Garibaldi, about forty miles from Chulks, was adjudged too high; it was decided to lower it by knocking the top off; a huge boulder was flung at it. As the all-powerful thrower was twirling sling and stone around and around his head to attain the necessary force and speed, a slave accidentally touched the thrower's arm and spoiled his aim--some say the sling touched a raven's wing. Anyway, the stone--it weighs several tons--missed the mountain and landed at Chulks (Kew Beach), where it can be seen to this day in a crevasse facing south.

The bear and deer came to spring to nibble and gnaw the tender grass and buds at Eagle Harbor, or Kee-khaal-sum, "gnawing by animals." Stoak-tux (Fisherman's Cove) is "all cut up," an allusion to the fluted formation of the rocks. Chah-kai (Horseshoe Bay) is thought to refer to the "low sizzling noise," similar to frying bacon, made by shoals of smelt at night. Our women-folk buy their vanity at drug-stores; the Indian maidens got theirs at Tumbth, "red paint for faces," a little further north, and, more graciously than ours, shared it with her warrior.

Goodbye. Our tour is over; the long summer's day is closing. Far to the eastward the intrepid Fraser in his lonely canoe is speeding eastwards to the "Old World;" we vanish whence we came and our true friends, as many a pioneer well knows, our tired Indian companions, turn again home to their sunny Musqueam.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH (ANGLICAN), KITSILANO.

W.J. Wenmoth, letter from Anyox, B.C., 8 December 1931

History of St. Mark's Church, Kitsilano:

How often it happens that the dissensions in a church are by the Grace of God, turned to good account, and cause a spreading of the work.

In 1906 Holy Trinity Church at the corner of 7th Ave. and Pine, now on the corner of 10th and Pine [*old church is now Orange Hall*] was the only Anglican church west of Granville Street. The parish extended from Kitsilano Beach to the Fraser River, and from Granville Street to Point Grey.

There was trouble in Holy Trinity; financially, of course. The stipend had not been paid in full for many months, and now it was proposed to increase the stipend to enable the rector to buy the house in which he was living. At a hurried-up meeting in the Rector's house, it was said the proposal was adopted. But it caused considerable dissatisfaction, and fourteen good families withdrew from Holy Trinity.

The next year the Rev. William Tuson came on a visit to West Fairview. [*West Fairview: a name applied to the area west of Granville Street to Trafalgar Street before the name Kitsilano became common. JSM 1933.*] Mr. Tuson was a superannuated clergyman of the Episcopal Church of the United States; he came from Spokane, Wash. He was accompanied by his wife and three children, Will, Nettie and Ada. Mrs. Tuson had a very prepossessing appearance and a lovely nature. She impressed everybody with her amiability, and unfailing good nature; she was an ideal wife for a clergyman. Nettie had her mother's good looks, but both girls were quiet and shy. After his serious illness here, Rev. W. Tuson returned to Spokane where he shortly afterwards died. Nettie is married and living in Nevada, and has now two children. Ada is still at home with her mother.

Mr. Tuson came to that particular part of West Fairview [*corner of First and Maple*] because he had four brothers living around that section. Naturally he called on the rector of Holy Trinity, and Mr. Tuson gave out that he had the consent of the rector to start a mission. The building on the corner of First and Maple was put up by the Tusons. Mr. Tuson approached some of those who had withdrawn from Holy Trinity, amongst whom were Messrs. Acheson, F. Bentley, G. Blakely, Cawsten, Esten, and W.J. Wenmoth. They were a little doubtful at first as to Mr. Tuson's standing. He showed no written permission from the rector of Holy Trinity, and he had no license from the Bishop of New Westminster. But when the building was up, and the opening service commenced, some of those who had not heard the old service for months came forward, and the little hall was well filled. Mr. Tuson used the Anglican prayer book. Mrs. Tuson was at the small organ.

NAMING OF ST. MARK'S.

During the following week a meeting was held to name the church. St. Stephen's was mentioned, and St. Nicholas'. Mrs. W.J. Wenmoth suggested St. Mark's. The last church they had attended in the Old Country was in Bush Hill park, north of London, and it was doing very successful work among the men and boys of a densely populated district. This church was called St. Mark's, and it might be a good omen to call this church the same name. A vote was taken. St. Nicholas got one vote, St. Stephen's four, and St. Mark's fourteen.

A meeting was called to formally hand over the mission to Christ Church. There were present the Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath, the Rev. C.C. Owen, rector of Christ Church, Messrs. Bently, Esten, Cawsten, and W.J. Wenmoth.

The Archdeacon asked Mr. Owen if Christ Church was willing to take charge of the Mission. Mr. Owen replied, "I haven't been asked yet." The Archdeacon began, "Well, if I—," when Mr. Owen cut in with, "It must come from the congregation, Mr. Archdeacon." As people's warden, Mr. W.J. Wenmoth, on behalf of the congregation, then formally asked Mr. Owen to take charge of St. Mark's. Then Mr. Owen replied, "With your permission, Mr. Archdeacon, I shall be glad to do so." Mr. Owen gravely shook hands with all present.

And thus the little orphan church found a mother.

Letter, W.J. Wenmoth, Anyox, 24 November 1931.

I have put in [*above*] how the mission came to be handed over to Christ Church. You cannot call Mr. Tuson a “rector of St. Mark’s.”

I always had charge of the Sunday school, and continued to do so after Christ Church took it over. I cannot understand how Holy Trinity [*overlooked in a preparatory sketch of the history of St. Mark’s submitted to Mr. Wenmoth for correction*] has been overlooked. We were in its parish all the time; we knew it, and were not allowed to forget it.

The few times that Mr. Gilbert took the services we had not been taken over by Christ Church, and when Mr. Owen did take charge, Mr. Sovereign and Mr. Day took it in turns to take the services. H.J. [*Gilbert*] may have taken the evening service.

SELECTION OF SITE OF ST. MARK’S CHURCH, CORNER WEST 2ND AVENUE AND BALSAM STREET.

The way the site was discovered was very simple. Our boundary on the east was Vine Street. So we went up the hill to Vine on Second Ave. Then we had to build not less than two blocks from the boundary. So we went another two blocks west, and came to the site.

Why Mr. Tuson put up that church building at his own expense we could never understand.

Note: the little old building at the corner of 1st Avenue West and Maple Street was a tall narrow structure, probably twenty-five feet wide by fifty long, with basement on the ground level—wet soggy ground—and the body of the church reached by a flight of steps up the front from Maple Street to the first floor. There was no access from the basement to the upper floor or church proper. When the services were held, the procession of the choir, etc., formed in the basement, and with every solemnity, equal to that of a cathedral choir, moved out from the basement onto the three-plank sidewalk on the street, and proceeded up the steps into the church. After discontinuance as St. Mark’s, the church was used by Seventh Day Adventists Conference for a year or two; it is now, 1932, a private dwelling of a sort.

In the year in which the earlier St. Mark’s was instituted a waste of wilderness spread over what is now a densely settled area. The original St. Mark’s was a tiny edifice of wood, erected in 1908, on the fringe of settlement then known as West Fairview, a designation now never heard. It was built by the Rev. W. Tuson, a superannuated Episcopal clergyman of the United States at his own expense and initiative. Of the original structure, the crosses which adorned its roof are the only relics known to have been incorporated in the new church, the present St. Mark’s at the corner of 2nd Avenue West and Balsam Street. The original building still stands, 1933, at the corner of 1st Avenue West and Maple Street, greatly altered, scarcely recognizable, and now a residence.

WEST FAIRVIEW IN 1908.

A considerable settlement had long existed at the southern end of a long narrow wooden bridge on piles which spanned False Creek from Granville Street (north side of creek) to Third Avenue. In the earliest days, before the bridge was built in 1888, there was a plot of green grass, a great maple tree near what became Third Avenue, and a logger’s hut, and not far to the west was the Indian settlement. Then came Tait’s Mill, a small sawmill on the shore exactly where the bridge reached Third Avenue, and a few feet to the west of it; the mill was in operation in 1888 at the time the first bridge was built. Higher up the hill, about where Seventh Avenue is now, was a logging trail which led towards Kitsilano Beach, and was traversed by such pedestrian traffic as there was going in that direction.

Later, after the pile bridge was built, and connected by road, a new road, to Eburne, Third Avenue was opened up, and ultimately became the principal thoroughfare leading to the west, the only thoroughfare for many years, and connected with Point Grey Road, a sinuous trail a few feet wide which started somewhere about Yew Street—or east of Yew Street—and more or less followed the shoreline westward; east of the City Boundary (Trafalgar Street) it passed through stumps, etc.; west of the City Boundary it entered the forest.

The employees at the Mill, the Fairview car line and other factors, started a settlement at the south end of the Granville-Third Avenue bridge, at first close to the bridge, then gradually spreading from it, principally on Third Avenue, but a few dwellings on Seventh. In 1899 there were very few houses above Third Avenue; none at all on Fourth; to the east of Granville for several blocks there were not more than three or four poor buildings. Almost in every direction were stumps, debris; behind the mill there clustered a few houses west of Centre Street (Granville).

As the years progressed the settlement spread, but the greater number of cottages still persisted to cluster, even after the completion of the Fourth Avenue bridge (high level) about 1911, around Third Avenue. At the time of the "bicycle craze," approximately 1900-1904, a cinder bicycle path ran down the north side of Third Avenue to about Cypress Street, where it terminated, and bicyclists bound for Greer's Beach followed from its end a rude cross country trail which led along the edge of the muskeg on the north. Third Avenue was a narrow macadamized road, then beside it came a gutter with a running stream, then the cinder track for "wheels," and finally the two- or three-plank sidewalk. The road ended somewhere about Cypress Street at the foot of the hill, and a wagon track curved off towards Greer's Beach, wandered through patches of green grass where cows were tethered, or roamed loose. The creek came from the upper reaches of what is now Shaughnessy, and near Third Avenue and Cypress Street there was a large pool in which, at the proper season, salmon struggled in an effort to get up it. It finally entered the muskeg about where the Henry Hudson School is; children fished for trout in it. The bicycle path ended at Cypress Street (about), then bicyclists followed the narrow footpath through stumps and grass—Sam Greer's old pasture—and crossed the creek on a single log, pushing their "bikes" before them.

To the north of the small settlement behind Tait's Mill where the few pioneer homes of modest pretensions scattered themselves about, was the Indian Reserve, forest clad, still the home of the False Creek Band of Squamish Indians, and known by them as Snauq. A creek entered the sea beneath the present Burrard Bridge. Their burial ground was close to where the bridge entrance now crosses First Avenue; the last burial was in 1907.

Still further westward, nearer Greer's Beach, was a great muskeg, wet, soggy, impassable in winter, covered with a scraggy accumulation of remains of a forest, small bushes, skunk cabbage—all that low land filled in by sand pumped from False Creek in the summer of 1913—and bounded by approximately York Street, Cypress and Maple, and Whyte Avenue. If memory serves correctly, access for wheeled traffic to the northern higher section, now Ogden and McNicholl Street, was by a trail or old logging road through the Indian Reserve; to cross the muskeg was impossible and, as early as 1880, there was a trail of pretensions from the Indian Reserve along McNicholl Street to the beach.

But in 1908, at the time St. Mark's was erected at the corner of 1st Avenue and Maple, there had been a considerable extension of settlement on the hillside about the beach where the C.P.R. had thrown open land for occupancy; the street car service, single track, had been inaugurated. The low land about 1st and Maple offered less attractions, remained unoccupied; a small creek still crossed First Avenue close to the church, entered the muskeg, where lived muskrats; the last rat was caught in 1913, in the creek slough on Creelman Street. North of Cornwall Street the whole area was devoid of roads and without a single building.

To the west, on Kitsilano Hill (Vine, Balsam, Larch) a profusion of stumps, stones, ragged bushes and decaying forest littered a torn surface. Here and there a rough road or trail had been cut out to mark future streets and provide access of a sort. Beyond Trafalgar, and over the hill to the south, the forest stood in primeval state, save for such large trees as had been removed by loggers twenty years previously, and whose abandoned logging trails, etc., provided means by which berry pickers collected quantities of blackberries and salmonberries.

It was in such primeval surroundings that Rev. Mr. Tuson built his building which afterwards became the first St. Mark's. At that time Holy Trinity Church was on Pine Street, and St. Michael's in Mount Pleasant. Holy Trinity Church is now numbered 2380 Pine Street, and is the Orange Hall. Mr. Tuson continued to administer to his tiny congregation until 1 January 1908, when he resigned and returned to the United States.

"St. Mark's was now without an incumbent," says Mr. H.J. Gilbert, "and at the moment, it was impossible to send a successor." (See W.J. Wenmoth's account.) "I had arrived in Vancouver in the fall of 1907, and interested myself actively in the affairs of Christ Church, was granted a lay reader's license, and authorised by the Rev. C.C. Owen, rector of Christ Church, to take temporary charge of St. Mark's, its services and Sunday school. Mr. W.J. Wenmoth was warden.

"The rapid growth of population now demanded a more systematic administration of spiritual government; the real estate boom was at its height, and we were slaves to the slogan, 'One hundred thousand men in nineteen hundred and ten'; our city was divided into parishes," continues Mr. H.J. Gilbert. "On March 11th 1909 the boundaries of St. Mark's parish were defined, and, of course, two Anglican churches in such close proximity to one another was impractical, one had to move, and St. Mark's undoubtedly intruded into the older Holy Trinity's parish, and still further, its location was growing more and more unsuitable. The settlement of homes was farther to the west on the higher ground; the whole district to the west was growing by leaps and bounds. About 1905," (July 1st) "the street car service had been inaugurated by a single track service, then the Canadian Pacific Railway opened for settlement the land on the face of the hill; a change of location for St. Mark's was imperative. It could no longer be delayed and the search for the best location commenced. The high location and superb view of sea and mountains from the brow of Kitsilano hill was attracting the best residents—for Shaughnessy Heights had not yet been opened for settlement—that location was the natural one." (Note: see W.J. Wenmoth and Rev. A.H. Sovereign.)

"Together with Mr. W.J. Wenmoth we prosecuted the search for a new location. Rev. Mr. Sovereign also assisted, and others, and soon we were able to request the attendance of the Rev. C.C. Owen to a site which we felt was worthy of consideration. It had the merit of being located in the centre of a large area of land about to be opened for settlement; it was on the very highest eminence in Kitsilano. Mr. Owen was enamoured. A huge hollow stump was on the corner of the property, and Mr. Owen, perhaps seriously, perhaps jokingly, suggested that, if it were carpentered and polished it might be incorporated in the church as a unique and perhaps beautiful pulpit; it was never done; I wish it had been, for I think it would have been a most attractive pulpit."

"The particular location on which St. Mark's stands," said Canon Sovereign, soon to become Bishop of the Yukon, "was selected on account of its commanding position; the highest in Kitsilano; the ground slopes in all directions. At the time it was chosen the surrounding land was a wilderness of stumps. Mr. Gilbert found the site, others came to view it, and finally it was bought. We hoped someday we should build a church with a tall tower or spire which could be seen for miles, and would become a landmark."

"The cost of the corner, the first 100 feet frontage of the 250 feet frontage now possessed, was \$6,000, financed partly by subscriptions, and partly by mortgage at the insistence of the late J.Z. Hall, an early pioneer of Vancouver whose wife was the daughter of the first resident at Kitsilano Beach, Mr. Sam Greer of Greer's Beach. Mr. Hall was one of the first churchwardens," continued Mr. Gilbert in narrating his recollections, and tells an interesting commentary of the devotion of those early servants of St. Mark's in connection with the first load of lumber which was delivered for the construction of the new church.

"The Teamsters of the E.H. Heaps Mill at Cedar Cove" (Powell Street) "were indirectly the cause.

"Early in the year, 1910, the spring of 1910, plans were formulated for the erection of the first portion of the new church, now that part used as the chancel. Mr. Wenmoth, who had been churchwarden under Mr. Tuson, and Mr. Acheson, both skilled in carpentry, were the technical leaders of a volunteer party of builders, amongst whom were Messrs. Wenmoth, Acheson, Gilbert, Duncan, Buck, Fleming, Sam Wye, Jones, Cuncliffe, Iver, Selby, and Thompson, and Calvert. Work was commenced on a holiday, May 24th 1909, the late good Queen's birthday.

"The teamsters at the E.H. Heaps & Co. sawmill demurred at losing their holiday, so Mr. Gilbert volunteered, provided that the wagon was loaded with the lumber and the horses hitched to drive the wagon of lumber from the mill on Powell Street to the church site. All went well as the slow moving horses drew their heavy load through the city, but on reaching the corduroy trails which led up Kitsilano Hill a misfortune befell the load of lumber which illuminates the conditions existing at that time. In passing over one portion of the trail near its destination, the wagon tilted on the slope of the hill, and tilted so far that its driver, Mr. Gilbert, perched high on top of the lumber, slid off to the ground, injured his knee, and incapacitated himself from further work for a time. Help was near at hand, and the load reached the

volunteer carpenters. In due course, the small church was completed, and the selection of the first rector was the next step.

"St. Mark's Church," continued Mr. Gilbert, "has ever been self-supporting, and being an offshoot of Christ Church, always 'low' church. The founders were very jealous of their trust, never accepted outside support, and this determination to succeed without financial assistance other than that they themselves provided, has permitted a certain freedom in the selection of the rector. They were anxious to have a clergyman from Wycliffe College. Rev. A.H. Sovereign, previously curate of Christ Church, was their first and only choice, and until his election to the Bishopric of the Yukon in 1931, was their only rector for twenty-two years. Mr. Sovereign's appointment was not effected without some difficulty, for the Lord Bishop of New Westminster, Bishop Dart, had other plans, nor did he accede to their wishes until it was pointed out to him that the choice they had made was unanimous. His Lordship attended a last meeting to settle the matter, but departed without giving his approving answer; he had in mind another clergyman whom he was especially anxious should receive the incumbency." Mr. Gilbert says, "I accompanied His Lordship to the interurban tram on his return trip to the Royal City, and as he was boarding the tram car he remarked to me, 'Ask Mr. Sovereign to please call upon me at the See House on Wednesday.' At the appointed time, Mr. Sovereign waited on the bishop in New Westminster, and was welcomed with the words, 'Mr. Sovereign, allow me to congratulate the first rector of St. Mark's.'"

"At the first service, November 14th 1909, the Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath inducted the Rev. Mr. Sovereign to his new charge."

"In those days," said Mr. Sovereign as he was leaving for his new field of endeavour as bishop of the Yukon, "the limit of civilization was Vine Street; to the west, and around the church, there was nothing. A single track street railway ran to the foot of Balsam Street produced, and from there St. Mark's was reached by a convenient trail, an old logging road, which ran from the end of the track on the beach diagonally across the land until it reached the church. At night we carried a lantern."

"Then the boom came. On one occasion, we counted, without moving from the spot on which we stood, one hundred and fifty houses all in course of erection at one time; you could hear the hammers humming like a beehive.

"We had a little 'groan box' for an organ, and started our Sunday school with seventeen children; today we have six hundred."

Mr. H.J. Gilbert was the first churchwarden of St. Thomas', South Vancouver, and also of St. George's, Fairview. He served four years with the Forestry Corps in the Great War. He is still, 1932, teaching Sunday school at St. Mark's. His only son was killed whilst serving with the Seaforth Highlanders (Imperial Regiment) in the Great War.

HADDEN PARK.

Hadden Park is just two blocks long, between Maple Street and Cypress Street, north of Ogden. It was presented to the City of Vancouver by Mr. Harvey Hadden of Vancouver and Nottingham, England. He died about 1929 in England, leaving an unsettled estate which included a large bequest to the City of Vancouver which, so far, 1933, has not materialized. It is understood there was not sufficient residue. He paid \$45,000 for the two blocks of Hadden Park which, with the exception of two lots privately owned, were all owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway. He also donated \$5,000 for the clearing of the land, and its cultivation. This was commenced in 1929.

The manner in which this property came to be donated was as follows:

About 1924, Major J.S. Matthews, long a resident of Kitsilano Beach, was in a downtown office of a surveyor, when he was shown a new map of the Kitsilano Indian Reserve, which had been drawn up dividing it into fifty-foot lots for commercial purposes with railway tracks, etc. It had been prepared at the order of the provincial government, who at that time were not convinced that they had not acquired title to the land by the payment of \$300,000 to the Indians to move away. Major Matthews was astonished at the proposal to turn the area into commercial uses; he had previously been extremely annoyed that the fir and cedar trees had been cut down about 1919 or 1920, for the "sole purpose of providing a few days

work for unemployed returned soldiers.” Major Matthews saw General Odium, publisher of the *Star* newspaper. General Odium said, “prepare me a map of your proposal, and I will publish it.” A few days later a map showing the paucity of parks in the older more densely populated area of the West End, Fairview and Mount Pleasant, appeared on the front page of the *Star*, and described Major Matthews’ proposal. The cutting down of the beautiful cedar and fir trees on the Indian Reserve was a wanton piece of vandalism.

Next Major Matthews brought the matter to the notice of the Kitsilano Ratepayers Association, secured their support, etc., advocated the proposal on every occasion. At one of the ratepayers’ meetings, Mr. S.M. Eveleigh, the pioneer architect, was present, and heard what Major Matthews advocated.

Some considerable time afterwards, Mr. Harvey Hadden visited Vancouver on one of his periodic trips from England. His first visit was in the early nineties, or perhaps late eighties, and he was returning to England by train when he got in conversation with someone (Mr. Harry Abbott, Superintendent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Vancouver) on the train, who told him of the brilliant prospects of the young city of Vancouver which he had just left. Mr. Hadden got off the train, returned to Vancouver, and saw the C.P.R. land again and on his advice bought property, some of which was at the northeast corner of Hastings and Granville Street. He made much money as a result of his investments. He afterwards also constructed in West Vancouver a wonderful forest home known as “Hadden Hall,” a sort of Garden of Eden in the forest. There were no roads in West Vancouver in those days, and the lumber for “Hadden Hall” was taken on horseback—pack horse—up the Capilano Road, and across the suspension bridge at the Canyon as the only means of getting it there.

Mr. Hadden’s married life was not a happy one, and this probably had something to do with the manner of his behaviour, his actions and his bequests.

But on Mr. Hadden’s visit in 1929 he again renewed the friendship of Mr. S.M. Eveleigh, with whom he had had long business associations and had been architect of the Hadden block on the above mentioned property, and informed Mr. Eveleigh that he would like to do something for Vancouver which had done so well for him in his real estate investments. Major Matthews’ proposal that the Indian Reserve should be a park, and should be connected by a park to Kitsilano Beach, and that the ultimate goal of building a waterfront promenade from Kitsilano Beach to Jericho Beach should be always kept in view, was explained to Mr. Hadden by Mr. Eveleigh. The upshot of it all was that Mr. Hadden bought the two connecting blocks and gave them to the city.

At the suggestion of Major Matthews, the Kitsilano Ratepayers Association then endeavoured to secure knighthood for Mr. Harvey Hadden, but after taking the necessary steps, were informed by Thos. Mulvey, Under Secretary of State, Ottawa, 10 March 1930, 4492, GS/BG that “if the petition were transmitted” (to the King) “by the Canadian Government it would have to be accompanied by a recommendation of the government, and any such recommendation would be out of harmony with the will of Parliament.”

Despite attempts to secure for the Archives of Vancouver a photograph of its benefactor, so far this has been impossible of accomplishment.

INDIAN RESERVE.

Major Matthews endeavoured for many years to get the Indian Reserve allocated for park use. He met with considerable opposition. As an instance Mayor L.D. Taylor was not favourable, but offered, so it is said, it as a possible site to the agents of the Ford Motor car for an assembling plant site. The Harbour Board of Commissioners also wanted it for a deep sea vessel lumber loading yard, and the Provincial Minister of Lands, Mr. T.D. Pattullo, personally told Major Matthews that he was opposed to it, its use as a park, and publicly stated in a speech before the Provincial House, that “there were people in Vancouver who thought it should be allocated for a park use, but that he did not agree.”

Major Matthews then appealed to the newly formed Town Planning Commission, and was overjoyed to see in their first report issued, that they agreed with his recommendation, and that the new City Hall should be built at the northern end of the Burrard Bridge (proposed) overlooking the Indian Park and English Bay, “one of the most superb locations for a city hall in all North America.”

In 1932, on one summer's day, Major Matthews took his camera and photographed the groups of bathers bathing in the sea on the northern shore—foot of Fir Street produced—to the number of six or seven hundred persons. These photographs were joined together to form a panorama, and then submitted to the Board of Park Commissioners, who passed a resolution to be forwarded to the City Council asking that the Indian Reserve be set aside for park purposes.

The great beach stretching from Trafalgar Street to Cypress Street at Kitsilano has not been acquired without the effort of many citizens over a long period of years. At first it was a short stretch of sand leased by the city at the foot of Yew Street; bit by bit it has slowly been added to, not as a result of official action taken after consideration, but as the result of the agitation of many citizens, including Mrs. J.Z. Hall, Mr. J.H. Calland, Mr. Fred Crone, Mr. Chas. H. Fraser, all or nearly all members of the Kitsilano Ratepayers Association. It was in this manner that the two blocks on Cornwall Street between Yew and Arbutus Street were secured; after a constant fight for years.

J.S.M. 1933.

THE "HOTEL SITE" PARK, KITSILANO BEACH.

The "Hotel Site" is so named from the fact that it so appears on certain early maps of Vancouver as the site of a proposed C.P.R. hotel. The piece of land so known is bounded by McNichol Avenue and Maple Street, and was so marked on the maps when the section of land to the east of Kitsilano Beach was surveyed and opened for occupancy and settlement in 1909. At that time the General Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Vancouver was Mr. Richard Marpole, and it is stated that it was his dream to have erected on the "Hotel Site" a palatial tourist resort hotel.

In the real estate boom days, the Board of Park Commissioners secured an option on the site for park purposes for \$200,000. The purchase price not being available, they continued to lease it for many years, paying therefore a rental equal to the amount of the taxes imposed. Finally, about 1929 or 1928, a bylaw to purchase park sites was passed by the electorate and the "hotel site" purchased. In the meantime the option had been dropped, and they finally secured it for \$50,000, one quarter of the original price.

Again it was the Kitsilano residents who "forced" this matter through. It may be stated that it was to their own interest so to do, but such was not the case, nor the motive. The Kitsilano Ratepayers Association has ever been a sane, reasoning body of men and women, who are not prompted by motives unworthy of the best citizenship.